"Emmett's Girl," by Seward W. Hopkins, on Page 11.

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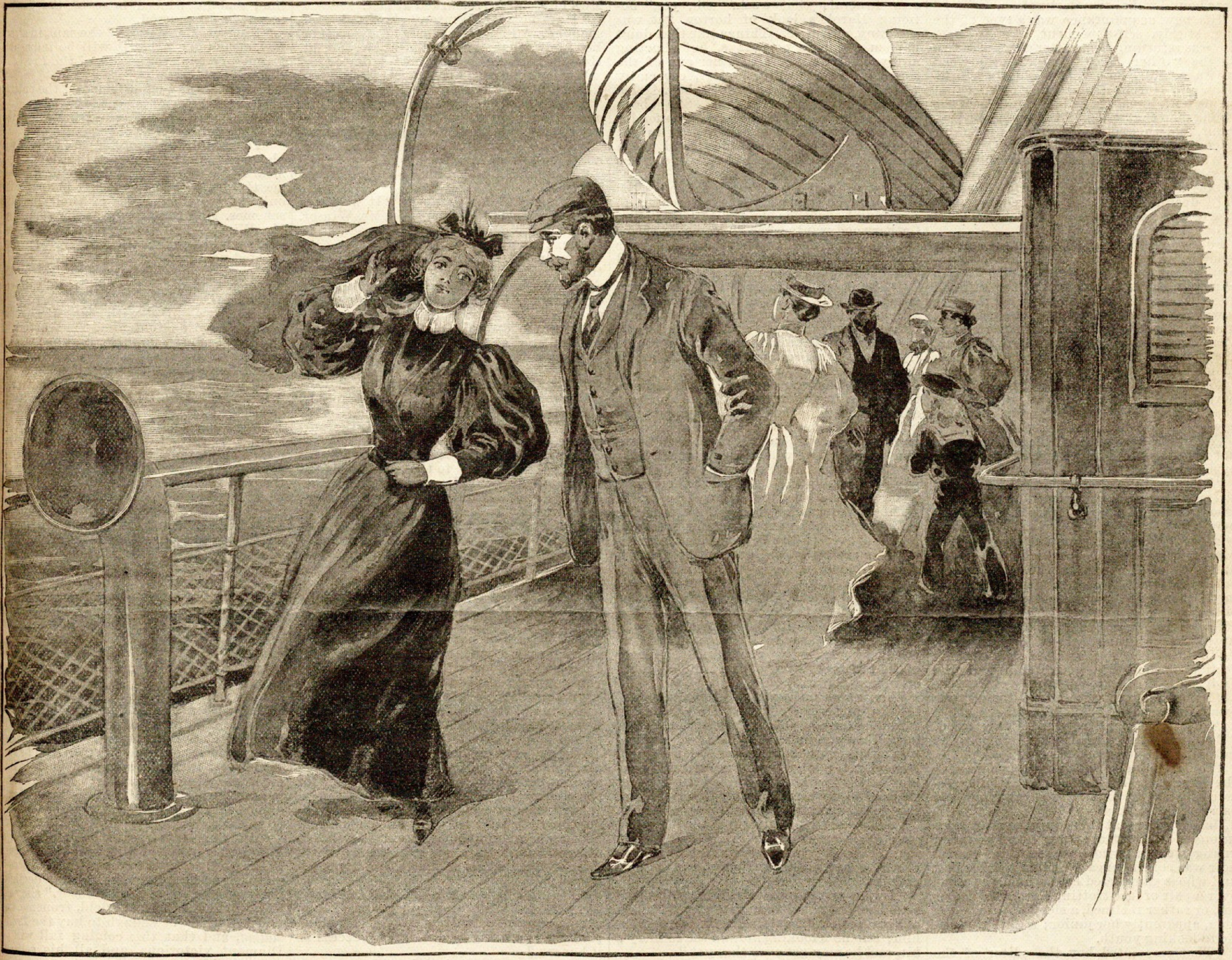

THEY HAD TURNED AND WERE WALKING SIDE BY SIDE DOWN THE LONG EXPANSE OF THE DECK.

WINNING AN EDITOR.[*]

BY CLINTON H. MACARTHY.

This Story is Complete in This Number.

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CHAPTER I.

"HAROLD, we are going to send you out to Dinmont to look after the Syndicate interests. Things aren't going right out there."

"Old Man Enfield"—so he was usually spoken of in Wall Street circles—was breakfasting with his favorite nephew, who, indeed, stood almost in the relation of a well-loved son to him. The great financier had a pile of newspapers and pamphlets before his plate, and was imbibing news and coffee alternately.

Harold Winsor, whose college career had not closed very many years before, had been educated for the bar, but his uncle's hope was that the boy would come to take more interest in stock quotations than court calendars; in short, follow in his own footsteps. Law was a first-rate thing in its way, no doubt. One had to employ lawyers in conducting big "deals" and in drawing up charters and certificates of incorporation, and all that sort of thing, but the "Street" was the only destiny for a nephew of his.

Meanwhile, Harold's practice was not increasing with startling rapidity, a fact which, in view of Mr. Enfield's unfailing liberality to him, gave the young man no pressing anxiety.

He looked up, now, with a little surprise.

"You desire me to go out to Dinmont, sir?"

"Yes. It won't be a bad sort of a vacation for you, Harold. They tell me the air out there in the mountains is bracing. It'll show you something of the country, too, besides giving me a chance to discover whether you've got a head on those broad shoulders of yours."

Harold smiled.

"I think you might have a wiser ambassador if the journey involves financial maneuvering, sir."

"We'll see. You know how we stand out there, don't you? I've explained matters to you. These Dandy Peak mines will never be worth a cent to us unless we get the railroad through to Hitchcock's. Of course, we've got to bring the State Legislature into line; get them with us, you know; and it seems there's a deuce of a strong opposition to us. It is claimed that the interests of Dinmont will be sacrificed by running the main line up to Hitchcock's; and Dinmont don't like it."

"Dinmont is hardly to be blamed," smiled Harold.

"No matter. We want the road to go *our* way," said his uncle, with the bluff arrogance of a king of the Stock Exchange. "Those mines have got to be made to pay. We don't care anything about Dinmont or the whole State, for that matter, outside of the mines. Now, the worst factor in the opposition is the local county paper, the Dinmont *Proclamation*. The *Proclamation* is dead against us, and will kill the road yet, if we don't muzzle it. We must have the *Proclamation* if we have to buy the plant outright, presses, cases, type and everything else, down to the last blue pencil on the editor's desk. That's why you're going out there. Nobody knows you out there. I want to know exactly how things stand. Can you go soon, Harold?"

---

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"I can go to-morrow, sir."

"That's the way to talk," said his uncle, well pleased.

The young man's preparations were not very extensive, merely the packing of a trunk and "grip," and by the evening of the following day he was *en route* for his long Western journey.

Falling in with pleasant companionship in the drawing-room car, he was surprised to learn that one of his fellow-travellers was bound to his own destination.

His new acquaintance was a type of the big, sturdy, self-dependent Western man. He was returning home after a business trip to the "other side." Judge Catherwood was a genial, whole-souled elderly gentleman, and Harold was speedily on excellent terms with him. He had soon informed the young man that "home" to him meant Dinmont, and this coincidence cemented their friendship.

When they arrived at the young Western city, the Judge hospitably invited Winsor to stay at his own house; but Harold gratefully declined, and took up his quarters at the rather gaudy and garish New National Hotel.

Following Mr. Enfield's instructions, he went to work at once to make a comprehensive survey of the political situation in Dinmont, as far as it affected the railroad question, and he easily discovered that the town was excitedly embittered against his uncle and the other owners of the Dandy Peak mines for their open endeavor to divert the new road from Dinmont to Hitchcock's, which was the town nearest to the mines.

This feeling was encouraged, fed and supported by the vigorous assaults of the *Proclamation*, whose influence Harold soon discovered his uncle had not overestimated.

Favorable action by the legislature was not to be hoped for in the face of such bitter opposition.

"The Dandy Peak people will be beaten, sir, sure as guns!" remarked Judge Catherwood, emphatically, to Harold, one afternoon shortly after his arrival. The two were seated on the piazza of the Judge's pretty villa-like house, which was on the outskirts of Dinmont in the most aristocratic section of the town. Harold had not made the Judge acquainted with his particular interest in the subject of the new railroad franchise, but the matter had come up in the natural course of conversation. "Whatever the *Proclamation* says, in this section of the State, goes," continued the Judge.

"I would like to meet the editor of your famous newspaper," said Harold.

"Nothing easier," rejoined Catherwood. "By Jove! By a coincidence, there goes the individual in question, Winsor."

The Judge indicated a passing vehicle, at the same time lifting his hat with impressive courtesy, in answer to a bow from the carriage in question.

Harold stared at this equipage with keen interest. He saw a rather largely-formed young woman, whose mass of red-brown hair was coiled beneath a jaunty sailor hat, and whose gauntleted hands held the reins over a pair of fast-trotting bays. Beside her sat, or rather reclined, a slender, pale young man, apparently her junior; a sickly, effeminate-looking youth.

"That emaciated boy the editor of the *Proclamation!*" cried Harold, in disgusted incredulity.

"The boy—no! Who said anything about the boy? The young woman, Winsor."

"You mean to tell me, Judge, that your *Proclamation man* is a *woman?*"

"Helen Peyton," nodded the Judge. "The people here are mighty proud of that girl, Winsor. Cleverest woman in the State, and she outclasses most of the men."

"She owns the paper?"

The Judge relighted his cigar, which had become extinguished, and nodded again.

"And runs it," he said. "We've got a little time before dinner, my boy, and I'll tell you about her. You never heard of Col. Jed Peyton, did you? No, of course not. New York people don't hear of any one outside their own town. Jed was one of the most gifted journalists west of Chicago, sir. He came here to Dinmont when the town wasn't more than a camp, fifteen or sixteen years ago, hailing last from Sacramento. He brought with him only his two children, Helen and her younger brother, Will, the boy you saw with her in the carriage. Will's an invalid. Always has been and always will be till he dies, poor fellow. Something spinal, you know.

"Jed set up the first newspaper in Dinmont. He used to do all the reporting himself; wrote copy, read proof and stuck type. He was a hustler in the best sense of the word, and he made the *Proclamation* go from the start. By and by Dinmont began to look up. We became prosperous out here; we were made the county seat, and, meanwhile, Jed's paper was growing in influence, and he had become very prominent in local affairs. Finally we got our city charter, and we fixed on Jed as our first mayoralty candidate; that is, the better element of the town did. The hard citizens had a candidate of their own—fellow named Nick McCarragh—a regular Western 'bad' man, you know. Thank Heaven the type has nearly died out. Jed wasn't too particular about what he said of McCarragh in an editorial way, and McCarragh's character was too tempting a mark to be resisted. He pitched into him pretty strong, and McCarragh, in the heat of the campaign, swore an oath to 'do' for Peyton on sight, in return for something the *Proclamation* printed about him.

"We told Jed, and as he always went 'heeled' himself, and shot pretty straight, we hadn't any special anxiety. However," reflectively, "Nick did get him."

"You mean he shot Colonel Peyton!" exclaimed Harold, more than a little horrified at this abrupt conclusion.

"Yes, sir; he was a little too quick for Peyton. However, Jed got his gun out in time for a return shot, and Dinmont had two funerals that week. Oh, yes," noticing Harold's look of horror, "it was shocking, of course. Things like that don't happen out here nowadays, but shooting affrays then weren't altogether out of the common. I felt badly, myself, especially when I thought of Helen and the boy. Helen was only about nineteen then. She'd been helping the Colonel on the *Proclamation* for a couple of years, though, assisting in the literary department, you know, and had a good idea of the business at the time of his death.

"My wife and I went down to see her the day after the funeral, and I offered to do anything I could for her and Will, and Mrs. Catherwood wanted her to come and live with us and make her home there as long as she pleased. But Helen is a little bit proud and a good deal determined.

"'Thank you, Judge,' she said, very sweetly, but with a mighty firm glance, although she had been crying the moment before; 'you're awfully good and kind, and so is Mrs. Catherwood. But I'm going to try to run the *Proclamation* myself, and I hope that will support Will and me.'

"And it has, you can bet. Most influential paper in Silver County, and the best edited and run in the State, in my opinion."

"You make me more than ever anxious to meet the editor," said Harold. "What a plucky girl! And what a clever one."

"She's not a bad specimen of Western young womanhood," reflected Catherwood; "you shall meet her to-morrow, Winsor."

The Judge was as good as his word. He called for Harold next day at his hotel and took him over to the Peyton Block, a somewhat imposing edifice erected by the deceased Colonel, and one of the finest buildings in Dinmont.

"Busy, Miss Helen?" asked Judge Catherwood, in his brisk, cheerful manner, as he preceded Harold into the editorial sanctum.

"Never too busy to see you, Judge," replied a sweet, ringing voice, and the editor of the *Proclamation* rose from her desk to receive her visitors.

Winsor was not commonly very susceptible to feminine charms. He had been through too many New York seasons. But he felt an unmistakable thrill of admiration as his eyes met those of Helen Peyton. Mentally, the adjectives "beautiful," "noble" and "winning" seemed to suggest themselves to him as feebly descriptive of this young woman's graceful personality.

She spoke, to be sure, in a business-like way about business-like things, but Harold found himself wishing that he might always listen to her musical, if crisp, and decided accents.

"I want you to know Mr. Winsor, Helen," said the Judge, introducing them. "He's a New Yorker, that's all I know against him; but he's looking around the country a bit, and he may get over that yet."

Helen smiled and bowed.

"You are taking in the wonders of the great West, Mr. Winsor?" she asked.

"Some of them," responded Harold, feeling uncomfortably the disingenuous position he found himself in. "I am somewhat interested in mining matters," he added.

"Every one who comes to Dinmont learns to be interested in mining within twenty-four hours after his arrival," smiled Helen. "It seems to be a part of our bracing atmosphere. It is all that we think about out here: mining and railroads."

"I understand," said Winsor, noting her introduction of the subject, "that you are opposing the new railroad which has been projected to run through Silver County."

"We are decidedly opposed," answered Helen, with flashing eyes, "to the efforts of a selfish band of Eastern capitalists to interfere in our local affairs for their own interests!"

Harold felt himself flush warmly; and lost no time in changing the subject.

But he telegraphed Mr. Enfield that night: "No hope of winning *Proclamation*."

Next morning a bell-boy came up to his room with a return telegram. It was like most of the great Eastern operator's utterances, terse and to the point: "Buy it."

That night he met Helen Peyton at the Judge's house, where a small dinner-party had assembled, and was with her as much of the time as he could contrive.

He began to realize that his customary placidity of temperament was being destroyed by two powerful sentiments. The first was so decided an interest in the ruddy-haired, blue-eyed Western editor that he could not keep her image from his thoughts. The other was a hearty disgust for his secret errand in Dinmont, coupled with a resentment against Mr. Enfield for suggesting it, which would have led to a personal encounter between uncle and nephew had the former been on the spot.

He knew how ardently Miss Peyton was opposed to the views he was commissioned to advance, and although he constantly, during the days that followed, sought Helen's society, he could not help feeling as though his position and attitude toward her were full of deceit and duplicity.

It made matters worse that Helen was evidently inclined to like him and to permit his friendship.

He had been in Dinmont about two weeks when, by Miss Peyton's invitation, he started with her, behind her superb team of bays, to drive over to Hitchcock's.

Winsor noticed, as they drove swiftly over the uneven mountain road, that Helen was rather absent, preoccupied, unlike herself, and, he fancied, sad.

"You do not seem in your usual mood, Miss Peyton," he remarked at last.

"I am not, Mr. Winsor," she frankly responded. "I am worried about my brother. You know what an invalid he is, Mr. Winsor. He—has not been so well this last day or so."

Winsor expressed his sympathy.

"The doctors tell me," continued Helen, "that his best chances lie in my taking him away from here altogether."

"Taking him East?" suggested Winsor.

"No; to Germany. To the German baths, and I am to keep him there for a year or so."

"You have decided to go?" questioned Winsor.

"Almost," Helen nodded. "It will be a terrible wrench, though, if I do, Mr. Winsor. I shall be obliged, I fear, in that case, to relinquish my paper."

Winsor was startled. Here was the opportunity which his employers, the Enfield Syndicate, would have given thousands to bring about. Yet he hated to take advantage of it.

He stared straight ahead at the dusty road in front of them as he muttered:

"You mean, then, to sell the *Proclamation?*"

"I fear I must," answered Helen, sadly.

Winsor hesitated a full minute before he doggedly uttered his next sentence.

"Will you permit me to become the purchaser, Miss Peyton?"

He was acting in strict loyalty to his uncle. Was he loyal to the girl he loved? He knew she would have stopped the *Proclamation's* presses forever sooner than have them run for the Enfield Syndicate. Yet he must keep faith with his employers.

Helen glanced at him in much surprise.

"You, Mr. Winsor! I did not imagine you knew anything about the newspaper business."

"Nevertheless, I should like to buy the *Proclamation*," said Harold. "I am prepared," he added, still staring straight ahead—"I am prepared to make you a substantial cash payment, Miss Peyton, and at once, so that you will not need to delay your preparations for departure."

"I confess I should like you to become the owner of the *Proclamation* very much, if I must lose it," said Helen, after a brief pause.

Winsor, cutting one of the bays rather cruelly with the whip, brusquely named the amount he had been authorized to offer for the paper.

As it was never old man Enfield's way to do things by half, the sum fixed upon had been made undoubtedly liberal, and Helen, after a few deprecatory remarks, to which Winsor listened impatiently, quietly murmured:

"I must consider it a little, Mr. Winsor, but I think I shall accept your offer. I hope the *Proclamation* will give you as much pleasure and bring you as much success as it has me."

The transaction he had been sent out to effect was substantially concluded. Winsor should have felt elated. A thing which had been deemed impossible had come suddenly to pass. Winsor felt only the dejection of a man thoroughly ashamed of himself.

At Hitchcock's were the mines of the Dandy Peak people, controlled by the Enfield Syndicate, and it was to visit these mines that Helen had proposed the afternoon's drive in this direction.

They were nearing the town of Hitchcock's, which was well up in the mountains of the Dandy Peak range, when a buggy, coming in the opposite direction, was drawn up suddenly almost abreast of them. The sole occupant, a stalwart young man in rough, workman-like garments, who drove his big roan with a kind of reckless skill, pulling up only as he was almost upon them, waved his broad, felt hat gallantly in salute to Miss Peyton, calling out:

"How are you, Miss Helen? Coming over our way?"

But before the girl could answer he had swung himself out of the buggy, and had grasped Harold's hand.

"By Jove, Winsor!" he cried, cordially, "who'd have thought of seeing you out here?"

Harold recognized the man for an old New York friend, a college chum, and although not particularly well pleased to meet Eastern acquaintances just at present, returned his hand-clasp, while Helen expressed the surprise one usually feels at these little chance encounters.

"You know Mr. Winsor, Dick?" she asked.

"Know him? Why, Miss Helen, it was Harry Winsor's uncle, Mr. Enfield, who made me mining superintendent of the Dandy Peak mines."

The bomb had fallen. Harold's quick glance at Helen's face told him, too, that it had not missed fire.

She kept admirable control of her feelings, however, only responding quietly:

"Indeed? Very pleasant to meet old friends in out-of-the-way places, isn't it? Sorry we can't stop longer, Dick," coolly taking the reins from Harold's nerveless hands. "You must come over to see Willie and me some night this week, if you get time. Good-bye."

She touched up the team. The two men shouted "good-byes" to each other, although Harold's sounded as though it might more appropriately have been an oath, and the buggy was left far behind.

Winsor dared not break the silence that ensued. Helen's face was colorless, the scarlet lips set in a firm line.

When at last she spoke, however, she turned the big, fearless blue eyes full upon him, and he winced beneath the flaming scorn they expressed.

"I regret, Mr. Winsor," she said, in a very low, clear tone, "that it will be impossible for me to complete the sale of the *Proclamation* to you!"

He was stung by her look and the cutting coldness of her words.

"You mean—you think—I have deceived you," he faltered.

"I certainly had not supposed that I was about to take the money of the Dandy Peak Mining Company, which has evidently done me the honor of considering my paper the only bar to the success of their grasping schemes. Had I *known* you as their emissary, Mr. Winsor—had you acknowledged yourself such—I—could still, however, have respected you, but—"

The clear voice broke, and the rest of the sentence was lost in the whirr and rattle of the wheels.

Winsor was filled with renewed anguish, for her emotion told him, what before he had hardly dared to guess, that she was beginning to care for him.

And he felt that he had offended her beyond pardon by a course which she rightly interpreted as underhanded and filled with duplicity.

Miss Peyton," he said, earnestly, "I want you, at least, to understand me. I am under obligations of the most serious character to my uncle, Mr. Enfield. He has been the only father I have ever known. When he directed me to come out here to look after his interests, it became my duty to go. I—I—had never heard of—you. I knew only that I was to secure the silence or the favorable action of the *Proclamation*. Those were my instructions. To have been altogether ingenuous with you, I must have forfeited the interests to which I was bound. It was a hard position. And I see now how I have failed in all that I undertook."

He looked pleadingly, almost humbly at her, but she remained cold and immovable.

"At least forgive me, Miss Peyton!" he urged.

"Do you care for my forgiveness?" she asked, with a scornful smile. "It will not betray the columns of the *Proclamation* to the Enfield Syndicate, sir, which I imagine to have been your sole object. And as I believe, after I have driven you back to Dinmont, we shall be henceforth strangers, my pardon for your little bit of *diplomacy*," with almost insulting emphasis, "will not matter to you, Mr. Winsor."

Harold, in despair, sank back into silence. When they reached Hitchcock's, although Helen coldly offered to permit him to accompany her on her return, he politely declined.

"Good-bye, then, Mr. Winsor," she said, icily. "Pray tell Mr. Enfield, from me, that he has not money enough to buy the *Proclamation*, and that this coming fall will see Dinmont victorious, and all his schemes frustrated."

A prediction which was fulfilled, the legislature chartering a road which had its terminal at Dinmont.

* * * * * *

It was a year later. Winsor had been abroad for the summer months, and had boarded a big ocean greyhound at Southampton for the return trip.

During the first morning out, listlessly patrolling the deck, he had reached the forward companionway, when a tall, black-robed figure emerged from the doorway. He started back in astonished recognition, and as he did so Helen Peyton's eyes met his.

He did not know at first whether she meant to acknowledge his presence. Her face, which had been unusually pale, was suffused with a quick flush. She hesitated a moment, and then almost approached him.

"How do you do, Mr. Winsor?" she said, but without smiling, and gave him her hand.

He clasped the little, black-gloved hand eagerly and held it for a moment, between the joy of meeting her and a feeling of embarrassment as he recalled their parting.

"I am well, Miss Peyton," he murmured. "But you look very unlike yourself, if you will forgive my remarking it."

"I am not unwell," she responded. "I have had—trouble. I have lost Will!" with a little sobbing catch in her voice.

They had turned and were walking side by side down the long expanse of the deck.

"Your brother!" he said. "Believe me, I feel the deepest sympathy for you, Miss Peyton. You took him to Germany, as you intended?"

"Yes," she replied; "but it was useless. Nothing could save him, You, too, Mr. Winsor," she continued, after a pause, "have known grief since we saw each other."

"You heard of Mr. Enfield's death, naturally," he assented.

She nodded.

"Very sudden, was it not? I could not feel elation in our triumph over the Dandy Peak interest when I heard of it."

"You are to be congratulated for the good fight you made, Miss Helen. I have sold out all my holdings in the mines since Uncle Enfield's death."

"Indeed!" she said. "Why did you do that?"

"You may imagine, Miss Helen, that they had painful associations for me." He glanced at her with as much meaning as he dared put into his look.

"I am afraid I spoke to you rather severely—that day," she said, in a lower tone, as though somewhat confused.

"Indeed, you were more indulgent to me than I deserved," he asserted.

"Well, don't let us revive bygones," she said, gently. "I have parted with the *Proclamation*, Mr. Winsor, and I am not going back to Dinmont. I could not—without Will."

"There is peace between us? You have forgiven me?" he said eagerly, as she prepared to go below.

She gave him her hand again, and in the sweet, serious look she gave him as she left him he read that he had been forgiven long ago.

It was a quick passage, even for one of the fastest boats on a famous line. The time for courtship was brief, but Harold was a determined wooer, and Helen, alone and lonely, was not long able to resist the charm of his daily companionship and lover-like attentions.

"You have been taking care of yourself so long, Helen," he said to her, on the last night of the voyage, the night before Fire Island was sighted, "don't you think you would like to have somebody else take care of you for a change, now?"

She would not respond.

"I think you know I was in love with you at Dinmont, Helen," he continued.

"Indeed, I did not!" she indignantly retorted.

"Did you not suspect it that day we drove to Hitchcock's?" he persisted.

She blushed. "I thoroughly hated you that day!" she answered irrelevantly.

"You don't hate me now, Helen?"

No answer.

"Do you, dear?" An arm was stealing about her waist.

"Harold, we haven't the deck to ourselves," she whispered, a little tremulously.

"Say you love me just a little, darling."

"A little? Perhaps I may learn to, Harold," softly. "Do you know, dear, I wouldn't have been half so angry with you that day out at the mines if—if—I hadn't begun to l—l—like you then."

THE END.

THE DARK STRANGER.[*]

BY JOHN R. MUSICK,

Author of "Mysterious Mr. Howard."

["THE DARK STRANGER" was commenced in No. 3. Back numbers of the *Ledger*, containing the opening chapters of this story, can be obtained of all Newsdealers. *Even if the Newsdealer is out of back numbers, he will order them for you, if you request him to do so.*]

CHAPTER XVIII—*(Continued).*

MISSOURI JACK'S STORY.

THROUGHOUT the recital of the story, General Walker sat cool, imperturbable and unmoved. He asked a few questions in regard to the personal appearance of the man, and where he was last seen, but evinced no fear whatever. He assured his young friends that they need have no fear on his account, as he was in no danger from the people of Nicaragua. They were all his friends, and preferred him to their present ruler.

Claude and Tom left the great filibuster, strangely impressed by his singular manner. Reaching their shanty, they discussed the dark stranger, and the figure he had cut in many mysteries which surrounded them. Tom at last declared:

"I believe he is the thief who entered the shanty and stole my dust."

"Impossible, Tom. He could not have remained so long without our knowing something about him."

"The same thing you have said all along," answered Tom. "I tell you nothing is impossible with him. If ever the devil took on flesh and came into this world, it is in the form of this Le Clerc."

They slept little that night and for several nights, for they lived in constant expectation of Somoza.

Missouri Jack was the truest friend the young miners had. Jack was a giant in size, brave as a lion and strong as a buffalo. He was noted for his honesty, fair dealing, and willingness to risk his life for a friend. Jack worked hard, but spent his dust about as fast as he dug it out of the earth. He was generous to a fault, and gave away more of his hard earnings than he squandered at the gaming-table. Jack was about thirty years of age, said he had a sweetheart back in Missouri whom he intended to marry as soon as he "made his stake." Poor Jack! he would have "made his stake" in a few months had he not been so improvident.

One evening he came over to the shanty of Claude and Tom, to smoke and spin yarns, which was one mode of amusement among the miners.

"Hain't heered nuthin' o' yer lost dust, hev ye, Tom?" he asked.

"No, Missouri; I don't suppose I ever will," Tom replied.

"Well, ye'll hev t' do like me," said Jack, filling his pipe and lighting it. "I got robbed once of a pile. I'd made my stake, and wuz on my way back t' Missouri to marry my gal, Nancy Bragg, as fine a piece o' pop-eyed calliker as ye ever seed, when all at once th' underpinnin' was jist knocked from under me, an' I was porer 'n Job's turkey."

Tom, who enjoyed the miner's stories, said:

"Tell us the story, Missouri. I never knew before that you had been robbed."

"Wall, I don't talk about it much, fur it's a mighty onpleasant subject t' discuss."

"Of course, if you have any scruples in the matter you need not tell us."

"I don't know ez thar air enny screwples about et," Jack answered, as he removed his beaver cap and scratched his head. "I don't tell et t' everybody, but I don't mind tellin' you'ns. Ye see, when I left old Missouri I promised my gal, Nancy, that I'd come back jist as soon ez I had made a speck an' marry her. Now, Nancy's a good gal; she ain't overly han'some, I know, fur her eyes bung out, an' her front teeth air big ez a hosse's, but I tuk a noshun t' her, an' she'd do me 'f I could make a stake. I got about four thousand dollars wuth of dust, an' war thinkin' mighty serious about goin' back th' overland route, when a feller we called Capen George, who'd dug a big fortune an' wuz goin' back t' New York, wanted me t' go with him. I had larnt that three more miners wuz goin' back at th' same time, an' ez we'd never been t' New York, we thought we'd go with Capen George. Capen George wuz an eddycated man frum thet city, an' ez fine a man ez one ever seed. Th' other three miners wuz Tennessee Bill, Council Bluffs Fred an' Arkinsaw Dave. Thar wuz another feller from New York, whose name wuz Morton—"

"What?" cried Claude, leaping to his feet as if he had received an electric shock.

"Hello, wot's th' matter with Sighin' Ike? Looks ez if he' seed a ghost."

"Tom, Tom—the number—six. You remember Don Martin's story."

"Hush!" whispered Tom; "let him proceed."

It was the narrator's turn to become astonished. His pipe slipped from his mouth into his hand, and staring at his companion, he asked:

"Tell me, what in th' name o' Gineral Taylor yer talkin' about?"

"Nothing," said Claude. "Go on with your story."

"Wall, Sighin' Ike, 'f ye hev them sort o' fits often, I want ye put in a straight-jacket afore I proceed."

Claude assured him there was no danger of a return, and begged him to go on.

"What did you say the New York merchant's name was?" he asked.

"It wuz Morton."

"Do you remember his given name?"

"Believe it wuz Robert. He wuz a sort uv a close-lipped, starchy, stiff old feller that I didn't like very much. He warn't one bit like Capen George."

"What was the full name of Captain George?"

Missouri Jack, after bowing his head for a moment in deep thought, answered:

"Seems t' me t' was Tyler."

Claude and Tom both found it difficult to restrain their eagerness, but they succeeded. Missouri Jack was compelled to fill his pipe again before he proceeded.

"Now, lemme see, whar wuz I? Yes, we all made up our minds t' go home by New York. I had my dust in a leather belt erbout my waist, an' th' other pore fellers had theirs th' same. I was told thet Capen George hed a big pile, but I never knowed how much. We tuk a steamer at San Francisco fur San Juan Del Sur, an' stopped at Acapulco for coal, an' then paddled right on t' Nicaragua. From San Juan Del Sur we went to Granada on th' lake, fur this New York feller had a friend thar named Don Martin Fredrico he wanted t' see. This Don Martin wuz a gentleman 'f he waz a Spaniard, an' he tuk us all t' his home an' treated us white. We didn't stay thar more 'n 'bout a week, an' then, in one o' them long boats called bongos, started fur th' San Juan River, intendin' t' go t' Greytown."

At this point Claude interrupted the narrator with:

"Tell me more about this Captain George. What kind of a man was he?"

"He wuz a man all over. He wuz one ye could trust in, brave ez a lion, an' a heart in him bigger 'n a Santa Fé mule. He use ter talk days together 'bout his leetle darter he'd left t' home with no mother, an' I've seen tears bigger 'n a hazzel-nut a droppin' down his cheeks.

"We'd been warned agin th' infernal robbers, who air thicker 'n mosquitoes in Central America, but thar war six white men an' ten o' them nigger sailors, so we thought we'd be able t' whip th' hull bilin' o' 'em.

"One night we camped on th' banks o' th' San Juan, not fur from a place called Old Castle. Th' sailors war on shore a-cookin' their supper, an' Arkinsaw Dave an' I wur watchin' them critters called iguanas. All th' other people war on shore a-lyin' on th' ground ur saunterin' about. All at onct them nigger sailors sot up a yell an' started t' th' boat; but jist then two boats loaded with robbers came down alongside o' th' bongo, an' let fly with guns an' pistols, killin' an' cripplin' half a dozen.

"'Robbers!' cried Capen George, grabbin' his rifle. We war attacked by land an' by water, an' all fit like devils, but 't war no use. I needn't tell ye how all that night long we blazed away at them boats and inter th' woods, fur we war surrounded. Arkinsaw Dave war throwed cold in his tracks, an' Council Bluffs Fred war shot through, an' died in my arms. Jist at daylight we hed t' retreat through th' woods, an' saw them a rippin' their belts o' gold open afore we wuz out o' sight. Thar warn't but two nigger sailors an' us four white men left. We retreated an' fit nearly all next day, but th' varmints seemed t' increase in numbers all ther time. Th' gold which we carried erbout us weighted us down, so we couldn't run, an' at last we decided ter make a *cache* on ther San Juan an' bury it. Capen George an Mr. Morton made a map an' a descripshun o' ther place on some paper they hed with 'em, so 't we could find th' place when we come back, while th' rest o' us tuk places among th' trees, an' loaded an' shot ez fast ez we could see er black head."

"Who got the plat or map of the *cache?*" asked Claude.

"Either Capen George ur Mr. Morton. We could travel much faster arter we got rid o' th' gold, which wuz pesky heavy; but et warn't any use. We hedn't gone a mile, however, afore a cuss jump up, an' levelin' his infernal scopat, shoots pore Tennessee Bill dead in his tracks. I shot th' robber down. The two negro sailors run off an' left us, an' then we three had t' fight fifty. I wuz struck six times by their bullets, but fit until I fainted frum loss o' blood. When I come t' myself, I riz up a leetle and looked erbout. Ther place looked like er battlefield. I counted five dead robbers layin' in sight. Capen George wuz only a few feet frum me, so I crawled t' him an' spoke t' him, but he didn't open his eyes."

"Was he dead?" asked Claude.

"No. He war still breathin', but I knowed he couldn't last long. I crawled down t' th' river an' got a drink o' water. Then I thort I might relieve th' last hours o' my dyin' friend, so I made a cup o' some plantain leaves an' brung some water an' give him some. I hed t' open his mouth with my fingers an' pour et down. He drunk it, an' then I crawled erway.

"I hated t' leave him, but I knowed he couldn't live long, so I crawled on. I crawled all night an' next day, an' wore out my breeches at their knees, an' then fastened my boots on 'em. I was sorry I hadn't tuk th' shoes o' some o' th' dead men t' put on my hands, fur I war terribly bruised an' sore, lemme tell yer. At last I give out, an' lay down t' die. Wall, I war mighty nigh tuckered out, an' I'd a passed in my checks shore ef an old Injun woman hadn't er found me an' tuk me t' her hut. I didn't know nuthin' fur weeks. When I come t' myself I wuz weaker 'n a cat. I coaxed th' old woman's boy t' take me t' San Juan Del Sur, an' borrowed money enough t' take me back t' San Francisco. I writ t' Nancy she'd hev t' wait awhile longer, ez we couldn't marry yit, fur I wuz busted. So I went t' work t' raise another stake."

"Do you know what became of the others?" asked Claude.

"All killed."

"And the gold?"

"Wall, I suppose them as killed Mr. Morton got th' chart. I could never find his body, an' never found the chart or descripshun o' th' place whar th' gold war buried; an' I went an' hunted a week fur th' spot, but could never find it. I reckin th' robber got et all."

"Was Captain George dead when you left him?"

"Not quite. He war mighty nigh gone, though, fur he bled like a stuck pig, an' I knowed thet he couldn't live but a few minits or hours at most when I left."

"Do you think it possible that he could have recovered?"

"No. A feller with a bullet through his body don't git well when he hez ther best o' keer, an' he hed none."

When Missouri Jack had gone, Claude turned to Tom and said:

"I am going to Nicaragua. This whole affair must be sifted to the bottom if I lose my life in doing it."

CHAPTER XIX.

HALLIE'S STRANGE LETTER.

It will be necessary to take leave of Tom and Claude in their mining camp and return to Hallie Tyler. Poor, grief-stricken Hallie! her cup of bitterness seemed running over. When she regained consciousness after swooning in her lover's arms, as narrated in a former chapter, and recovered to find him gone, she first asked if he had been taken by the police. She had just been assured that he had not, when Mr. Howells, the lawyer, appeared, and the interview with him gave her some hope.

"Claude may escape, oh, thank Heaven, he may escape!" she exclaimed, clasping her hands in joy.

"What was he fighting Ambrose Fletcher for, Hallie?" the aunt asked.

"Ambrose was trying to take a letter from me. Do you know what became of it?"

"I don't."

"Do you think Ambrose got it?"

"I believe not. Either Claude or that man that was with him must have got it."

"Thank Heaven!"

She slept none at all that night, and scanned the morning papers to see if the fugitive was still at large. Day after day she waited, dreading what she knew must come. But remarkable to say, Claude escaped. For once the shrewd detectives and police were baffled. The papers were full of suggestions and plans for capturing the murderer of Robert Morton, and were unsparing in their criticism of the officers for letting him escape. None of them expressed even a doubt that Claude Morton was not the murderer. The world has long known that the press can be a power for evil as well as good, and in the case of Claude Morton, the papers molded public sentiment against an innocent man.

No person did more to fix the crime on Claude than Ambrose Fletcher. He had a double motive for doing so. Revenge for the blow he had received and the removal of a dangerous rival. Though Fletcher had not seen the man who struck him, he instinctively knew it was his rival.

A few days later Hallie was horrified to see an account of the letter-snatching and blow from the escaped murderer in the papers. They even gave the purported contents of the letter. This story, with a great many misrepresentations, appeared in the morning issues, and she had just finished her breakfast and retired to her room, when the door-bell rang, and Mr. Howells, the lawyer, was announced. He sent his card, on which was written:

"I must see you at once. I can save you great annoyance."

"Show him to my room," said Hallie to the servant.

In a few moments the tall form of the lawyer appeared with a newspaper in his hand.

"Have you seen this?" he asked, pointing to an article with the startling headlines: "A Clincher. Further Damaging Testimony against Claude Morton. There is no Doubt now that Robert Morton was Murdered by his Nephew."

"Yes, sir, I have read it."

"Have you seen any reporters yet?"

"No."

"Refuse to be interviewed."

"I will if you advise me to."

At that moment the door-bell rang. The servant appeared with the card of a representative of an evening paper.

"Tell him Miss Tyler is engaged and declines to be interviewed," said the lawyer.

The reporter was sent away.

"Now, Miss Tyler, you have read the purported contents of the letter in the papers. They state that Claude Morton said he would kill his uncle if he stood in the way to your marriage. Is the statement true?"

"No, sir."

The lawyer made a note of her statement in his book.

"Can you tell me what he did say?"

"He said that unless his uncle reconciled matters so I would admit him, he would do something desperate."

The lawyer's face became a little clouded as he wrote down the answer.

"Was it on account of his uncle that you refused to see Claude?"

"No, sir."

"What was the reason?"

"I was advised not to talk with him for a few days."

"By whom?"

She hesitated a moment, and then asked:

"Mr. Howells, is all I say received in professional confidence, as the attorney for Claude?"

"I assure you, my dear young lady, that it is."

"Then I was advised by a stranger, who claimed to come from Martinique, not to see Claude, or communicate with him for a few weeks. It was not anything that Claude's uncle had said or left unsaid, that caused me to treat him so coldly."

The face of the lawyer became slightly clouded as he answered:

"What motive had he for making this strange request of you?"

"He said he had to clear up the mystery of my father's strange death, and told me—but this was in strict confidence—"

"Consider me your legal adviser, young lady, and as such entitled to all your secrets," said the lawyer.

"He told me that he had evidence that my father was murdered in a certain wild region in Central America. That he had made a *cache* in which the gold he brought from California, with the gold of others, was buried, and that if I would aid him by all I knew, he would find it. To do this, he imposed upon me the utmost secrecy. I was not to say a word to any one, not even Claude. Nor was I to see Claude or talk with him until they had located and dis-

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covered the buried treasure. I showed him all my father's letters and papers, and he made copies of them. He was very careful to get the minutest detail."

"Did he get all he wanted?"

"No, sir. There was one paper he inquired for that I did not know was in existence—a map or chart, containing a description of the *cache* in which the money was buried."

"How did he know there was such a paper?"

"He told me he had heard there was, but he cautioned me very particularly, as I hoped for mercy, never to mention it to any one."

"Have you?"

"None but to you."

"That is right. Mention it to none other."

"How did he learn about my father's death? Mr. Morton never mentioned the *cache* of gold, nor any of the details. He could not have got the information from him."

"No, he did not; that is certain. I can't quite see my way through yet," the lawyer answered, "but I think I will in time. When did this fellow leave New York?"

"About two weeks before the murder."

"There goes the bell again. Another representative of the press. Don't see him. Good-morning;" and the lawyer took his leave.

For three days Hallie was besieged by reporters, but she declined to see any of them, or give any information whatever. Nearly every morning the papers, in large display headlines, stated: "Miss Tyler Still Silent. She Refuses to Say a Word, Admit or Deny. Her Persistent Silence Causes Much Unfavorable Comment."

About a week later Mr. Howells again appeared at the home of Hallie's aunt, and gaining admission to the young lady's presence, said:

"The papers are making some reckless assertions, and it may be well to put a stop to them. You might say that the purported contents of a letter from Claude Morton to yourself, lately published in the city papers, are false—that you never received such a letter."

"Shall I say what I did receive?"

"No. Give them nothing to feast upon. They are full of prevarication, and will misconstrue every word you utter. Write what I have told you, and give it to me."

She did so, and he then asked:

"Did this dark stranger ever hint to you whom he thought responsible for your father's death?"

She was silent for a moment, and answered:

"Robbers."

"But if robbers had slain him, they would have got the gold."

"A *cache* was made and the gold concealed from them, and the party had travelled many miles from the place where the treasure was buried before they were again attacked."

"Did he hint at the dishonesty of any one in your father's party?"

"Yes, sir."

"Mr. Morton?"

"He said Mr. Morton could tell me where the gold was buried if he would. That his keeping the secret locked in his breast was *prima facie* evidence of his guilt."

"Mr. Morton is now dead, and it's wrong to slander him," said Mr. Howells. "This dark stranger may have acted with an honest intention, but I doubt it. He played double with Mr. Morton, for he had confidential interviews with him almost daily."

"What were those interviews about?"

"One can only surmise. Mr. Morton was a close man. He never gave his full confidence to any one save his lawyer and his physician, and in this instance even they did not share it. But one thing, young lady, I beg to assure you—Robert Morton never dealt foully with your father nor any one, nor did he ever have any intention to secure the treasure to himself, the insinuations of this man to the contrary notwithstanding."

The lawyer left her, and days, weeks and months passed. No tidings having been received from Claude Morton, the excitement occasioned by his uncle's death died away. The estate was settled up by Mr. Howells. Mercantile interests were sold at a good round profit, and the money placed in the bank for the wandering heir, who would never dare return to claim it. Mr. Howells, however, was as careful in the administration of the estate as if the heir was at hand watching him. There were buildings rented; the rent was collected, the taxes paid, necessary improvements made—all as if Mr. Morton still lived. Occasionally, when the subject of Mr. Morton's death was alluded to in the papers, some person would surmise how soon the property and money of the vast estate would revert to the State.

Claude seemed forgotten by the great city in which he had once lived and been so popular, and which had, a few months ago, been so anxious to hang him. He was not forgotten by one, however. Hallie, true and faithful to her love to the last, never closed her eyes without uttering his name in prayer.

A little more than eighteen months had elapsed, when the postman brought her a letter post-marked California. Her hand trembled as she opened it, for she instinctively felt that it contained news from Claude, though it was not in his handwriting. She hurriedly read the letter from beginning to end. It was from Tom Coleman, and stated that Claude was still living and in Central America. He had seen him, and he wrote at her lover's request, who wanted him to assure her he was innocent of the crime of which he was accused; that he loved her more than life, and would some day come back and convince the world of his innocence, and make her his wife. She knew Tom was her friend, and the last time she had ever seen Claude they were both together at her aunt's house on that terrible night when Fletcher had snatched the fatal letter from her hand. She believed that Tom was telling the truth when he said that Claude was in Central America.

Hallie was filled with rapture at this assurance that her lover still lived. She kept the information to herself, however. She remembered that a reward was offered for him, and, like a prudent person, resolved to say nothing, She would have given worlds to be able to write to Claude, but then she did not know his address, nor would she have dared write him if she had. She once thought of writing to Tom Coleman, but a close watch was kept upon her by her aunt, and she feared that even writing to Claude's friend might place a detective on the trail of the hunted man.

A belief prevailed in the city that Claude was dead, and she thought it prudent to let that belief prevail. A month later she received another letter still more startling and mysterious. It ran thus:

> MISS HALLIE TYLER: Your father still lives. He is held by a small band of Indians in the interior of Nicaragua. He escaped the robbers, who got his gold, and was captured by the Indians, who hold him for ransom. Come to Greytown, Nicaragua, and bring all the money you can raise to ransom your father. Do not reveal this fact to any one save Mr. Ambrose Fletcher. Your father's rescue might endanger the estate of Robert Morton, and old lawyer Howells would try to keep him from being ransomed if he knew there was any thought of his doing so. Come yourself and bring what money you can raise. Yours in haste,
>
> PIERRE LE CLERC.

Poor Hallie was in a terrible state of mind. What was she to do? Here was a man, whom she instinctively mistrusted, writing so reasonably and rationally that she believed him. After all, Howells might be deceiving her, and this man may be honest and her friend. The mysterious conduct of Mr. Morton and the strangely suggestive questions of Mr. Howells, who threw so little light on the subject, might cause an anxious person to suspect it possible that Howells had some inducement to keep the mystery of her father a secret.

This strange letter increased her anxiety and grief tenfold.

CHAPTER XX.

MR. FLETCHER OFFERS HIS FRIENDLY SERVICES.

Hallie Tyler suffered the keenest anxiety on account of her father. She thought, if he lived, it was her duty to find him and do all in her power to rescue him. But then she did not know that the letter was true. It might all be a scheme to get her into a barbarous land and in the power of some of those bold brigands, so they would claim a ransom for her.

A week of the keenest anguish passed while she was thus halting between two opinions. Mr. Ambrose Fletcher called at her aunt's house one day to see her. Fletcher had not called since that evening when he so rudely snatched the letter from her and Claude knocked him down for the act. He had not even sent her a letter of apology, and his appearance at this time was quite a surprise. She would not have received him had he not sent a note which said:

> "It is of vital importance to you that I see you at once, as I have something to narrate especially for your ears."

She still hesitated for a moment, but at last decided to admit him and learn what he had to communicate. Mr. Fletcher was all smiles as he entered her presence. He bowed, and in his soft, easy, hypocritical manner began.

"Pardon me, Miss Tyler. Really I feel as if I am unworthy to enter your presence. But you see there is a matter that concerns you so much that I must see you, you understand? Now before I say a word about the object of this call, permit me to ask your pardon for my seeming rudeness on my former visit. I fear you did not understand me. The truth is, Miss Hallie," he seated himself as he spoke without waiting to be invited, "I knew there were so many detectives trying to hatch up evidence against my dear friend and fellow-schoolmate, Claude, that I did appear a little rude in my eagerness, I suppose, without intending to do so—"

"Spare yourself any further explanation, Mr. Fletcher, but come at once to the object of this visit."

"Well, Miss Hallie, I have come with a wonderful piece of intelligence. I am the bearer of good news that will be joy to your heart."

"What is this good news?"

"Your father is alive!"

It was startling intelligence indeed to Hallie. Before she was aware of what she was doing, she was on her feet and had gone to him, asking:

"What is that you tell me? What did you say?"

"I say your father lives."

"Where is he? In this city—in this house?"

"No."

"But you have seen him?"

"I have not seen him yet; but if you will listen calmly to what I have to say, I will make it possible for you to see him."

She sank into a chair, her face deathly white and her eyes almost blazing in their anxiety.

"Go on; go on," she panted. "Don't keep me in this suspense, but let me hear where my father is."

"He is in Nicaragua. You will find him there."

"Why doesn't he come home to me? Why doesn't he write to me?" she asked, eagerly.

"My dear friend, Miss Hallie, he can't come to you. He is held for a ransom by a party of natives in the mountains. I am particularly instructed to warn you against informing any police authorities or detectives. A detective, in that savage land, would be fatal. He would never recover the prisoner. An effort to recover him by force would add to his punishment and perhaps result in his death."

"How am I to save him, then?"

"Pay the ransom. I am told that five hundred dollars is all that will be required."

"But how am I to procure the money? I have nothing," she sobbed. "I am wholly dependent upon the charity of relatives."

"Well, now, don't let that worry you, my dear friend," said Mr. Fletcher, smiling serenely. "Your excellent father shall not suffer for lack of means for his ransom."

"Will you advance it?"

"To you?"

"No; send it yourself, as you know to whom it should be sent."

"That will not answer," said Fletcher. "This person from whom I gained my information says that you should go with the ransom. At Greytown you will be met by parties who will conduct you to the Indian chief who has your father in custody. He will produce the captive, and you can hand over the money yourself, so you will see there is no trick, fraud or deception in it."

"What! I go to Nicaragua?"

"Certainly; why not?"

"No, no, no! I am only a girl. I cannot brave the dangers of that country, which is in continual turmoil."

"But think of your father's liberty, perhaps his life. Would you not brave everything to liberate him?"

"I would give my life to set him at liberty, but this may be only a trick, a plan to entrap me."

"I assure you it is not. How could it be?"

"You may be deceived yourself."

"I am not deceived. Allow me to assure you, Miss Tyler, that I know the person quite well who gave me the information, and know that he told the truth."

"Did you see the person from Nicaragua?"

"I did."

"Who was it?"

"A sea captain—a friend of mine. Captain—but he told me not to give his name."

"That is strange. If he is an honest man, telling a truthful story, why should he object to his name being known?"

"Miss Hallie, you could not fully understand the reason, even if I should explain in full. Let it suffice that my friend, who is a sea captain, comes continually in contact with these people in this country. They bring him products from the interior, with which he loads his ship. They are useful friends, but dangerous enemies."

"But if he has come as a mediator between the savages and myself to negotiate a ransom, would it make them his enemies?"

Fletcher explained that he was not exactly a mediator. The Indians did not know of his visit. He had accidentally learned that a white man was a prisoner among them, and had come to Fletcher with the particulars, feeling quite sure that five hundred dollars would ransom him. Hallie, who was not satisfied with the story, about which there was so much mystery, demanded an interview with the sea captain.

A few evenings later Fletcher came back with a red-faced man dressed as a sea captain, whose breath was tainted with the fumes of brandy. He stated that he had seen the prisoner and talked with him, and he was anxious to get home to his "dear daughter Hallie."

But the story told by the seaman was unsatisfactory. Even poor Hallie, with all her anxiety to see her father, and her inexperience in cross-examination, propounded a number of questions which thoroughly confused the captain, so that Fletcher was compelled several times to come to his relief. When they were gone, she threw herself on her couch and sobbed:

"Oh, Heaven, what must I do? Is my father still alive? Is he a captive in that awful land? Claude! Claude! If I only had your counsel, I should not be tortured by doubts and fears. That man is not honest. He has not seen my father; and yet that letter—that letter says he lives. What must I do? Oh, Heaven, what must I do?"

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT—NO. 10.]

IN SEARCH OF GOLD.*

BY COLIN MIDDLETON,

Author of "The Fool of Destiny," "Innes of Blairavon," etc.

["IN SEARCH OF GOLD" was commenced in No. 52. Back numbers of the *Ledger*, containing the opening chapters of this story, can be obtained of all Newsdealers. *Even if the Newsdealer is out of back numbers, he will order them for you, if you request him to do so.*]

CHAPTER XX.

BIRDS OF PREY.

As surely as the vulture scents death, so surely does the human race scent gold.

In the early morning of Sunday, Ivor was awakened from sleep by the tramp of feet. He got up, and looking out of the tent, saw three Chinamen swinging past with that peculiar "lope" which is neither a walk nor a run, and which is purely Chinese. On their backs they carried all their worldly goods, among which a cradle for washing gold was prominent. They passed on up the creek some two or three hundred yards, and stopped. They had not spoken, and their faces wore the only expression which a Chinese face can wear—that of inscrutability.

By the time that Ivor and Beausire got up three more Chinamen had arrived. By midday half a dozen more Chinamen and eight or nine white men came in. By dusk there were fifty men on the banks of the creek.

A ruffianly crew, for the most part; among the whole throng there was not one man who showed by his appearance, habits or expression that he had any of the elements of success in him. They were the riff-raff of the colony, who had tried and failed a hundred times, and would try and fail again. All had the one desire—to become quickly rich with as littte labor as possible. For at least ninety-five per cent. of them wealth would be as useless as poverty; to them wealth meant only one thing—money to spend, to fritter away in folly and extravagance. One can well believe the extraordinary tales of the early goldfields in Australia, when men, from pure bravado and folly, would eat a hundred-pound note between slices of bread.

As Ivor and Beausire scanned the faces of their new comrades, they saw in them all that was typically evil and nothing that was good. There was no sign of virtue or cleanliness or thrift—as evil-looking a crew of gallows-birds as one could wish to see.

Yet these were not all. All through the night the tramp of men and the rumble of carts disturbed the silence, and in the morning the numbers of the previous day had been doubled. Ivor and Beausire had all their work cut out to prevent their claim from being "jumped." By midday, however, Courtenay arrived, and a different aspect was put upon matters. All the new arrivals seemed to know him and respect him, in so far as any one of their type could respect anything.

"How is this?" said Courtenay to Ivor. "You surely never told any one that you had found gold?"

"Not a word did Beausire or I breathe to any human being about the matter except to you."

"H'm!" muttered Courtenay; "it is the most extraordinary thing in the world, this instinct which draws men to gold—*when* it has been found. It is a pity for some of them that the instinct does not tell them a little sooner where to find it."

"But how could they possibly know?"

"It is the Chinamen. They must have seen you two go into Vaughan and my coming back with you, and drawn their conclusions."

"I suppose they won't interfere with us, though?"

"Not in the least, except for stealing now and then; but we'll soon have law and order of a sort down here; besides, I shall want some of these men to work for us. The majority of them won't, as they will be for making fortunes on their own account. Ah, there's one, at any rate, who will—old Duncan M'Alpine, the best underground manager in Australia when he's sober, and as good as most others when he's drunk."

As Courtenay spoke, a man of about sixty years of age, with a gray, unkempt beard and a prodigious red nose, came toward Courtenay and, touching his ragged cap, said, in a tone of inquiry:

"Ye'll be in this, Mr. Courtenay?"

"Yes. That's my claim pegged out over there."

"Ye'll be wanting an underground manager?"

"Yes, certainly."

"Ye ken auld Duncan?"

"None better," said Courtenay, with a laugh.

"Aweel, I suppose I'll get the job and I'll jist gang and pick oot a dizen or so o' these wasters to start wi'."

"Then you have engaged yourself, Duncan?"

"Ay."

"You must really keep off whisky—this is going to be a big thing."

"I ken. I'll aye get drunk on the Sawbath or mebbe o' the Saturday nicht; and that'll no harm naebody."

"Very well, Duncan. I should suggest that you would do very well not to get drunk on any day in the week; but I suppose you will please yourself."

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"Ay, I'll please mysel'. I hae been fu' o' a Saturday nicht for forty year, and I'm nae likely to change the noo."

"We shall start her to-morrow; and see that you get respectable men."

"Respectable men!" said Duncan, in a tone of utter contempt. "An' div ye think that I'll find anither respectable man forbye mysel' in yon crew? Aweel, ye were aye a man for a bit joke, Mr. Courtenay. The men shall be there, an' I'll see that they are as respectable as need be."

"That's a good start, at any rate," said Courtenay to Ivor, as old Duncan moved away. "If any man can keep these fiends in order, he will."

In the evening Duncan came to say that he had got a gang, and that sinking operations would begin in the morning.

By the end of a week there was a small town on the banks of the creek, with a store and two whisky saloons, and the place had become intolerable to Ivor and Beausire, who had a log hut built for themselves some two hundred yards up the gully, away from the camp.

The majority of the adventurers had begun surface-work farther down the gully, and some few had struck off through the bush, westward. At their sudden and unexpected change of fortune, Ivor, whose mood had hitherto been somber, now had a perpetual smile upon his face, a smile which threatened at a moment's notice to become a hearty and hilarious laugh.

Beausire, on the other hand, seemed to grow more and more serious as the certainty of wealth became more assured. He had never previously contemplated wealth as a serious possibility; his happy-go-lucky nature had hitherto enabled him to be supremely contented if he saw the prospects of his weathering the morrow in a state of comparative solvency; the knowledge that—in all probability within a year or two—the morrow would be well able to take care of itself, had a sobering effect upon him. Ivor, on the other hand, who—ever since he had made up his mind to go to South Africa—had had but the one object in view, was now exultant, when he saw the attainment of that object within measurable distance.

As matters now stood, no two better pioneers could have been found. They worked like slaves themselves, and, with the assistance of M'Alpine, managed to get a great deal of work out of their men.

Duncan got drunk with singular regularity about seven o'clock on Saturday evening, and remained so all through Sunday; but at six o'clock on Monday morning he was at his post with the same regularity, looking always somewhat pensive and heavy about the eyes, but still thoroughly up to his work. During the week he studiously avoided the whisky saloon, despite innumerable invitations on all hands.

Within six weeks the whole face of the gully was changed. The white tents gleamed in the sunshine along the whole length of the banks of the little creek, and the only wooden buildings—that is to say, the store and the whisky saloons—had quite a palatial appearance beside their humbler neighbors. Ivor wanted an iron church to be erected; but it was premature at this early stage of the proceedings, and the one Wesleyan missionary who had ventured into the camp had fled within twenty-four hours in fear of his life.

He was heard afterward to say that he did not think he should be in any way surprised at what he should see if it were his misfortune to go to the lower regions, for he had had a sample at Gwynne's Creek which would take a good deal of beating.

A pumping engine, a specimen house and a small crushing machine had been erected, and it was a day of intense excitement for Ivor, Beausire and Courtenay when the crushing machine was ready for its first load.

They knew that the mine was rich, for in the preliminary workings the men had struck pockets which were almost pure gold. When the crushers began to work Ivor was compelled to leave the shed—the excitement was too much for him. He went down to the mine and worked like a horse all day, and it was only in the evening, when the men knocked off work, that he ventured to go up to the specimen house again. Beausire and Courtenay were standing at the door as Ivor came toward them, and he saw a man give some information to Courtenay which made that old gentleman shout with delight, spin round on one leg, and finally seize Beausire by the hand and shake it as though he wished to wring it off.

"What is it?" said Ivor, breathlessly, as he ran up.

"What is it?" repeated Courtenay. "Why, man, the reef is a perfect phenomenon. Thirty-two ounces to the ton at the first crushing, and we purposely didn't take the richest quartz, so that we might not be disappointed by knowing the best at once. It's magnificent!" and the old man rubbed his hands together and chuckled with delight.

"That's pretty good, I suppose," said Beaushire.

"Pretty good!" shouted Courtenay. "Excuse my saying so, but you must be a fool; it's magnificent beyond my wildest dreams. One of the cheapest mines to work in the country, too. Everything to hand—water, wood, labor, everything we can want. In five years' time, if this reef goes on as well as it promises—and I think it will—why, I wouldn't call the queen my cousin, and I can't say more than that."

"Ah!" sighed Ivor, gratefully. After his pent-up excitement of the day, he had no words for the thorough realization of his hopes.

"If you have any ancestral acres to buy back which you hanker for, you can make up your mind that they will be yours. What about you now, Beausire? The son of a peer don't come out to Australia to rock a gold cradle if matters are all right at home."

"That's the worst of it," said Beausire, with a long face. "If I go home a rich and respectable man, they will turn me out as a fraud. You see, Mr. Courtenay, it was my mission in life to go to the devil, but I am very much afraid that with the help of old Ivor here, the old gentleman will be cheated of his due."

Courtenay laughed, as he said:

"You are frank enough about it, anyhow. What do you think about it, Gwynne?"

"That we had better not count our chickens before they are hatched."

"A Daniel come to judgment," said Courtenay. "You are quite right; but if my opinion is worth anything, that reef there is one of the richest, if not the richest, in the whole of Australia."

"I sincerely hope it may be," muttered Ivor.

In three months from the start Ivor rode into Vaughan with twelve hundred pounds' worth of gold, to be exchanged for an account at the bank in the name of the firm for that amount.

Men give their mines fanciful names, and Ivor had insisted—giving no reason whatever—that this mine should be called "The Rose of Glanwythian" So the "Rose of Glanwythian Company" it was, consisting of three partners only.

By the end of six months the balance in their favor amounted to close on six thousand pounds.

This represented clear profit, after deducting all wages and working expenses. The mine was indeed a phenomenon. But we are anticipating somewhat.

When it was practically an assured fact that the reef was going to behave properly and yield gold in accordance with the promise of the first crushing, Ivor determined to write to Gwen and ask her to marry him as soon as he should be in a position to do so, which he put, in his own mind, at about a year from that time. He could no longer remain in this state of hideous uncertainty as to his fate.

This was when the mine had been in working order for about five months, and nearly seven months since he had heard from Gwen that her father was dead. He had written her a note condoling with her on her loss, and saying that so far his efforts at gold-mining had been attended by but very slight success.

Now all that was changed. In his own mind he put the date only a year ahead when he could marry on an ample competency, and with a prospect of great wealth in front of him.

Little wonder that all things were *couleur de rose*, and that he found opportunities to laugh at every minute of the day.

What a mad fool he was not to have spoken to Gwen definitely before he started! But at that time he hardly knew that he was in love, and the slight element of uncertainty which still existed in his mind as to her affection for him added a piquancy to the excitement of piling up wealth.

Each successive crushing more than confirmed the promise of the first, and even old Courtenay threatened to be thrown off his balance by the prospect which opened up before him.

One day all three were sitting talking in the specimen-house, when old Duncan came in, followed by a man carrying four pieces of quartz, which seemed to be quite as much as he could carry. Old Duncan threw his hat on the floor, and cried out:

"Jist look at yon. Mon, I hae seen mony's the gold mine in this country, but no ane that has quartz like yon. Mon, I tell ye, there's more gold nor quartz intill't. Here, Howard, gie's the sma' ane first."

The man handed one of the pieces of quartz to Ivor, who looked at it and weighed it in his two hands, then merely laughed, and passed it on to Beausire.

"Ay, ye may weel laugh, Mr. Gwynne. It's them that win wha laugh."

Beausire weighed the nugget and whistled as he gave it to Courtenay.

"What shall we do, Ivor? I think that we had better offer golden statues of ourselves to be put up in the court at Trinity Hall, eh?"

As Beausire spoke, the man Howard, who had brought in the nugget, looked up quickly and said:

"Were you at the Hall? I was at King's."

"The deuce you were?" said Beausire. "Then how is it you are—"

He didn't finish his sentence, and Howard said:

"If report speaks true, in another week—before you struck this reef—you might have been in the same position."

"By gad, that's true enough!" said Beausire, as Howard left the specimen-house.

"Is he a good hand, Duncan?" said Ivor.

"Ay. He'll be the best we hae."

"Then he must have a better position at once. He can't go on working side by side with those wild scoundrels down the mine."

"Vera guid; but ye see, sir, I am underground manager, an' there's nae room for anither when I'm about."

"Then he must be manager above ground until we can find something more congenial for him. We can make him secretary or manager of the whole concern, with a good salary, when we have got the place in real working order."

"Vera guid, sir; but for the present?"

"Hang it, man, I don't care for the present what he does. It is not likely that I am going to let a Cambridge man and a gentleman work with those infernal ruffians just because he happens to be down on his luck, if I can help it. We might have been in the same position ourselves, as he very truly says, but for a stroke of luck. He is to be manager above ground at treble the wage he gets now from to-day on. Do you understand?"

"Ay, sir; I understand," said Duncan, as he went out of the house.

Courtenay came up to Ivor, and patting him on the back, said:

"Good lad—good lad; wealth, if it comes to you, won't do you much harm. You would never make a business man, Gwynne, my son, because you would let your heart get the better of your head; but I like to see it."

"I am sure you wouldn't care to see an old school or college companion down on his luck, without helping him, Mr. Courtenay."

"Not if I could help it; but some of them are better left to ruin themselves their own way, for assistance merely prolongs the agony; but this one looks the right sort. But now, gentlemen, if you'll excuse me, as we are all three together here, I think we might have a directors' meeting. I don't know if you have heard—but of course you have—of bushrangers being about. There seem to be three of them—all working for their own hand, too. Now, Vaughan is a small one-horse sort of place, and a man of Kelly's type would stick up the bank there in broad daylight. It isn't really safe to keep any considerable sum of money there."

"I quite agree with you," said Beausire. "I feel an unholy thirst for gold has come over me, and I should be very sorry to lose even one sovereign's worth of what we get. I used to chuck it away freely enough when I hadn't got any, but now that I see the prospect of having a good deal, I'm becoming a regular skinflint—in thought anyway."

"Your explanation isn't exactly clear, Beausire," said Courtenay, "but I think I see what you are driving at. What do you say, Gwynne?"

"That you are perfectly right. Didn't one of these fellows murder a couple of men out Chewton way a week or two ago?"

"Yes. They haven't been round this way for about twenty years; but directly there is a new rush, bushrangers are on the track as sure as the day."

"What do you suggest, then, Courtenay?"

"That you should wait till the next crushing, take in all the gold, and ask them to transfer our deposit to the bank in Castlemaine, and say that we only intend to keep a current account for working expenses with them."

"I suppose they won't mind?"

"Not a rap. It's only a branch of the Castlemaine Bank, after all."

"And, under these circumstances, I think I had better go in oftener with the gold. It doesn't do to have too much of it knocking about here."

"Quite right. Come on. They're knocking off for the night. Let's go up to the house and have some food. I'm as hungry as a hawk."

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT—NO. 10.]

WILLFUL PENELOPE.*

BY EFFIE ADELAIDE ROWLANDS,

Author of "A Conqueror of Fate," "Little Kit," "At a Great Cost."

["WILLFUL PENELOPE" was commenced in No. 48. Back numbers of the *Ledger*, containing the opening chapters of this story, can be obtained of all Newsdealers. *Even if the Newsdealer is out of back numbers, he will order them for you, if you request him to do so.*]

CHAPTER XXVII.

IT was a pouring wet day, the one following the arrival of the Latimars at Lady Susan Verschoyle's, and Marcia hailed it as a solution to a rather difficult problem.

"Impossible to venture out on such a day, I am afraid," she said to Lady Susan when they met at breakfast. Despite her age, Lady Susan never failed in her life's habit of early rising, and set a pattern to her household in this and in many other things. "I had intended finding my way to pay a visit to my cousin Penelope. I presume it is my place to leave a card for her first, since she has assumed the position of a country householder."

"I don't think we stand on such strict ceremony in ——shire," Lady Susan answered, trying valiantly, but not successfully, to combat her dislike to her guest, "but I am sure Penelope would be delighted to see you, and really, Thicket Croft is a charming old place, and the child has made it so picturesque. The carriage is at your disposal, Mrs. Latimar, and I shall ve very much pleased to accompany you if you make up your mind to go."

Marcia turned suddenly to her husband, who during this discussion was engaged in feeding Nuttie to repletion.

"What shall I do, Denis?" Marcia asked, in a light, jesting way, which was something quite new to her and did not sit easily upon her. "You know, you have constituted yourself my medical adviser in the absence of all my numerous doctors. Do you think it will do any harm to go and see Penelope this wet day?"

Denis raised his head; he had been stooping down to caress Lady Susan's cozy pet. This action was enough to account for the red flush in his face to his aunt, but Marcia knew better why it came and what it signified.

"I think it would be rather unwise," Denis said, hurriedly. Why did such a sudden strong objection rise within him against a meeting between Penelope and his wife? He really had no sound argument to put forward in such a case, and yet there the objection was, and there it remained. "It is a very cold rain, and you coughed a good deal in the night."

Lady Susan listened to this with something like dismay.

"Mercy on me!" she said to herself. "What am I to do with her all day? An hour of her society goes a very long way with me, but a whole day! I don't understand why Denis should coddle her up so much. Of course, she is not very strong yet, but in a warm carriage I don't see what harm could come to her."

This irritation had some origin in the fact that Lady Susan had a strong desire to see her "child," who had not ridden over since Saturday, and now it was Tuesday. Her sleep had been broken, and troubled thoughts and visions of Penelope had flitted through her brain, and, somehow, it had always been a sorrowful picture of the girl that had come.

Lady Susan had an almost uncontrollable desire to set forth immediately and drive over to Thicket Croft to see for herself that Penelope was safe and sound. Marcia accepted her husband's decision as final.

"You see," she said to Lady Susan, "the matter is settled for me."

Denis ate his breakfast in silence.

Not to put too fine a point on it, he was about as miserable and uncomfortable in the present position of affairs as a man in complete health could well be. He could not altogether explain the feelings that came upon him, but there was a distinct sensation running in his mind that there was something about this last whim of Marcia's he could not quite understand.

She had given him much surprise by her intention to go to this ball and her arrangement to visit Lady Susan; and then she had planned everything so quietly, so secretly, one might almost have said that Denis might be forgiven for imagining his wife had some other motive in her mind than the simple one she had given him.

He was convinced she did not care a brass farthing for this ball or any other. He would, indeed, have been glad had she developed any of the numerous idiosyncrasies that belonged to the ordinary society woman possessed of wealth and position. This ball, in particular, was by no means what would be called a smart affair, and Denis could not really fathom Marcia's desire to attend it.

However, by this time, as has been stated several times, Denis had realized that, so far as his wife's character and nature went, he must regard them as a problem impossible of solution. It was the position of the moment that made him pause and attempt an explanation of her proceedings now. It was the knowledge of his near proximity to Penelope that made him so nervous, restless and uneasy.

If he had believed that Marcia had discovered his secret, he would then have at once known the motive of her present action; but believing, as he did, that Marcia was in total ignorance of his love for Penelope, he could not follow her. It would have been only what he might have expected from her jealous, suspicious disposition, this scheming to bring him face to face with the woman she held to be her rival, and then turning his every word into some different significance and treating him accordingly to one of her fits of fury. All this would have been according to her usual conduct, and would have followed as a matter of course had her suspicions been roused about Penelope; but it was more than evident that, so far at least, his love was to be guarded from such a horror, and that, therefore, Marcia must have some other reason for her present course of action.

All this Denis determined in the innocence of his heart, little knowing with what bitter, lynx eyes his wife was watching him and sharpening her faculties to bring some suffering, of what shape or description she knew not exactly, but suffering most surely, upon the girl who was so dear to him. She went on speaking.

"However, if I cannot go to Penelope, perhaps Penelope would come to me. Do you think she would, dear Lady Susan, if I were to write her a little note and explain that the weather prevents me from calling upon her?"

Lady Susan seized on the idea with abso-

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lute avidity. Her longing to see Penelope was so strong within her.

"I am quite sure she will come with pleasure. I have an idea. Denis, you are not afraid of the rain; you shall either drive or walk over to Thicket Croft and bring Penelope and her guests back to luncheon."

Marcia grew suddenly pale, and Denis grew first red and then pale as herself.

"I will do anything you wish, dear Aunt Susan," he said, hurriedly, and he rose as he spoke. He had a sudden difficulty in drawing his breath. This suggestion came upon him almost like a blow. He had begun to hope that perhaps it would have been possible to avoid meeting the woman he desired so passionately to see—the woman he adored so hopelessly. Before he had arrived he had tried to prepare himself for everything of the sort, but he knew now how futile all such preparations had been. Fate was stronger than his will. He would never have sought this trial and temptation; but it had come, and he must meet it to the best of his power and courage.

Marcia's whiteness turned to grayness as she heard Lady Susan deliver her message to Denis for Penelope, and then ring the bell for some kind of carriage in which to convey Mr. Latimar to Thicket Croft. She had brought Denis purposely into Penelope's proximity for the sole reason of giving him some pain, of finding out how true was her suspicion, of strengthening her jealousy and hatred, of bringing about some punishment on the two whom, in her curiously distorted fashion, she had convinced herself had done her great wrong; and now that Denis was about to make a start in this peculiarly disagreeable scheme she had arranged, Marcia felt, as all of her kin do feel, that if she were trying to hurt others, she would certainly not escape scot-free herself.

The mere thought now of Denis's going to meet Penelope, going with his heart overladen with the silence and magnitude of his love, was simply torture to Marcia. There was, however, nothing to be done. She had been very clever, no doubt, but she had not taken into consideration the fact that it would have given her so much discomfort to manipulate Penelope's punishment; and if she would see Denis face to face with the woman he loved, and arrange some plan of punishment, she must have no objection to any move in the game, however disagreeable.

Denis refused a carriage.

"It is only two miles, you say, Aunt Susan. I will walk. I shall enjoy the trudge through the mud, and rain won't hurt me. What is your message? They are to come back whether they like it or no. All right, you will see I will bring them, even if I have to carry them all myself. Have you any message for Penelope, Marcia?" Denis turned at the door and just glanced at his wife. The look that, despite his will, illuminated his face, hurt her sharply. "Your love, of course?"

"Oh, my love, of course," Marcia said, as easily as she could speak, "and excuses; you will know what to say. The usual pretty speech. Men make much prettier speeches than we do, don't they, Lady Susan?"

But Lady Susan was very busy. She had seated herself at her desk and was writing a *menu* for luncheon, extended to large proportions to embrace the Thicket Croft party.

"If you will excuse me, I think I will go and write my letters," Marcia said, after a little while, when Denis had well departed.

Lady Susan was full of gracious thought of her guest; she accommpanied her upstairs to the boudoir allotted to her and did not leave her until she had seen that everything was present for Marcia's convenience.

But immediately she was alone, Lady Susan gave a deep sigh.

"It is no use," she said to herself. "I cannot like her—she gets on my nerves, and somehow she frightens me. A very silly idea, no doubt, but there all the same. Well, she can't do much harm to my child while I am about;" and then Lady Susan pulled herself up sharply. "But what on earth am I saying? Harm! What harm could she do to Penelope, and why should I imagine such horrid things? I am a very wicked old woman, that is about the truth of it, and when I take a dislike into my silly old brain I don't know where to stop."

All the same, Lady Susan could not rid herself of that uneasy sensation that something disagreeable was threatening her child, and that this particular something would emanate from or through Marcia Latimar.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

"It is the one thing to do on a wet day!" Madge Riley cried; "and such fun!"

"Perhaps not such fun for Pen's china as for you," Mrs. Warriner observed, quietly.

"I promise you, Pen, nothing shall be smashed, and"—looking about her—"there is nothing very much to smash, is there?"

"You are queen of the revels, and you shall do all you wish!" Penelope cried.

They were in the hall. A big fire was blazing in the wide hearth, and Madge's two dogs, a dandy dinmont and a bull terrier, without which she never travelled, were doing their best to roast themselves in front of the blaze. It had been voted too wet to go out, and so Madge suggested the old-fashioned game of battledoor and shuttlecock.

"I kept up to two hundred and forty-two times the other day," she observed, as an inducement to this excitement.

"Yes, and very nearly dislocated your back in so doing," her sister retorted.

"I am quite sure I shall never succeed in keeping one up at all," Penelope said, cheerfully; "but come along—I can but try."

Madge produced the necessary adjuncts and the game was started.

Penelope did not cover herself with glory, and stood watching her friend's prowess with amusement and admiration.

"You know you are really very clever, Madgie," she said, as Miss Riley, flushed, with knit brows and a rigid expression, sent the feathered toy flying upwards each time it wished to descend. "There is something remorseless about her, is there not, Daisy? I am so glad she is not my enemy."

"I would eat you!" declared Madge in a sepulchral tone, her eyes always fixed on the little whizzing object flying above her head.

"It's my opinion you would have indigestion; I am exceedingly tough."

Penelope sat down in a bunch before the fire, and received warm greetings from the two dogs, who called themselves old friends. She was looking her very prettiest and sweetest. Mrs. Warriner could hardly take her eyes off the girl.

"There is something absolutely fascinating about Pen," she thought to herself. "I believe if even she were not so pretty I should have just the same feeling about her. I wonder what her fate will be. I cannot understand how it is she is not already married; but, of course, if she shuts herself up in this fashion I don't see how she will get a chance;" and then the elder sister began a remonstrance.

"Madge, you know you will get a pain in your sides."

Madge sent her shuttlecock swimming through space.

"Two hundred and seventy-one!" she cried. She had to make a hurried transit to catch the descending ball. "Two hundred and seventy-two—two hundred and—Oh!"

Madge came to an abrupt pause; the curtains hung across the archway had been pulled aside, and some one had entered—some one who received the descending shuttlecock sharply on the top of his head, and looked, as undoubtedly he felt, extremely surprised by its arrival.

Madge shook her battledoor in this some one's face.

"Denis Latimar," she said, tragically, "ordinarily speaking, I am rather pleased to see you, but on this occasion—well—"

"Madge is quite murderously inclined," Pen said, speaking with a light laugh that hid the sudden uncertainty in her voice. She got up and went down towards him with her hand outstretched. "How do you do, Denis?" she added simply. "I am glad to see you!"

He only touched her hand; he had not her reserve of composure nor her tact and self-reliance. It was a great relief to him to turn to Miss Riley and begin some joking speech; and then he had to greet Mrs. Warriner, and by the time this was over he could venture to let himself realize he was in the presence of his love, and might feast his eyes on her beauty and sweetness.

"Denis, where have you come from? You are a 'mask' of mud, as they say at Stevenstone. Do look at him, Pen; did you ever see such dirt!"

"I am afraid you must be wet through." There was a touch of uneasiness and anxiety in the fresh young voice that was like the most exquisite music in the man's ears. "You must be. You have walked from Lady Sue's?"

"Yes; it was nothing, and I am not wet at all, thank you, Penelope!" How sweet it was to speak her name! Denis was fast losing every sensation of pain, and he was conscious only of the delicious joy he had in being near her once again. How beautiful she was! He had not remembered the fullness of her beauty. Her image, as he had last seen her, sorrowful, tear-laden, overwhelmed with the weight of her double grief, had lived with him most vividly during their separation. Sometimes her laughing loveliness, as he had seen it at Waveton, had flashed before him, and now and then, when he had gazed upwards into the sky and noted the depth and purity of its color, a memory of Penelope's blue eyes had come to him, provoking a comparison. But all these memories had been but poor things, feeble, blurred pictures, in nowise touching or approaching the original. He began speaking mechanically, repeating Lady Susan's message after the manner of a parrot, and while he spoke he was looking at the girl's half-averted face. What lines of grace there were in the poise of her head! He had not known there was a gleam of gold in her hair, nor that it had that pretty broken wave in it. Was it possible for any human throat to show so exquisite a color? What did it remind him of? The inner petal of some delicate white flower; the sheeny softness of a peerless pearl. Oh, to be able to close his eyes and rest them, hot, weary, aching, against that throat, to feel those slender arms about him, like a frail yet sweetest shield against all sorrow, all pain!

Denis brought his dangerous thoughts to a final stand.

"Aunt Susan says she will have no denial, in fact she has authorized me to use all sorts of force to work her will."

"Lady Sue knows well her will is the greatest force she can use in this abode," Penelope said, hurriedly. "Girls, go and put on your hats and things; I will order the carriage and countermand luncheon. I expect I shall have a fiery moment with my cook. If any one hears screams for help they must understand at once I am being immolated on my own kitchen fireplace. Will you excuse us all, Denis? And, if you want anything, will you ring for Downs?"

With much laughter and chatter, Madge Riley and her sister made their way upstairs. Penelope escaped them for a moment.

Her errand to the kitchen was an excuse, but she felt she must have one moment to herself to gather up her trembling forces, and put courage, resolution and constraint into her quivering nerves.

She made her way into a little snuggery of her own, where she painted and sang and lived most of her time; and here she closed the door, and, leaning against it, shut her hands over her eyes.

Oh, the change in him, the agony of seeing his dear face so different? She had thought of all that might be written on that face, but the story she read was even more bitter than she had imagined—he looked like a man who lived in perpetual cold and gloom. There was a curious pinched expression about his mouth, as though the tension on the lips had been brought about by some severe mental strain, some silent anguish that had been of long endurance, and had left its trace.

Penelope's tears were perilously near. If she had not snatched this moment of solitude she felt she could not have answered for herself. She was no coward, and the year just gone had developed much strength of will and energy of purpose within her.

She buckled on this shield of courage now, and fought down her infinity of love and pity, regret, remorse and yearning. She was face to face with something inevitable; she could not turn aside; she must go on. She would go, as befitted her, proudly, and with her failing courage she would not let a hint of her weakness escape her, lest it should destroy the barrier she saw he was trying so hard to raise up between them, and bring the whole fabric of misery and despair about their heads.

When she joined the rest she was a little pale, but she was quite herself; in fact, she was apparently in splendid spirits, and replied to Madge's sallies in her good old style. As they were going to the carriage, Miss Riley managed to whisper a few words in Pen's ears.

"I am bracing myself up for the encounter. I expect my lady will be in one of her pleasantest moods. She hates me! Won't look at me if she can help it. How she let Denis come over here by himself is a miracle!"

Penelope flushed a little.

"Oh! Madge, do me a favor—don't, don't tease Marcia, or do anything to—"

Madge gave her a hearty kiss.

"My little Pen, I give you my solemn promise to be as sweet as sugar, or as you; but really you know she can be so beastly, and I have such a sharp temper. I don't care two pins what she says to me. I am independent of her, thank goodness, but it does so rile me to see her going for Denis. I say, Pen, isn't he altered? Poor fellow! I am so sorry for him. Father is quite cut up about it, and Har—Mr. De Burgh said the other day he could never have believed a man could have changed so much in one short year. Short year!" Madge finished significantly; "I expect it has been something like an eternity to Denis Latimar; and to think—"

But here, fortunately, Denis turned to hand the two girls into the barouche, and, to Pen's relief, Madge's confidence came to an abrupt ending.

The drive to Lady Susan's was almost a merry one. Denis and Penelope found themselves chatting and laughing as lightly as though no river of sorrow had ever run between them, cutting them adrift for all their lives. The meeting which had given them both such moments of trouble and fear dwindled down into nothing, thanks most of all to the presence of Madge, but not a little to their own strength of will and eagerness to push realization from them.

Marcia was in the drawing-room, reading, or pretending to do so, when the carriage arrived. Lady Susan's unconcealed eagerness to see Penelope was irritating in the extreme to Marcia, and started her jealousy on a new tack. She put on a smile and an air of cordiality which Madge declared afterwards gave her a shiver, and she offered a cheek for Penelope to kiss.

"You are looking very well," she said, with the sort of manner of one who bestows a favor.

Penelope murmured something, she did not know what. She could not return such a compliment. Marcia's appearance gave her a shock.

When last they had met her cousin had been full of vitality with that broad, strongly accentuated comeliness which passed with so many for beauty. Penelope felt she would hardly have recognized Marcia in this thin, sallow invalid woman had they met by chance some way. The change in Denis had hurt her in one sense. This extraordinary change in Marcia gave her scarcely less pain; it was the feeling of the perturbed, miserable spirit that had place in Marcia's heart that oppressed her most. By and by, when luncheon had been enjoyed, Penelope found herself going upstairs with her cousin.

"I want to have a talk with you," Marcia said, after having tortured and satisfied herself as to the truth of her suspicions by watching and noting every gesture and word employed by Penelope and Denis. "We have so much to say to each other."

Penelope could, of course, find no reason why this should not be, though she would have given she hardly knew what to have avoided this *tête-à-tête*.

To her surprise and relief, however, Marcia was far more agreeable than she had deemed it possible. They conversed on many subjects, but the question of Denis and of her married life in general was somewhat passed over by Marcia. Indeed, when Penelope came to think of it, she found she had done most of the talking, and her chief subject of conversation had been the story of her life with her uncle Desborough. With her mind prejudiced by all the stories she had heard, Penelope had very naturally not expected to find Marcia so pleasant a companion; her chief feeling when they went down to join the others for tea was a feeling of deepest pity for Denis's wife, who seemed to Penelope to be in a most weak and dangerous state of health.

"So you have not been eaten!" Madge whispered to her in a convenient moment.

Penelope had no time for an answer, and, indeed, she was occupied in wondering why Denis's face should wear such an anxious, perturbed look. She had little idea of the agony he had endured while she had been alone with Marcia, and why he should turn his eyes so persistently from his wife to her and back again. It would have been impossible to tell how or why, but Penelope felt something more than pity stirring her heart for her cousin. She had been deeply touched by Marcia's quietly expressed sorrow over the loss of her child, and in a dozen different ways Mrs. Denis Latimar had maneuvered, and maneuvered with great cleverness, to win her cousin's entire sympathy.

She had succeeded beyond her hopes.

"She is a fool! I can twist her which way I like!" Marcia said to herself.

"She is very ill and suffering," Penelope said in her thoughts. "I think I can see she has been misjudged. I must not let Madge be so unkind about her."

So the meeting between these two went off more than well.

Lady Susan was almost convinced of the injustice of her suspicions when she saw how gentle and pleasant Marcia was to Penelope. Mrs. Warriner was agreeably surprised with the events of the morning. Penelope, as we have seen, was almost immediately won over, but Madge and Denis were not deceived. The former was contemptuous, the latter uneasy.

"What does it mean?" was the question in both their minds; and Miss Riley added to herself, in her characteristically blunt fashion: "Marcia is as artful as the devil. I am sure she means Pen no good."

However, Madge found that she must not express such a sentiment to her young hostess.

"Madge, dear, I want to ask you a favor. Don't say such unkind things of Marcia. Do you know, I am sure you have made a great mistake. I went prepared to find her very disagreeable, and she was charming; so sweet about the poor little baby, and so gentle; and then she is so ill. Oh, Madge, we cannot be unkind about any one who is so ill!"

Miss Riley pursed up her lips and frowned.

"I won't say anything, if you don't like, of course, Pen, dear," she answered; "but that will not prevent my thinking just the same; and, well," very dryly, "I must wait till I am personally convinced of Mrs. Latimar's sweetness and gentleness before I agree with you."

They were back at Thicket Croft by now, and Penelope felt tired mentally and bodily; it had been a very hard day for her.

"I cannot bear to be unjust," she said.

Madge kissed her.

"You—unjust! Why, you are an angel! Every one knows that!"

"And you are very silly. Every one knows that!" Pen answered, regaining her temper.

Madge was quiet when she was alone, and when her sister joined her, and rallied her on such an unusual circumstance, the girl did not even smile; instead, she asked her sister two questions:

"Did you watch Marcia Latimar very closely to-day, Daisy?" was her first; and when Mrs. Warriner confessed she had not, she then asked: "Did any one ever tell you that Denis had been in love with Penelope?"

Mrs. Warriner was astounded.

"Madgie!—what an idea!" she cried; and, indeed, to her it was a preposterous notion.

"I don't see why you should be so much surprised," Madge answered, quietly. "It is, after all, a very natural thing."

"But," Mrs. Warriner grew quite warm—"but it is preposterous! How romantic all you girls are, to be sure. Now, if Denis were in love with Penelope, why on earth did he not marry her instead of Marcia?"

"Ah!" ejaculated Miss Riley, "that is the question—why?"

Mrs. Warriner looked anxiously at her sister.

"Now, Madgie, for goodness' sake, don't begin to put foolish ideas into Pen's dear little head."

"I don't think it will be at all necessary, Daisy," Madge answered, dryly. She was silent a moment, and then, with a heightened color, she said: "I—I think I begin to understand now why Penelope refused to marry Mr. De Burgh."

"You imagine it was because she was in love with some one else?" queried Mrs. Warriner, and then she laughed. "I am quite sure you are quite wrong."

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT—NO. 10.]

THE SECOND-CABIN PASSENGER.[*]

BY EDWARD MARSHALL.

CHAPTER. I.

Morley went to London on a slow steamer, partly because his father had been a friend of its captain and partly because he wanted a long voyage. His mission was the sale of an extremely valuable necklace, whose history we will not go into here. He carried it, wrapped in chamois, in the inside pocket of his vest.

All steamer crowds are sociable, but the party on the *Venice* was unusually good-tempered. Acquaintances were made on the second instead of the fourth day out. One lady there was, however, who held aloof from the general companionship, and evidently for the reason that she was traveling alone, and felt that therefore she must be particularly careful. Morley was the first to gain her acquaintance, and the episode was dramatic.

The voyage had, up to the evening of the third day, been a very smooth and uneventful one. Morley, tired by tramping the deck, was sitting near to the fair stranger's steamer-chair. For half an hour he had been watching the procession of passengers, and he had marked one person with some interest. This was first occasioned by the man's clothes. They were so shabby that even in the midst of ocean deshabille Morley was surprised to see them on the first-cabin promenade, and idly wondered if the man might not have crossed the rail from the second-cabin deck or even have come up from the steerage. From the clothes, Morley's eyes wandered to the face, and when he saw it, he reflected that it did not seem a proper one for even the second cabin or steerage. It seemed to Morley that a jail would be its only appropriate surrounding.

Morley was not surprised to see that a man with so villainous a countenance should be also of uncouth and disagreeable manners. The evil-looking man gazed into the face of the lovely girl each time he passed. His stare, and the evil smile which went with it, were so offensive that, had not Morley noticed that the young lady was asleep, he would have been tempted—insomuch that he did not know her and hence had no right to offer her his own protection—to call the attention of an officer to the affair and have it stopped.

An officer had, however, already noticed the illy dressed stranger and stopped him just as he was opposite Morley. It was evident that his attention as well as Morley's had been attracted by the incongruity of such soiled and badly fitting clothes on the promenade deck.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said the officer, tapping the pedestrian on one of his ungainly arms, "are you a first-cabin passenger?"

The stranger wheeled about rapidly and answered savagely:

"What is that to you?"

"Only this," said the officer, convinced by the man's manner that his suspicions had been well founded, "that if you are not a saloon passenger we cannot permit you to walk on this deck."

"Well, I am a saloon passenger," growled the stranger.

"What is the number of your cabin?" asked the officer.

"None of your business," was the surly reply.

The officer was angry.

"See here now, my man," he declared, taking a firm grip of the fellow's sleeve, "I don't believe you are a saloon passenger at all. If you are second cabin you'll keep to the second-cabin deck, and if you are steerage you'll keep between decks."

The stranger had in the meantime shuffled away somewhat, so that he was close to the sleeping girl, and now, before answering, he managed to strike her steamer chair with his foot in a way that might have been design and might have been accident. Morley, who had watched the whole affair closely, thought it to be design and rose to his feet. The girl woke up, but did not realize what had roused her until she saw the officer give the ill-mannered man a jerk to pull him away. Then Morley thought she started in more serious agitation than the situation warranted on the face of it. He fancied that she turned pale when she caught a fleeting glimpse of the man's face.

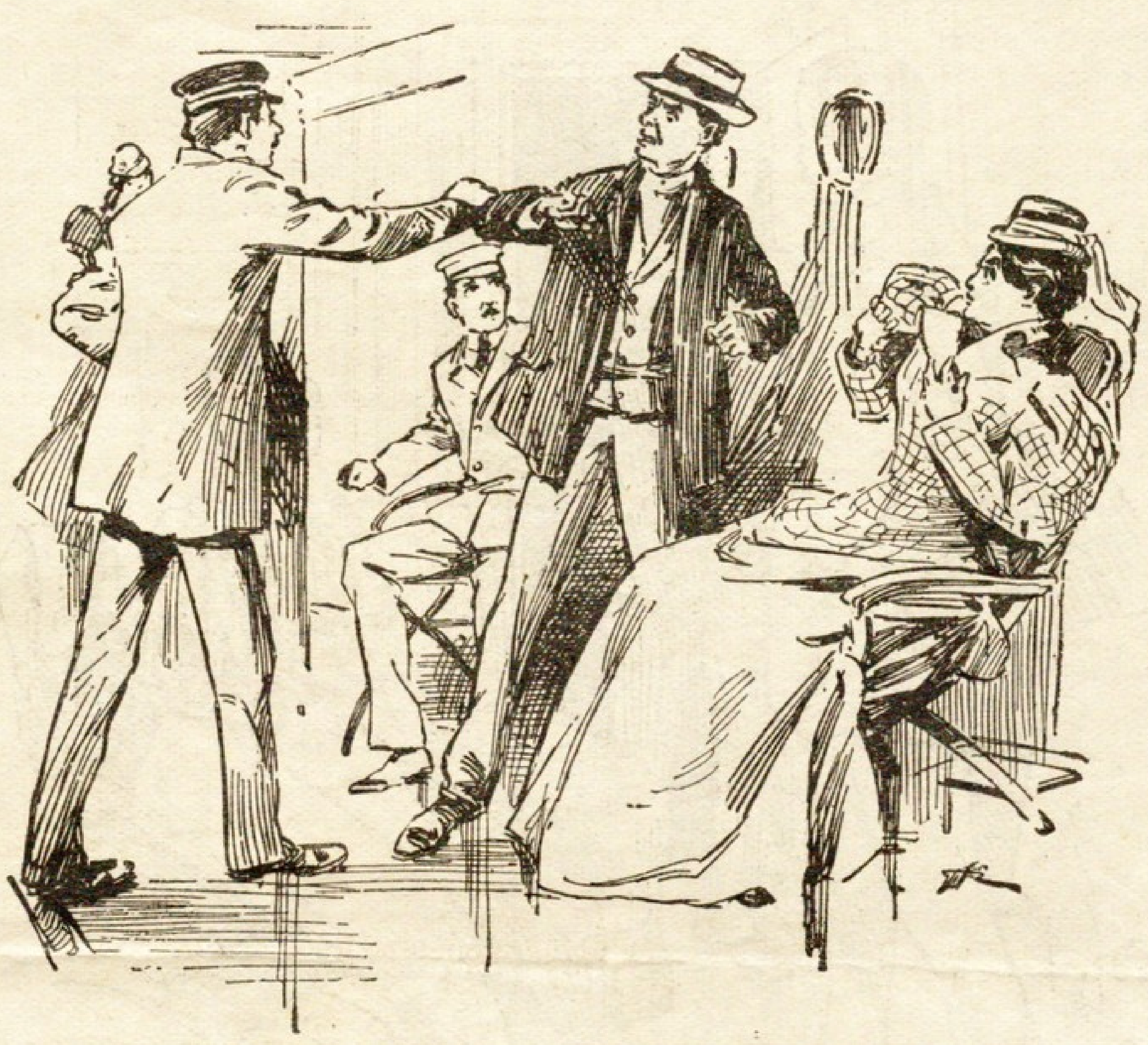
Almost instantly, though, Morley's attention was again attracted to the ill-favored man. He was resisting the officer's attempt to force him away. Morley heard the officer say:

"And if the steerage is too good for you, as I fancy it is, we have a place deeper down yet where we can put you with iron bracelets on."

Just then the ship, rolling, but not heavily, careened slightly, and again Morley believed he saw a design in the stranger's effort to involve the young lady, apparently by accident, in the affair. The stranger added his own strength to the influence of the ship's motion, and evidently tried to throw himself and the officer to the deck so that they would strike the girl in their fall. Morley frustrated this, however, by placing his rigidly braced body so that it was that which met the shock of the stranger's assault, and two sailors running up just then, the man was dragged away.

Scarcely had they gone, followed by a crowd of passengers, when Morley was delighted to have the young lady half rise from her chair and frankly hold out her hand. Her manner was cordial, although her face was very pale.

"I thank you so much, sir," she said. As she sank back into her chair she shudderingly drew her rug closer around her. "Augh! He tried to touch me!" she said to herself, but audibly, as might some one who had just escaped contamination at the hands of a leper.



HE MANAGED TO STRIKE HER STEAMER-CHAIR WITH HIS FOOT.

After Morley had raised his hat and conventionally replied to her thanks as he left her, he devoted a good bit of speculation to this strange episode. Both the man's effort to annoy her, first by his staring grimaces, and afterward by his attempt to actually touch her, and the girl's extraordinary agitation over a matter which was apparently only a small affair, seemed to indicate that the pair knew each other. But Morley could not believe that. He strolled aft to find out what had become of the fellow, and learned that he was really a second-cabin passenger. The ship's officers, supposing that it was through ignorance that he had crossed the rail which divides the second-cabin deck from the first-cabin deck, had visited on him no worse punishment than to escort him back to that part of the ship in which he had a right to travel and to tell him that no further excursion would be tolerated.

The next morning Morley saw the girl—and she was really a beautiful creature—sitting in the same place on the deck. To his delight, she bowed and smiled at him. He went up, begged for the privilege of arranging her rug, which was granted, and thus began an acquaintance destined to have an important influence on his life.

He found that she was from New York, of a name somewhat known to him; that she was on her way to Paris to meet her father who had been stricken ill there; that her friends had placed her under the especial care of the captain—which really meant little more than the distinction of a seat which she did not occupy at his table—and that most of the time she was a very jolly young person indeed. She seemed to be glad to be on the ocean, and Morley judged that her exuberant delight was due not only to the fact that she was soon to see her father again but also to the mere circumstance that she was leaving America behind. She seemed to feel an aversion for New York, and he quickly learned that she did not even like to hear him speak of the city. Her only explanation of this came in a statement that during the last year she had been very unhappy there.

It was, perhaps, fortunate for Morley's peace of mind that there were some among his New York friends whom she said she knew well and had heard speak of him; also that the captain was his acquaintance and told her that he had known his father. These acted in a measure as certificates of good character. They enabled the girl to accept his attentions without fear.

Both were good sailors, and while most of the other passengers were ill they were walking the rolling deck, enjoying the unparalleled delights of fine weather on the Atlantic. Within twenty-four hours Morley, although he was far from being supersusceptible, was figuratively her humble slave. Her bright manner, frank nature and lovely face and form completely and quickly captivated him. He had been in love before, but never had conquest been so rapid and so thorough. The ship was not in mid-Atlantic before he had actually begun to think of marriage.

Only once did she refer to the episode which had brought them together, and, of course, he could not with modesty speak of it. Once she asked (and he thought there was a ring of half-concealed anxiety in her voice) whether the man who had annoyed her had turned out to be second cabin or steerage, and, after he had told her, he noticed that she was inclined to turn in their strolls when they were amidships. She would rarely consent to go far enough aft to approach the second-cabin rail. Indeed, he fancied that she showed agitation whenever the second-cabin or second-cabin passengers were mentioned.

Morley, remembering the glance of apparently recognizing fright that shot from her eyes when she first saw the interloper, and seeing a connection between it and these subsequent puzzling passages, often wondered what it all meant. He could not imagine that there could really be anything in common in the lives of the villainous-looking person who had created the disturbance and this gently bred, sweet-natured maiden, although there was strong circumstantial evidence for believing that the scoundrel had an especial reason for trying to annoy her and that she had especial reasons for fearing him. In the fervor of his new-born passion there was no room for suspicions, however, and Morley forgot the whole matter in the delight that was his when he began to feel that his prepossession was not wholly unreciprocated.

In fact, the magic of youth, congenial companionship, ocean breezes and moonlight gazings over an almost tropical sea, seemed to have bewitched Madeline Perrine as effectually as they had Morley. They had met on the second day out. On the fourth out Morley was in love; and on the sixth Madeline had begun to give shy, maidenly signs that she, too, was succumbing to the darts of the blind archer. On the seventh day Morley told her of his worldly circumstances, and this led to disclosure of the errand which was taking him to London. They were, somewhat naturally, deeply absorbed in this conversation, and, perhaps because of her preoccupation, Madeline had permitted him for the first time to lead her aft, out of the crowd amidships. He leaned unconsciously on the second-cabin rail as he spoke of his treasure. The sale of the diamonds would mean a little fortune to him, and he wanted her to share it; so he remarked on it at length, even mentioning the place in which he carried the jewels. She seemed eagerly interested. He declared his love.

She did not at once reply. A deep blush enriched her cheeks as she hesitated. Suddenly she gave a quick glance over his shoulder toward the second-cabin deck. Her face changed expression slightly, and he attributed this to maidenly agitation. He felt elated. He believed that her next word would make him the happiest man on the ship. But it did not. She plucked his sleeve hurriedly and begged him to take her forward. This surprised and disheartened him, and he kept a gloomy silence until she turned at the door of the main companionway, and before she disappeared within, whispered, blushing:

"I—I will give you your answer this evening."

When evening came, and they stood, hand shyly pressing hand on the rail of the vessel, under the charitable folds of her light shawl, gazing out over the phosphorescent summer sea, she whispered to him that if he had capitulated to Cupid, she, too, had been taken by storm. Half an hour later, screened from observation by one of the ship's great ventilating funnels, Morley snatched his first lover's kiss, and clasped his sweetheart to him for the first time.

She drew back, smiling, and her next act delighted him. It was her first deed of sweetheartly thoughtfulness. She pulled from the bosom of her dress a small photograph of herself and shyly gave it to him.

"That is to look at, Dick, when I am not with you," she said.

He received it with a lover's fervor. Finally he said, gayly:

"See, I will put it with my other great treasure," and started to tuck it into the pocket with his diamonds.

"No," she interrupted, "I will do it," and with the delightful boldness of a maiden whose love is newly acknowledged, she pressed it into its position near his heart.

Soon afterward she left him to brood over his happiness in the moonlight as he smoked. It was while he was thus engaged that the evil-looking second-cabin passenger again unpleasantly attracted his attention. Morley was leaning on the outer rail close to the second-cabin dividing line—so close that when the unwelcome person pretended to partially lose his balance as the ship pitched, he had no difficulty in clasping Morley about his neck. It was clear that it was not accident, for the man pulled Morley about a good deal—almost over the rail, in fact—before he regained his feet. As soon as this rapid episode was ended, the man obsequiously, and with a wicked leer, evidently intended to be a propitiatory smile, begged Morley's pardon. Before this came, however, Morley had been jerked and hauled about so that his coat was disarranged and his temper even more unpleasantly ruffled. As the man's face came close to his during the ingenious assault, Morley felt that he could read real hatred in it. This idea he put aside, though, after he had reflected that the man had no reason in the world for hating him. It was his first impulse to report the affair to the officers; but he knew that the man could give a plausible excuse to them, and he finally decided to say nothing about it unless he had further occasion for complaint. After it was all over he felt, with a vague uneasiness, to see if his diamonds were safe. The familiar little bunch made by the chamois bag was instantly apparent to his touch, and with it was that precious photograph.

His brain, after this reminder, was too busily engaged in loving thoughts of Madeline to dwell long on so disagreeable a subject as his mysterious enemy in the second cabin, whom he set down as being nothing more, at the worst, than a mild lunatic.

But, half an hour later, when he retired, not only were his joyous musings changed in one instant into the most acute mental agony, but the second-cabin passenger leaped into disagreeable but paramount importance in his mind. It had been his custom to fold his vest, with his treasure undisturbed in its pocket, and put it under his pillow while he slept. To-night, though, he took the photograph out of the pocket, and in doing so, actually touched—perhaps for the first time on the voyage—the precious package of whose safety he had so often assured himself through the comfortable lump it made under the cloth of his waistcoat. That touch affected him as might an electric shock. With hurried, nervous fingers, he pulled the packet out and found—not the little chamois bag, but, instead, a worthless dummy. The diamonds were gone!

* * * * * *

The loss of the jewels drove Morley almost crazy. Had they merely been missing from the pocket in which he had so carefully placed them, he might have hoped that they had slipped out of themselves, and that they would be found and returned. But the presence of the dummy package proved that they had been deliberately stolen and by a thief of great cleverness—a thief far too clever to be easily forced to the surrender of the booty.

Morley's first instantaneous suspicion rested on this second-cabin passenger. For a moment he felt certain that his treasure had been stolen during the struggle at the rail. But, a moment later, an idea flashed across his brain which was almost as great a shock as the discovery of the loss of his jewels had been. The second-cabin passenger could not, he reflected, have had any knowledge of his possession of the gems or of their hiding-place. He had told one person only about that, and that person was Madeline! And when she had pressed the photograph—her love token—into its position, she had had her hand in the very pocket in which the diamonds were hidden!

But this theory was so horrible in its significance that he recoiled from it. It seemed incredible to him that the charming girl—the girl whose lovely mind and lofty soul had captivated his heart—could be a common thief. A moment later he hated himself for having thought it. He put the idea away from him, angry that, as he did so, evidence sprang up in his mind despite himself to prove that she alone had had the knowledge and opportunity necessary for the commission of the crime.

Declaring her innocence over and over, to himself, he tried to run over in his mind all the events of the voyage which might have a bearing on the case. He realized, almost with pleasure now—since it argued for Madeline's innocence—that the diamonds might have been stolen at any time during the voyage. Some one, learning by accident that he possessed them, might have entered his cabin at night and changed the packets while he slept. This was improbable, but he had read stranger stories of robbery. Again, could he remember how many and who had pressed against him on that crowded steamship? He comforted himself

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with the thought that an expert pickpocket might have performed the deed while they were mobbing in to dinner; or wondered if he had not gone to sleep in a deck chair on one of the nights when he remained late out of doors, and thus exposed himself to robbery. And more plausible than all the other theories was that which involved the second-cabin passenger. Here was a man whose villainous character was marked upon his face. Almost from the beginning of the voyage circumstances had marked him for Morley's intense dislike, and had thrown them so together that the hatred was doubtless mutual. The episode at the second-cabin rail could not have been accident. What more probable than that it was a well-laid plan through which the man had intended to rob Morley, and which resulted successfully?

But how had the man learned that he had diamonds to be robbed of? Constantly his mind asked this question and constantly, against his will, his brain answered: "You have revealed that fact to only one person on this ship—Madeline Perrine."

It is not fair to say that Morley for an instant, voluntarily or involuntarily, believed that the woman to whom he had, that day, declared his love, had robbed him. The idea was a part of the logical sequence of his reasoning, but it was rejected as often as it came. The fact that she, as he pressed her to his breast for a first lover's kiss, and afterwards as she shyly tucked the photograph away, was really the only person who had had an opportunity to take the diamonds, was an ugly thought and he definitely thought it only once.

Before it went, though, his mind ran, almost involuntarily, over the circumstances of the case. As a matter of fact he knew nothing about the girl except what a few days of companionship had taught him. He had never seen her before the voyage began, and the captain had no better knowledge than he—that she was what she and her friends asserted that she was. Was it not possible that she was a clever, unscrupulous woman, travelling under false pretenses for dishonest purposes? But his infatuation was too intense to permit him to let his mind dwell on the impossible possibility that she was an adventuress and had deceived him.

He soon saw that he could do little toward the solution of the, to him, terrible puzzle. He went to the captain, late as it was, and told his story in every detail except that relating to his unwelcome suspicions of Madeline and their foundation.

The hale old officer was dumfounded. He looked keenly at Morley first, and apparently was satisfied that he was telling the truth. He instantly ordered four men to search the second-cabin suspect and his belongings, but this ended without bringing what he sought to light. Then he called the stewards of all the sections together, and instructed them to inform every person in the first and second cabins that the captain wished them to meet in the grand saloon at eleven the next morning.

At the appointed time all the passengers, except some invalids (who were otherwise provided for) were there, crowding the great room to its utmost capacity, and alive with curiosity over the extraordinary proceedings. In a few words the captain explained that one among the crowd had suffered a serious loss, doubtless through theft. No one was definitely suspected, but the jewels must be on board the ship and must be recovered. He asked the passengers to submit to having their cabins searched while they remained in the dining saloons, and announced that no one would be permitted to go below or out upon the deck while this was going on. The work he said had been given into the hands of six squads of two men and one woman each, under the command of one of his most trusted officers. Further than this, he asked the men to file one by one through the purser's office, where each would be subjected to a personal search by the purser and second officer, while the women passing through one of the pantries would be gone over by one of the stewardesses. After they had been searched, passengers were requested to pass to the after saloon and the smoking-room. He added that these seemed like harsh measures and would be so in truth were not all passengers treated alike.

Considerable grumbling followed his announcement, and he put the matter to a vote, asking all those who were opposed to the plan to raise their hands. Not a hand went up. The grumblers, even, were unwilling to place themselves in the equivocal position which public objection would have brought about.

During these preliminaries, Morley kept close to Madeline. His loss (which, if not remedied, meant ruin to him) had assumed such serious proportions in his mind by this time that he could not avoid speculations about Madeline's opportunity, and, although his love had not actually waned, he began to tremble for fear that it would have reason to. He watched her face as the captain talked, and he saw it flush. That frightened him. When, a moment later, she turned away from him, as he thought, to hide an agitation which she did not wish him to see, he was dumfounded. After the captain had described the lost package, however, she glanced quickly at him with a horror-stricken expression, which, he thought, could not be counterfeit, and whispered:

"Why, he means your necklace!"

The unmistakable surprise and grief in her manner and tone convinced him that he had wronged her, and he heaved a sigh of great relief.

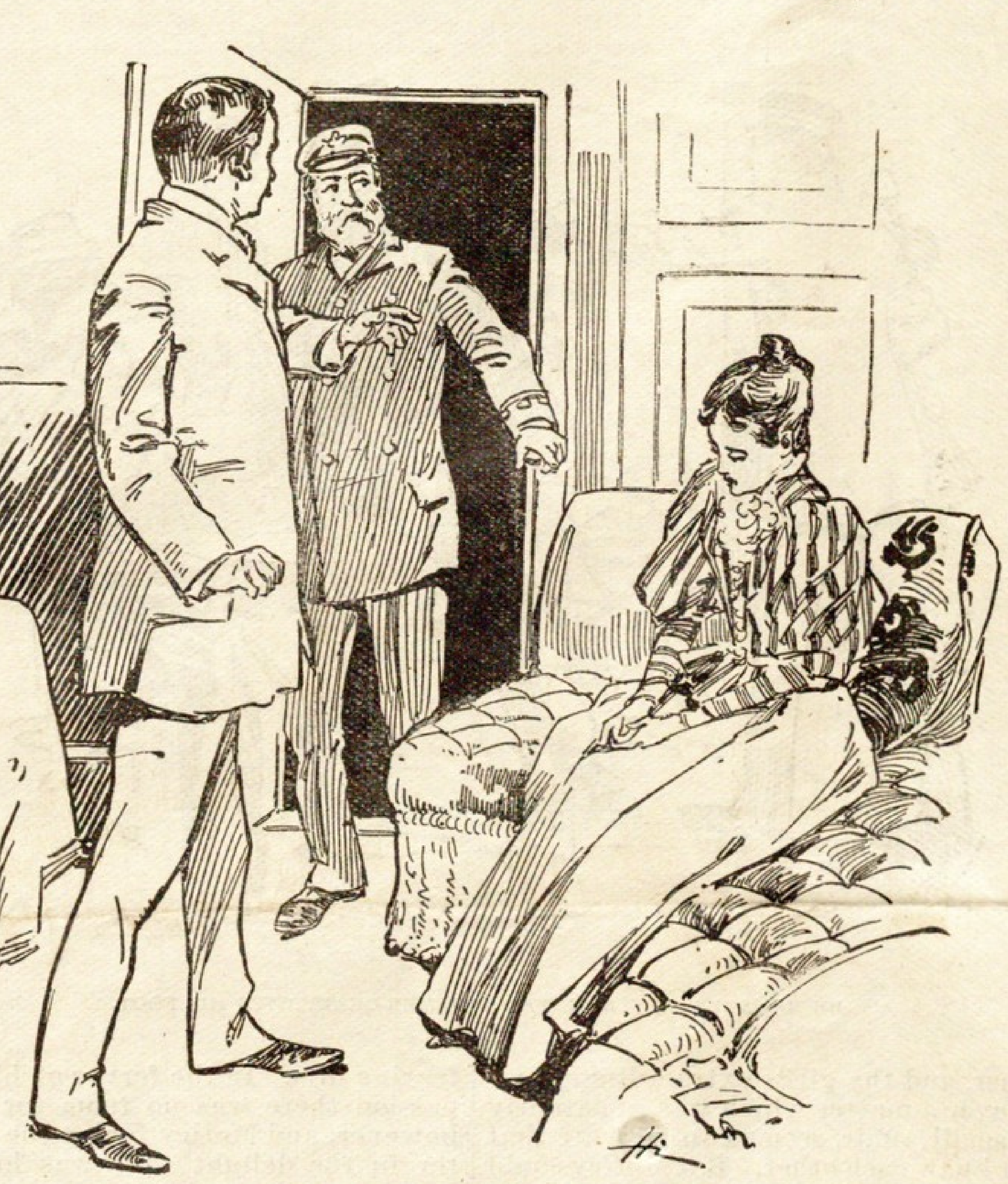
The task of searching was begun with all possible speed. Before Morley and Madeline separated, she to go with the other women and he to join the line of men (it was the captain's desire that the identity of the loser should be concealed for the moment), they managed to give each other's hand a tiny, comforting squeeze.

They were not destined, though, to reach the searchers, for before half a dozen people had gone through the hands of these persons, the chief officer opened the doors of the grand saloon, and, passing to where the captain stood, near its center, whispered something in his ear. The captain dispatched him to notify the searchers that they might stop their work, and then, rapping on the table to call the attention of the two long lines of passengers to his statement, said:

"It gives me pleasure to announce that this disagreeable task may be discontinued. The lost diamonds have been found."

CHAPTER II.

Instantly after the captain's announcement of the recovery of the stolen gems he was surrounded by an eager group of questioners, to whom he would give no information. This crowd was soon attracted from his side by a new sensation—the falling of a woman in a faint.



HE SHOULD LOCK HER UP.

Morley was trying to elbow his way to the captain when she was carried out, and he was filled with distress when he saw that the unfortunate sufferer was Madeline Perrine. He saw to it that she was placed in the hands of a doctor and a stewardess in a deck cabin; and then, satisfied that the news that his jewels were to be restored to him had been too good for her to complacently bear (and loving her the more for it), and being assured that her illness was not important, he hurried back to the captain.

The officer bade him go to his cabin and wait. In a moment he joined him there, and after handing him his lost treasure, which examination showed had not been harmed, he began to question him anew about the persons with whom he was acquainted on board ship, particularly the women. In the meantime he refused to answer any questions himself. He had soon drawn from Morley the story of his acquaintance and love for Madeline. His next speech was extraordinary.

"I am sorry to hear this, but I am sorrier you concealed it from me at first," said the captain. "May I ask if your love for each other has reached the point where you have—ah—embraced her?"

"It did, sir, last evening," said Morley, filled with a horrible fear. And then, reluctantly, he told the story of the photograph, and how Madeline had put it in the pocket with the jewels.

"That is all I wished to know," said the captain. "I am horrified—no, not a word! Come with me, and I will take you face to face with the person in whose cabin, carefully concealed beneath the velvet of the cushioned seat, your jewels were found."

Morley followed the captain. He was filled with forebodings too terrifying to permit speech. These were confirmed when the captain opened the door of his own private cabin, and when Morley saw, sitting within, her face stained with tears, and her eyes almost wild in their expression, her face as pale as death, and her hands working convulsively—his sweetheart, Madeline Perrine.

For a moment Morley recoiled in horror. The shock was a frightful one. Even after the vague suspicions which the events of the past twelve hours had forced into his unwilling mind, his brain was in no condition to receive confirmation of them. The fact that his love for Madeline had grown quickly did not alter the fact that that love was deep-rooted and complete. As the captain explained to him in a voice not unshaken by emotion that the diamonds had been discovered carefully hidden in Madeline's cabin, and that she had refused to give any explanation whatever of their presence there, the girl spoke no word of protest. She only sat shivering and weeping in her chair.

After he had stopped speaking Morley went over to her. He did not touch her, but stood quietly close to her.

"Madeline," said he, slowly, "look at me."

The girl raised her tearful eyes and gazed into his.

"Madeline," he said again, "what do you want to say?"

There was a pause before she spoke. When words at last came to her lips they were thickened by emotion and sobs.

"Dick, dear Dick," she said, with difficulty, "I did not steal your diamonds; you know I did not. I knew no more of their presence in that cushion than you did. Don't you believe me, Dick?"

He was torn by conflicting emotions. Love fought against reason. She did not look like a guilty woman to the lover—the tears, the trembling lips, the ashen face, were but indications of a pure girl's distress at being charged with a dreadful crime. But to his other self—to the man of the world who had been wronged and who justly demanded the punishment of the guilty—these same marks of agitation were the proof of sin. To this Morley a thousand little evidences came to mind which showed that she alone of all the persons on the ship could have stolen the diamonds. Before the other Morley—who loved her—an equal array of little things flashed forth in undimmable brightness, all going to show that she was a woman of pure and innocent mind, of trusting disposition, of simple, loving nature. Hand-clasps and tender words were marshaled against suspicious happening and direct evidence. He suffered an agony. She said not another word. Love fought against reason within him—and love won.

He stretched out his arms toward her and gathered her into them with firm affection. There was no room for doubt left in him now. A flood of passionate tenderness welled up from his heart and drowned the logic of his brain.

"I do believe you, Madeline—I do, I do!" he exclaimed, fervently. "I believe you and I love you, and I shall always love you!"

The captain stood petrified with amazement. The astonishment in his mind drove words out of his mouth. He did not even try to speak during this passage between Morley and Madeline. His lips were just forming an exclamation when Morley turned to him, and said:

"Captain, we have all been mistaken. We have found the jewels, but we have not found the person who stole them. The fact that my diamonds were found in Miss Perrine's cabin proves nothing. Miss Perrine is my affianced wife and I will stake my life upon her honor. I would, indeed, defend it with my life. I am not surprised that circumstances should have deceived you, who do not know her, but I assure you that no more horrible error was ever made by a human being."

The captain, after this speech, found his disgusted tongue. He declared that nothing of the sort had ever occurred on his ship before, and averred that he should see to it that the culprit in this case should not go free because the person she had robbed was her infatuated lover. Nothing but the most conclusive evidence could have convinced him of Miss Perrine's guilt, but that evidence he had and he proposed to act on it. So far she had absolutely refused to give any explanation whatever of the presence of the jewels in her cabin, or to advance any theory concerning the manner of their getting there other than to deny that she had put them there herself. She admitted that she had such a theory, but declined to tell him of it. He should lock her up.

Morley, angered by the captain's manner, declared that he would make no complaint, and that the captain would therefore be unable to carry the case into a court when they reached port; but the captain asserted that, as captain of the ship, he could and would press the complaint himself and see that the girl was punished. He refused to see any aspect of the affair except that which admitted her guilt, and he condemned Morley as a sentimental idiot. Morley quickly saw there was no hope of avoiding distress for Madeline and a scandal for himself unless he discovered some evidence to back up his belief in his sweetheart's innocence. He therefore begged the captain to give him half an hour alone with Madeline before any further steps were taken, and, after much argument, persuaded him to promise to see that the secret of the affair was kept from spreading for twelve hours.

For a few moments after the captain had left them, Madeline could not calm herself sufficiently to discuss the sad tangle. She wept and declared her undying love for Morley without restraint. He would not permit her to assert her innocence—there was no doubt of that, he said; but he begged her to help him prove it.

"The captain tells me that you have a theory," he said. "What is it, Madeline?"

She hung her head with the expression of one who must suffer in silence, and, for a moment, said nothing. When she spoke the face which she raised to his was white and drawn.

"Dick," said she, "I spoke foolishly when I said that to the captain. I have a theory—yes, I have more than a theory, I have a certainty—but I cannot tell him what it is, and I cannot tell you what it is. I realize what this means. I know who stole your diamonds, and I know how they came to be hidden in my cabin. But, although I know this and cannot tell you, my knowledge is not guilty. I see now what your position is. I see that there is no salvation for me. Either I must speak or I must suffer suspicion even in your mind, and that will mean the loss of your love, which I value more highly than I do any other thing, except one, on earth. And with these unhappinesses will come the additional misfortune of public disgrace. But I—I—cannot help it. I must suffer them all. I am not guilty, but I must accept the penalty of guilt, for I cannot speak."

* * * * * *

Morley's mind was thrown into a turmoil by Madeline's extraordinary statement, nor did any part of his subsequent conversation with her relieve him of his embarrassment. She would say nothing except to deny her guilt. She would not, again, even refer to her knowledge of the real culprit. When he left her he was sorely perplexed.

He saw only one course open to him. That consisted of persuading the captain to take no steps further than the quiet confinement to her cabin until the vessel reached Liverpool, and untiring efforts during the intervening time toward the solution of the mystery along some other line. He felt certain of Madeline's innocence. He was convinced that it would be impossible for her, had she been a criminal, to have counterfeited the charms of mind and soul which she had revealed to him during the few days of their acquaintance; but he finally realized the terrible light in which circumstances had placed her. He saw that she was hedged about by evidence that would convince any disinterested person of her guilt—calm reflection showed him that he would himself yield to it were he not her lover. To her alone had he confided the fact that he was carrying the jewels, to her alone had the opportunity for abstracting them occurred. Her manner during the excitement that followed the announcement of their loss and the efforts which were to be made to regain them had been that of a person who was confused by guilty knowledge. Following this came the discovery of the jewels skillfully hidden in the cushion in her cabin. Surely no judge or jury in Christendom would fail to consider this chain of events other than convicting. And now, as if to cap the dreadful climax, came her terribly incriminating statement that she knew who had stolen the diamonds, and how, as well as the manner of and reason for their concealment in her cabin; and her refusal to reveal this knowledge, even to him—did not this make her an accomplice, even if she were not the principal criminal? What powerful motive could there be behind her silence? What did she fear? What disaster was she trying to avert?

He was in the position of a lawyer who had been engaged to defend an innocent person and who was forced to work without the help or knowledge of his client. Had she set to work to assist him (as it seemed any rational being who had been wrongfully accused of a crime would do) he felt that his task would have been comparatively simple. But as it was, he was in the anomalous situation of a victim who was apparently devoting himself to clearing the reputation of the person who had wronged him and who was absolutely alone in his ideas of her innocence.

He kept his agreement with the captain by sending a steward to him at once with the announcement that his interview with Madeline had ended. He was greatly relieved to have him reply that he should be busy in the chart-room for an hour. This gave him time for thought, and he was grateful. He retired to a quiet corner of the smoking-room with a cigar.

While he sat there, turning desperately over in his mind each event of the voyage, each tiny circumstance, no matter how trivial it might be, which could possibly have a bearing on the case, his mind constantly reverted to the offensive second-cabin passenger. The idea which had come to him on the morning of the episode which had brought about his acquaintance with Madeline, the idea that there was some acquaintance, some sympathy (perhaps of enmity, but still a sympathy) between the two, recurred to him. The thought that Madeline's life was in any way concerned with that of that uncouth and evil person had been inexpressibly repulsive to him, and he had, at first, put it aside, angry with himself for thinking it. Now he caught at it eagerly as perhaps affording a clue by means of which he might unravel the sad mystery which involved his love.

When, after an hour, the captain sent for him, he had prepared a plan of action. Its promises were pitifully meager, but they were the best he could obtain from any scheme he could conjure up. After much pleading, he persuaded the captain to consent to a test of his new theory. Before this was finally accomplished, however, the captain, speaking as his father's friend, strove to convince him that his labor would be fruitless of good, and endeavored, by argument, to induce him to break loose from what he boldly characterized as his "infatuation for an adventuress." It was with difficulty that Morley controlled his temper during this part of the interview, but he knew that without the captain's coöperation he could do nothing on board ship, and for that reason he assumed a confidence which he did not really feel that he would convince him of his error before they landed at Liverpool. He had only two days' time in which to work.

His plan was this (and before advancing it he frankly explained to the captain his first idea that there was some connecting link between the lives of Madeline and the second-cabin passenger): to have that unpleasant person brought aft under arrest and formally accused of the crime of theft, averring for the sake of the effect it might have on him that one of the jewels had become loosened from the necklace and had fallen in his berth before he had hidden the diamonds in Madeline's room. Then, while the man was yet dumfounded by this unexpected charge (and Morley asserted that he had no doubt of his guilt), and by the bogus evidence, to offer him partial immunity if he made a full and free confession, and explained how it had been possible for him to get round the ship unseen.

This was bold working on a bold guess. Morley realized that he had small excuse for suggesting it, and knew that the captain never would have consented to its operation had not the second-cabin passenger already aroused his own distrust and ire by defying the discipline of the ship and creating a disturbance. The captain finally consented, he said, only because he wished to leave no stone unturned which would help to set the son of his old friend right at a time when he was being carried to melancholy extremes through his sentimental admiration for a beautiful but unprincipled woman. As for the second-cabin passenger, he felt no consideration for him whatever. He did not believe that the man had stolen the jewels—he considered that another person had been proved guilty of that crime—but he thought him capable of it. He considered him to be a disreputable person, very likely of unsettled mind. So within an hour two sailors were dispatched to the second cabin.

No officers of the law ever had a more difficult task in apprehending a malefactor than confronted them when they attempted to take the man from his cabin. Even after they had overcome him sufficiently to get him to the deck, he fought like a madman. He demanded, with much profanity and in a loud voice, the reason for the summary proceeding, but, of course, the sailors could tell him nothing. For a few moments there was muttering among the passengers, who had been attracted by the disturbance, at the rough treatment which the sailors were obliged to give him; but soon some one, putting two and two together, whispered that the man had been arrested as the culprit in the jewel robbery, and the explanation was quickly accepted by the others.

All along the promenade deck and up the stairway leading to the captain's cabin abaft the bridge, the man writhed and struggled in the sailors' hands, and continually cursed. But just outside the captain's door he changed his manner quickly and entirely. Instead of the disorderly character resisting arrest, it was the insulted innocent, full of amazed dignity, that stepped into the presence of the captain and Morley.

The captain bade the sailors release him and wait outside until he called them. When they had gone he said:

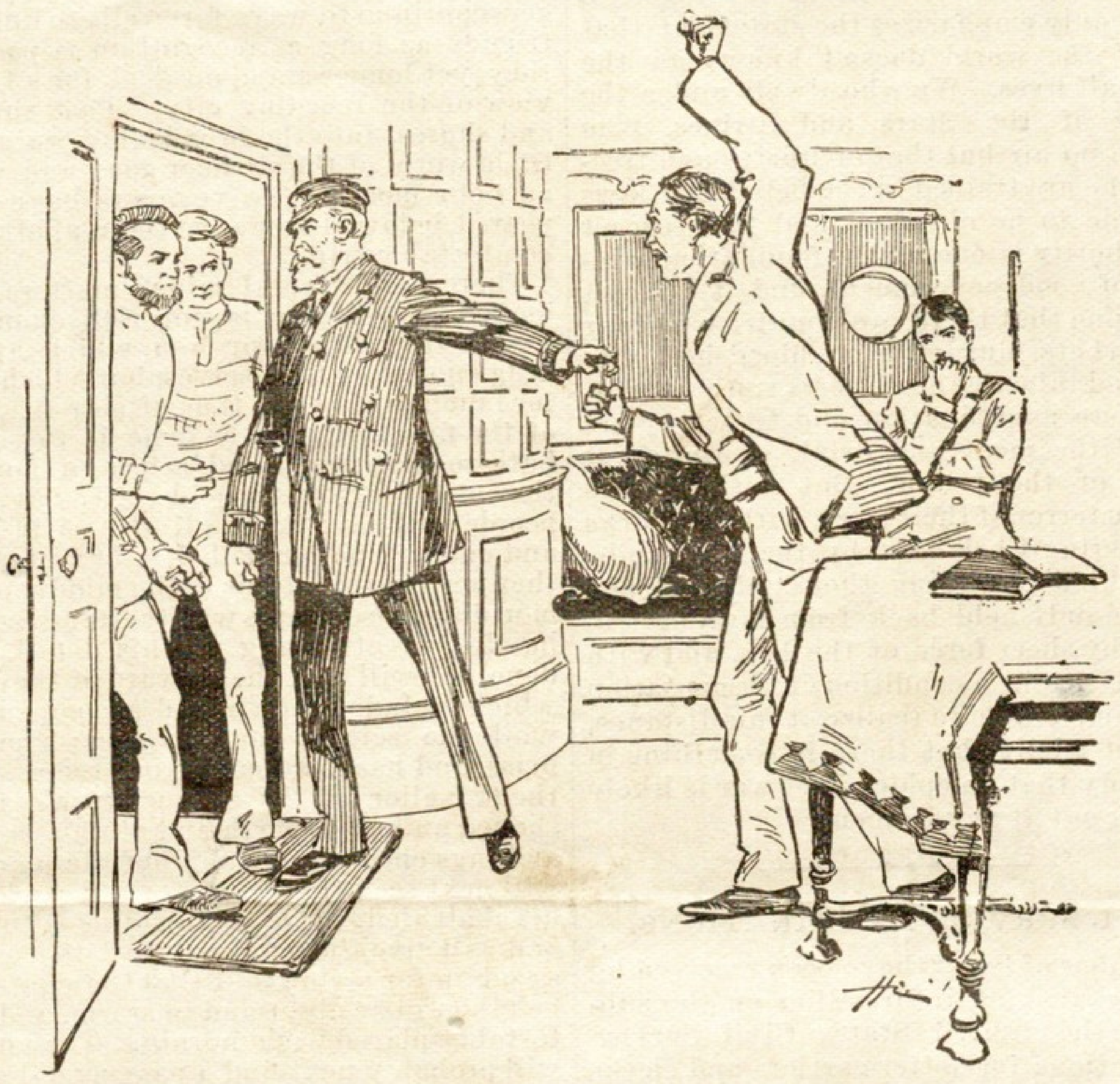
"Thompson," (that was the name the man had given) "you know why you were brought here. Now, what have you to say for yourself?"

The man's dignity melted somewhat. When he spoke, he mixed with it a suave oiliness which was not prepossessing. His manner was almost, but not quite, cringing. He evidenced the most complete surprise at the captain's statement. His reply was given in the best English well enunciated.

"You are wrong, sir," he replied. "I have no idea of the reason for the outrageous treatment to which I have been subjected."

"Come, come, now," said the captain, and Morley was surprised and pleased at the way in which the old officer acted his difficult rôle, "none of that! You know that you have been arrested for the theft of Mr. Morley's jewels. Now theft at sea is even a more serious offense than is theft on land. There are reasons, however, why I am willing to make your punishment less severe than you deserve. Since you have been on board, you have plainly exhibited a desire to injure one of my passengers, a most estimable lady, who is under my especial protection. You carried this, to me, inexplicable devilishness to its extreme when you concealed the stolen diamonds in her cabin during her absence, not knowing that you had, in the meantime, dropped in your berth incontrovertible evidence of your own guilt, where it was discovered by an officer."

Morley's heart leaped within him when he saw the man turn ashy pale after this speech. The captain, not waiting for him to speak, however, went on:



"TAKE THIS MAN BELOW."

"Were I so disposed I could secure, when we reach Liverpool, twenty years of penal servitude for you, which is the penalty for such a crime when committed on the high seas. I am aware, however, that there must have been a screw loose in the management of this ship or you could not have left the second cabin and entered this lady's room without interference. Now, Thompson, I offer to make the charge against you so much less serious that the most severe penalty which you can be made to pay shall be ten years instead of twenty, and I promise not to protest should it be even less than that, if you will explain to me, in detail, the way in which you secured entrance to the cabin of a saloon passenger."

The man at this point started to speak, but the captain silenced him with lifted hand, and added:

"We know how and when the robbery was committed. You assaulted Mr. Morley on deck last night, and in the struggle passed your hand inside his waistcoat and abstracted the jewels, substituting therefor a package of rubbish of similar size and shape, so that he should not miss them. Concerning that performance you can give us no information. It was a very clever bit of sleight of hand.

"Now, I have told you what I want to know. I shall give you twenty-five minutes in which to tell me. You can use as much of that time as you like for reflection. If, when it is ended, you have not made a complete statement of all the facts I ask for, I shall order the sailors who brought you up here to shackle you, hand and foot, and confine you in the hold on bread and water until the ship reaches port, when I shall turn you over to the proper authorities, and, with Mr. Morley's help, shall press the prosecution without mercy."

The deathlike pallor had not left the man's face when the captain finished speaking. For a moment or two he kept silence, and during that period Morley felt convinced that his plan had been successful—that the real criminal had been pushed to the wall by this clever deception, and that he was about to clear the innocent of suspicion by making a full confession.

But this hope dwindled and disappeared as the man regained his self-possession and began to speak. When he finally opened his mouth, the faint color had returned to naturally somewhat sallow cheeks, and his voice was without a tremor.

"Sir," he said, "you are laboring under a most cruel mistake. I admit that my ignorance of steamship rules did, on the second day out, permit me to pass to a part of the vessel from which my poverty barred me, and I admit that I resisted your sailors, thus unintentionally disturbing a lady, when, without explaining my mistake to me and thus instantly insuring your saloon passengers against further intrusion from my humble self, they started to roughly drag me away. I have since been assured that your second officer did explain to me. I do not admit this to be true, although it is possible that he spoke without my knowledge, as I am somewhat hard of hearing. Further than this, I acknowledge that last night I, who am unaccustomed to the motion of a ship at sea and am doubtless awkward under its influence, was thrown by a lurch of the vessel rather forcibly against one of your passengers who was leaning on the other side of the second-cabin rail, and that, in affright, I clung to him until I regained my lost balance. But that I feel any enmity toward, or have in any way endeavored to annoy any lady on your ship; that I had any knowledge of the identity of the gentleman on whom I so unintentionally relied for support last evening; that I knew he had diamonds in his possession or stole them, or ever stole anything in my life—which has not been without its vicissitudes, but which has not been stained by any dishonorable act—I emphatically and unqualifiedly deny. If your officer claims to have discovered any evidence to the contrary in my berth or elsewhere, he lies. I did not, until you intimated the fact, know who the gentleman was who had lost the diamonds, nor had I any possible way of knowing that he had any diamonds in his possession to lose. I have never seen him before, so far as I know, as I rarely notice faces in a crowd unless they are called to my attention. He may very well have passed under my eyes without any especial notice, as—the gentleman will pardon me—there is nothing particularly impressive in his appearance. If it was he whom I involuntarily clung to last night I very properly and very humbly repeat the apology which I believe I made at the time.

"I have nothing more to say, sir," he went on, in a voice which was peculiarly calm and soft. "I recognize that you, as captain, are responsible for the safety of the property as well as the lives on board this ship, and I recognize your power to do with me, or any other passenger, as you please. If you are satisfied that I am guilty of this extraordinary crime you will, of course, be justified in putting me into confinement, and you have the power also to put me in shackles. If, through some extraordinary combination of circumstances, you are convinced that I am guilty, you must, of course, turn me over to the officer of the law at Liverpool. But I declare that you are mad to accuse me, and I shall hold you and your company strictly accountable for your treatment of me. If this man accuses me, you have a right to lock me up, but your right ends there. You have no right to punish me. The English judge and jury who will try me will alone have that right, providing you persist in this absurd charge."

Morley's heart sank within him. No matter how evil might be the man's appearance, or how suspicious might be his actions, this speech, the latter part of which had been delivered with some declamatory effect, sounded like that of one who was innocent, and who was not afraid that he would not be ultimately cleared of an unjust charge. And had the man stopped there, the captain, already convinced that there was practically no foundation for the charge he had made, would probably have refused to proceed farther along this line and would have permitted him to go free. But the second-cabin passenger, who had worked himself up to a high point of fervor, went further. He added:

"There is law for the weak as well as for the strong. Do your worst, sir, after consultation with this extraordinary person who accuses me. Do your worst, sir! Do your worst! I defy you, sir!" Here he lost the admirable control of himself which had before made his speech impressive, and raved like a lunatic, as he had when the sailors were taking him along the decks. "I defy you, sir, and I defy your whole dirty crew! Harm one hair of my head, and you shall pay for it—you shall suffer for it!"

The captain, his face purple with anger, stepped to the door and called the sailors.

"Take this man below," he ordered, "and shackle him. Tell the chief officer to come to me at once."

To the chief officer, who responded promptly, the captain gave orders to have the man kept on bread and water until they reached port. He was dragged aft, cursing and screaming a crazy defiance to the whole shipful.

"That is what I get, young man, for listening to your absurd attempt to fasten this crime on another person than the one who had committed it."

"If you think him guiltless," said Morley, discouraged by the turn affairs had taken, "why do you send him below?"

The captain was angry now. He was angry at Thompson for defying and cursing him; he was angry at Morley for having gotten him into this second unpleasant episode, and he was angry at himself for submitting to the advice of any one else in the handling of his own ship.

"This affair has given me all the trouble I shall permit it to," he declared, emphatically. "From now on I wash my hands of it till we reach port. Your young woman is the guilty one. There is not a doubt of that on my mind. If she is not guilty, let her prove her innocence in court. I shall press the charge against her myself. If she escapes, some evidence of which I have no knowledge will have to be brought in to prove it. You can accuse this raving lunatic whom I have locked up, if you want to, and get laughed at, and, very likely, proceeded against for false imprisonment for your pains. I hold Madeline Perrine guilty of grand larceny on the high seas and on my ship, and shall treat her accordingly."

"But, captain, you will not publicly disgrace her by letting other passengers know that she is accused, will you? And you will not refuse to let me see her, will you?"

"For your sake, Morley," said the captain, evidently impressed by the young man's distress, despite his anger, "I will not expose her on the ship. She'll get all the exposure she needs when we get to Liverpool. For your father's sake I won't let you make a fool of yourself any longer. If you talk with that young woman again it will be somewhere where I can't prevent it. You can't see her again while you're on board this vessel. I want to be left alone now."

Morley, realizing that a captain is the king of his ship, and seeing that he could do nothing with the crusty old mariner until after he had recovered his temper, withdrew, disheartened and distressed.

CHAPTER III.

Once outside the captain's room, Morley suddenly thought that it might be his last chance to see Madeline. He knew that the captain had not yet given orders for her confinement, and he knew that, after his visit of the morning, it would occasion no surprise among the attendants if he ran down to her cabin for a moment. He made his way to her without delay. He found her worn out by weeping and very pale. She met him with a look which asked a question, and the eagerness of her face showed how momentous that question's answer was to her. Had he turned away from her? Did he now believe her guilty? He answered her without words. The firm clasp of his strong arms about her sob-shaken body was all the assurance that she needed.

"Madeline," he said, after this fervent greeting, "you *must* speak."

"I cannot."

Her voice did not shake as she said the words. It was steadied by determination.

Again he begged her, implored her. Again she denied him. At last she whispered, sadly:

"Dick, dear Dick, how much more must my silence mean to me than it can possibly mean to you! Do not urge me. Nothing can shake my resolve. If it drags me to disgrace and ruin, so be it. That is better than it would be were I to disgrace and ruin others whom I love by clearing myself of this terrible charge."

Morley started. Here was a new element introduced into the maze. In a flash he realized that nothing but the spirit of self-sacrifice, which reaches its highest develepement in woman, could induce this girl, who, in his eyes at least, combined in her person the loftiest elements of a pure and noble character, to submit for one moment to the degradation of a person suspected of a vulgar crime like theft He realized now, too, how great was the battle before him. He was convinced that nothing but her own words could clear Madeline of the accusation, and that the most impressive motive which a woman can feel had sealed her lips to the speaking of those words. For a moment he was utterly discouraged. On the Atlantic, thousands of miles from New York, where he could investigate and probably, in

Continued on page 16.

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GOING INTO BUSINESS.

The *Ledger* often receives letters from young men, asking advice about going into business. Some of these young men are in good positions and doing reasonably well, but, fired with ambition, they think they may see a prospect of bettering themselves, and, therefore, are anxious to get out and strike out for themselves.

This is a most commendable course, but one that should be entered upon with the utmost caution. At present all business affairs are in an extremely uncertain and chaotic state. Markets of all sorts are depressed, and prices are fluctuating and unreliable. It is not, therefore, a very good time to enter upon a new career, and unless there are exceedingly good reasons for so doing, it would be better to keep well in shore, and put by every available dollar against the time when financial affairs show a brighter outlook.

The great Northwest is full of possibilities, and there are unquestionably fine opportunities for starting in new fields.

If a number of young men want to go into business, it would be very much better for one of them to go prospecting, and to prepare the way before they break up and launch themselves on the current of a new business life.

Some years ago half a dozen young men, each one of them with a little money laid by, formed a copartnership with the idea of going into trade on the Pacific coast. As a firm, they furnished the money share and share alike for the entire expense of prospecting. One man went ahead, looked over the ground, studied all the objections, went here and there, looked up all of the varying interests in which they were to embark, selected the location and put everything in order. When all was ready, the other members of the firm did the buying of the goods and attended personally to the shipping of all supplies. In this way the entire first purchase was made without any unnecessary travelling back and forth. When they finally got settled, each one had his special field and attended to his particular duties. Once a week they had a business conference, each one prepared with all of the ideas that he could gather on the subject to which he was giving his individual attention.

That they made a success of it was a natural consequence, because they went at it in the right way.

Young people are too much given to the idea that they can jump into a business and let it take care of itself. They see so many around them prospering and prosperous, and do not realize the unflagging energy, the tireless endeavor and the wearisome and monotonous hard work that secure success.

It is a good thing fully to understand that while energy, push and determination and enthusiasm are necessary if one would succeed, something more than even these are required. There must be good judgment, careful selection, judicious discrimination and a good reason for its existence in order to establish and carry on a successful mercantile or commercial enterprise.

A SENSATION IN SPAIN.

It reads like old-time histories, the stories of how the Spaniards gathered around the palace and shouted: "Death to the King!" "Death to the Queen Regent!"

It seems scarcely possible, in this enlightened age of ours, that such things can be. It only emphasizes the statement that half of the world doesn't know how the other half lives. We who dwell under the shadow of the Stars and Stripes, who breathe no air but that of liberty and freedom, who are trained in the belief that laws are made to be observed, and that respect for authority is one of the foundation principles of good government, find it difficult to imagine that there are countries not far away where murder, riot, bloodshed, violence and injustice of all sorts run rampant, and where assassination and treachery are part of the meat and drink of the great masses of the people. But with Spain's rulers in terror of their lives, with the Turks slaughtering Christians by the thousands, with China harboring thousands of men who are only held back from murder and pillage by sheer force of the law, and with South Africa in a condition of fermentation almost impossible to realize at this distance, we must admit that there is something in the theory that an epidemic of war is likely to break out at any moment.

CIVIL SERVICE EXAMINATIONS.

A number of letters have been received by the *Ledger* asking information on the subject of the United States Civil Service examinations for letter-carriers and clerks in the postal service.

In answer to these it may be said that examinations are open to all reputable citizens of the United States who may desire to enter the service. Race, color or political or religious affiliations have nothing to do with the selections. All citizens are eligible. They are examined, graded and certified with entire impartiality and without regard to any consideration, save their efficiency as shown by the grades they obtain in their examinations. Only citizens of the United States will be admitted.

The limitations of age are as follows: For clerks, eighteen years old and over; for carriers, over twenty-one and under forty. Applications are to be made to the local boards of examiners, and all applicants must fill out blanks and file them before specified dates.

The business of a letter-carrier, while it has a certain amount of hardship, is one that seems to be approximately agreeable, judging from the fact that very few letter-carriers resign.

THE TURKISH SITUATION.

So far as the Sultan is concerned, the great Turkish public are going to know just what he chooses to tell them. His message to Queen Victoria declaring in effect that there had been no cruelty and no injustice, and that everything was beautiful and smooth and serene, so far as the Turks had anything to do with it, is only a part of the barbarous policy that this ruler seems determined to maintain. If he had his way about it, it is quite likely that every Armenian in that country would be drawn and quartered and no one would be the wiser for it. It is a matter of serious question whether he would not equally enjoy the privilege of sacrificing the Christians in the same way.

The policy of Europe on this subject is one of the amazing features of modern management. It is all very well to hold to a mind-your-own-business neutrality, but to an extent we are our brothers' keepers, and Divine command, if not the sentiment of humanity, will hold Christian nations to account for their indifference to the sufferings of a people who are infinitely better worth saving than all the Turks in the world.

MY MOTHER'S HOME.

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

Oh, carry me back to my native shore,
For my heart is sad and lone;
And ere I die, let me gaze once more
On my mother's cottage home;
Oh, bear me back to the quiet shade,
Of the well-known trysting tree;
To the babbling stream and the sunny glade,
The haunts of my childhood's glee.

My spirit pines for my mother's love.
And the grasp of her dear right hand;
And to feel once more affection's kiss;
From the joyous household band.
Then, bear me back to my native shore,
For my heart is sad and lone;
And ere I die let me gaze once more
On my mother's cottage home.

CROSSING THE OCEAN.

BY CALVIN DILL WILSON.

The gang-plank has been removed, the whistle has ceased to sound, the screw has begun its revolutions, which make the vessel quiver in all its length and breadth, and which are not to stop, unless accident occurs, until harbor has been reached on the other side of the ocean. As the great ship pulls slowly away from the wharf, passengers continue to wave farewells to lingering friends as long as recognition is possible; they yet longer stand on deck for a further view of the receding city. Past shipping and shores, into the broadening waters the little world of the steamer goes, and within an hour most of the voyagers have disappeared below, to arrange their affairs for a comfortable trip.

There are several minor matters to be looked after, if one is not rich enough to have a valet to act for him, which are trifling enough in themselves, but which count for much during the time of ship-life. One of the first things to be done is to see the bath-room steward and select an hour for the bath; for if this is neglected a day, other people will have taken all the early hours, and one will be compelled to breakfast and then perform ablutions in the middle of the morning; wise people will therefore be forehanded in attending to this detail. This done, one will seek the steward of the cabins which include his own, and accompany him while he selects your baggage from the mass, and has it taken to your room. When the traveller has his steamer-trunk snugly shoved under his berth and all his satchels and rugs ensconced in appropriate places, he will next seek the deck-steward and have his chair tied in a comfortable situation, and will give the man a "tip" to compensate him for seeing to it that the chair shall be taken in at night and in storm, and comfortably placed each morning. The voyager will probably next find a passenger-list and look it over for names of acquaintances, or such persons as he may have heard of. This search for familiar names is the beginning of society on shipboard, than which there is no place that illustrates better the fact that man is a social creature. Passenger lists will be seen in the hands of the greater number of travellers before they have been an hour at sea.

The gong announces the meal, and files of people come down the stairway and out of passages leading to cabins, and the tables rapidly fill up, each person taking the seat assigned him by the dining-room steward. Dinner passes off gayly; no one expects to be ill, but there are more people at table than will be there again, at least for several days. Some of the faces will disappear not to be seen until the shores of the old world are in sight. The voyagers scatter again from the saloon, most of them seeking the deck to seat themselves, with limbs wrapped in rugs, on their chairs, or to begin the ceaseless tramping of the deck for exercise and fresh air, of which for once they will surely get enough. This marching up and down deck day and night continues to the end of the voyage, unless storm compels the hatches to be closed, and the deck assumes something of the appearance and bustle of a street. Many persons will sit late in their chairs, chatting or looking out over the sea lighted by moon and stars; others seek the smoking-room or the card tables; but nine o'clock will find most down in their cabins preparing for the first night of this voyage at sea.

The earliest conversations, on the first evening, deal with the various methods of avoiding seasickness, and there is a general free gift of advice from old travellers and readers, and all manner of prescriptions of the kind to prevent *mal de mer*, or to cure it, are advanced. All agree that it is not wise to hang over the side of the vessel and fix the eyes on the near waves; also that keeping much on deck, in fresh air, is good. You are counseled also that when in your cabin at nights, in bed, you will have to use will-power to prevent the thoughts from being concentrated on the dull monotonous beating of the screw; for to dwell on that would soon give the feeling that the thumping was almost striking the brain.

The bulletin of the daily run of the vessel is carefully noted and becomes a topic of conversation, and the betting portion of the passengers stake money on the closest guess. The accurate people who propose to be able to tell friends at home all the rest of their lives about the minutest details of their journey, daily copy the log. The apparition of a sail or a smokestack anywhere on the horizon calls all hands on deck, if the hour be not too inconvenient. Porpoises or whales likewise make an event in the day, when they appear. Beyond these things, there is nothing but the sea itself to attract attention off the little world of the ship, unless a storm arise.

On a calm voyage the passengers are likely to complain, as if they were being ill-used by being deprived of the pleasure of seeing Boreas, Notus and the rest of the winds stir up Old Ocean; they are likely to cast contemptuous words at the sleeping giant, and to speak of the sea as a mill-pond. It is not unusual anxiously to question the officers, asking if there is no prospect of storm, and to express the wish that one may arise before the other side is reached. The captain is horrified at this wish, which unimaginatively forgets to take in the full significance of a storm, if it should sweep down upon all the vessels for leagues around upon the great deep; and he is apt to tell his questioners plainly that they do not comprehend the meaning of their own wish.

On the Continental ships, but not the British ones, the passengers are permitted to go freely among the people in the steerage, and to minister to the needy among them, if they have the disposition for it. And it becomes the pleasure of the merciful and charitable to carry food and dainties down among the sick and suffering. The close quarters and the stifling air of the steerage assist the sea in prostrating many of these poor people, and one can find plenty of outlet for his sympathies, and a few extra dollars, in relieving their condition. While the steerage has more than its share of the suffering, it has also the larger part of the fun; and the evening will find many of the cabin people hanging over the rails watching the dancing and listening to the singing and the jokes of their poorer fellow-travellers. These people are apt to have a clown or buffoon in their number, who will take upon him the part of fun-maker, and their little deck will be the scene of all sorts of pranks.

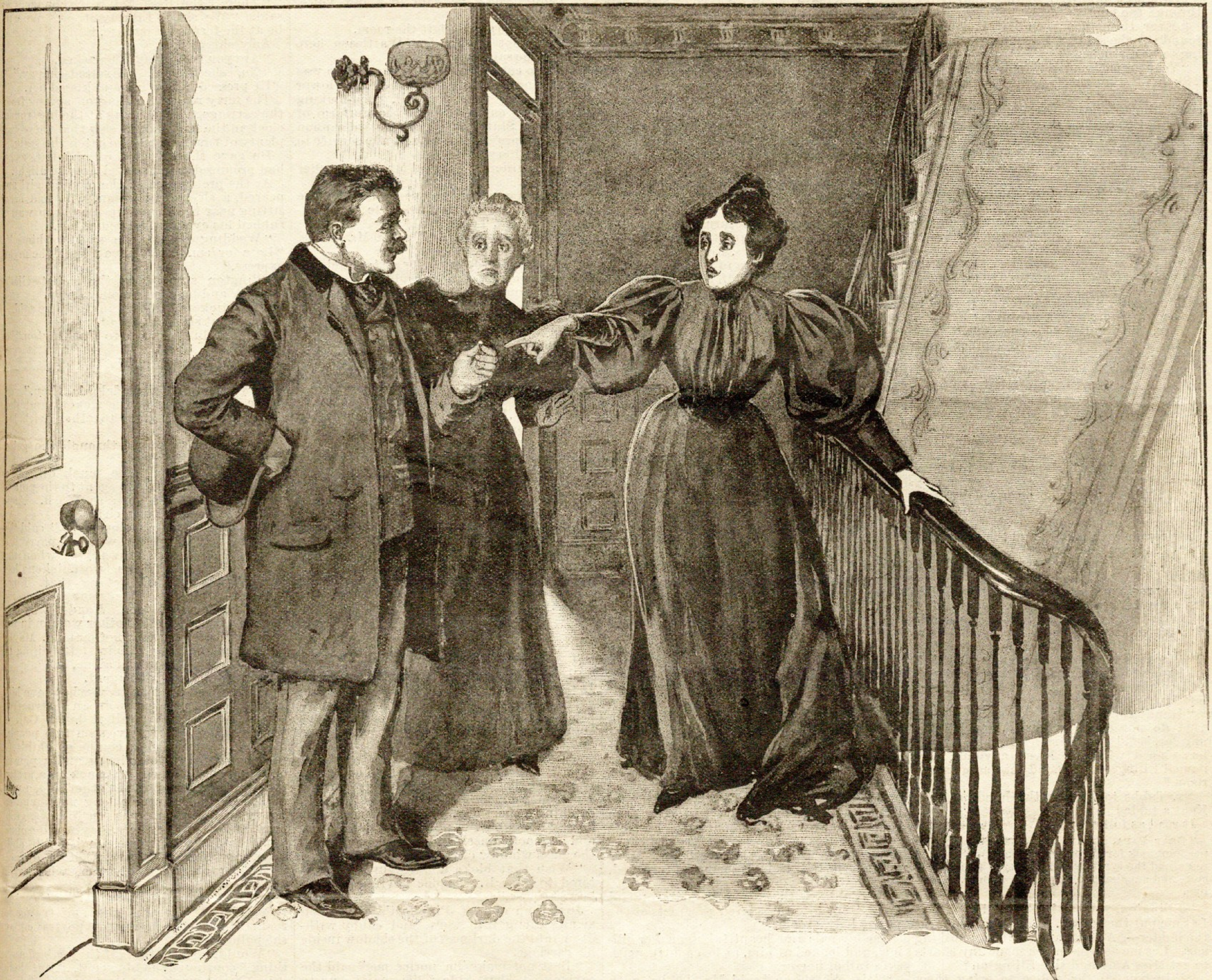
One will put on his worst suit of clothes, and be escorted through the lower parts of the vessel, to look into the furnaces, to see the coal-heavers, stripped to the waist, working in the terrible heat. He will explore the regions where the provisions are kept, and where such cargo as may be carried is stored. He will pick up all sorts of sea phrases, and begin to talk about "bells," instead of hours. He will hobnob with the sailors a little, and try to delve into those wonderful superstitions that every sailor is supposed to believe in, and will find that civilization has filtered into the forecastle somewhat, and that sailors of the old genuine kind are not to be found generally on board an ocean liner.

The people with accomplishments that give them the ability to entertain, give concerts, lectures, or dramatic representations for the diversion of their fellow-voyagers, and the proceeds in the way of cash are turned over to some sailors' home. Sunday finds many gathered in the saloon, at the usual morning hour of church service, for worship, and if a distinguished clergyman is on board he delivers a sermon, or, if it is a British ship, the captain, as the representative of the British Government, reads the service of the Church of England.

If a real, genuine, old-fashioned storm does come, then there is a stir, indeed, and before it is over, all are likely to be anxious for ocean to become a mill-pond again. The venturesome, who wish to see all that is going on, may stand near the sailors at their work, and, if it is night, be thrilled by the terrors of darkness and the gigantic, ungovernable forces at work around them. Let no passenger sleep who has soul for tragedy, for while the probabilities are, on great modern steamers, that all will end well, yet there is always an uncertainty. And now your soul can feel all the power of darkness and storm. If you go down, you go down awake, and if you survive you have looked on the terrors of nature face to face, and all tragic things will henceforth be real to you. When you run into fogs, your ears are rent by the most hideous ear-splitting sounds ever heard—the blasts of the fog-horn.

As you near the end of the voyage the time comes to give the tips to the stewards for their services. The table steward is usually given five dollars by each person who can afford it, and the cabin steward two dollars and a half. On Continental ships it is customary to subscribe to the musicians, each person giving five dollars. These sums, while usual, are not arbitrary, and rich people give more, and those of slender means need feel no hesitation in giving less.

So the days and nights have gone by, and you have had your attack of seasickness, and have gotten over it. You have been browned by the sun and blown upon by the winds. You have been tossed hither and thither until you have forgotten what the feeling of being on solid ground is. You have chatted and laughed and played and read and walked. And now land is being approached, and packing begins. The anchor is dropped in the harbor. You get on a tug, not steaming up to the wharf as on the American side, and farewells are waved to the great ship that has been your home for several days and nights. Soon your foot is on solid ground again, and the voyage is over. A common experience nowadays, but always an interesting one; a new experience and a great one. For has not all your life been on land, and now for the first time you have lived for days on the tossing waves, with only a shell between you and measureless abysses of waters?



"WHERE DID YOU GET THAT?" SHE CRIED. "WHERE DID YOU GET THAT?"

EMMETT'S GIRL.*

BY SEWARD W. HOPKINS,

Author of "In the China *Sea*," "Two Gentlemen of Hawaii," "Darby, the Bear-Hunter of Alaska," etc.

["EMMETT'S GIRL" was commenced in No. 8. Back numbers of the *Ledger*, containing the opening chapters of this story, can be obtained of all Newsdealers. *Even if the News-dealer is out of back numbers, he will order them for you, if you request him to do so.*]

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS INSTALLMENT.

[In order that *new* readers of the *Ledger* may begin with the following installment of this story, and understand it just the same as though they had read it all from the beginning, we here give a synopsis of that portion of it which has already been published: Grace Emmett, a beautiful young typewriter, and Amy Wattleson, the younger daughter of James Wattleson, a rich old widower, love George Ellington, the young bookkeeper of the New York banking firm of Hildreth & Son. Amy's arts prove successful, and when Ellington asks Mr. Wattleson for Amy's hand he is stoutly refused because of his limited means. Amy tells her father that she will marry Ellington with or without his consent, and he threatens to disinherit her. The lovers meet at a ball given by Mrs. Dumphrey in her Madison Avenue mansion, and while they are alone in the conservatory Amy imparts to Ellington a plan she has conceived. Portions of their conversation are overheard by Gideon Welles, a cunning meddler of small income and increasing debts, who expects to marry money in the person of Amy's elder sister, Helen, who detests him. He hears Amy say that her father had that day drawn ninety thousand dollars in cash from Hildreth's bank. Next morning Mrs. Kent, Wattleson's widowed sister and housekeeper, finds her brother murdered in his bed and his secretary rifled, and Amy is missing.]

CHAPTER V.

DETECTIVE TUBBS.

IN a small room on the top floor of a house on Fourteenth Street, a grizzly-looking man, about forty years of age, was just getting out of bed. He yawned, stretched himself, smirked at some pleasing recollection—perhaps of a dream—and began leisurely to get dressed. He poured some cold water from a pitcher into a bowl, and, with a great amount of spluttering and some little slopping, managed to perform his morning ablutions.

While he was thus engaged some one knocked on his door.

"In a minute," he answered.

"Mr. Tubbs! Mr. Tubbs!" called a voice from the hall. "A ossifer is at the door, and says as how he must see you right away!"

"All right!" shouted Mr. Tubbs, as he dashed a towel against his face and combed his hair with one or two rakes of the comb.

Having seen to it that his toilet was made—as carefully as he ever made it—Tubbs opened his door and sped down three flights of stairs to meet the policeman, who stood calmly swinging his gloved hands to and fro on the stoop.

"Hello, Simmons!" said Mr. Tubbs. "What is it?"

"Hurry up downtown. Telephone message few minutes ago at Precinct from Headquarters—'Send Tubbs at once!' You know what 'at once' means with Byrnes? Sergeant sent me after you on the run."

"What's up, anyhow? Anything happened last night? Any great robbery or murder?"

"Dunno," replied Simmons.

"Well, well, I will hurry and get my breakfast, and go down."

"*No!* Man, man, when will you learn that 'at once' doesn't mean after breakfast? Take my advice, and go down now. Get your breakfast afterward."

"So I will. Guess you're right, after all. They are impatient people at Headquarters. I will go right down."

Simmons sauntered away, and Mr. Tubbs hastened to get his hat and coat. In a few minutes he emerged, and walked briskly toward the elevated station.

Mr. Tubbs was a detective.

It cannot be said that Mr. Tubbs had ever greatly distinguished himself in his line; but this, to give his own version of it, was because he had never yet had an opportunity.

Whenever there was a real good case, affording ample scope for detective ability and a reward of glory, some one else was detailed on it, and Tubbs got inferior cases. But the grand opportunity that Tubbs had been looking for had at last arrived.

At the moment he was hurrying across Fourteenth Street, his superior officer was waiting for him at No. 300 Mulberry Street, the Headquarters of the New York Police.

A telephone message had called him from his home at an early hour, and he sat smoking a cigar, waiting for the appearance of Detective Tubbs.

Finally Mr. Tubbs appeared.

"Good morning sir," he said, saluting.

"Good morning, Tubbs. You are slow today."

"Not at all. You were impatient, perhaps. I came as quick as I could."

"Well, do you know what's wanted?"

"I do not, sir."

"Didn't they tell you above?"

"I only saw Simmons, sir, who came after me. He didn't know anything, sir."

"Well, it's this. An old man has been murdered, ninety thousand dollars in cash stolen from his home, and a daughter gone off with a lover."

"*And* the ninety thousand dollars," said Tubbs.

"Don't jump at conclusions, Tubbs. Your work will be to *prove* who has gone off with the ninety thousand, and who killed the old man."

"Who was he, sir?"

"James Wattleson, of Madison Avenue, the old iron merchant."

"Ah, a close man, sir. When did the murder occur?"

"Some time between three o'clock and six this morning. The family attended a ball at the Dumphrey house, and arrived home between half-past two and three o'clock. Mr. Wattleson was all right then. When a servant came down at six, he was dead, and the girl and money gone."

"Together, of course?"

"I don't say that. Still, it looks that way."

"She went to the ball?"

"I believe so."

"Met her lover there?"

"That I don't know."

"Is there any more information?"

"Not at hand. The alarm came from Captain Plunkett. You'd better see him. The house is in his precinct, and his men are in charge now."

"All right, sir. I'll find the murderer, or my name won't be Tubbs."

"All right, Tubbs. Remember this: There are one or two vacancies for good men who deserve promotion. This is an important case, and may not be as simple as it looks."

"It certainly *looks* simple enough, sir. But, anyhow, I'll work it out."

Detective Tubbs walked briskly from the office of his superior, and seemed to be in a tremendous hurry, until 300 Mulberry Street had been left some three blocks behind. Then, overcome by hunger, he darted into a restaurant and regaled himself upon some doubtful coffee and a steak about which there was no doubt at all.

Having paid his bill, Mr. Tubbs again started out, always keeping in the direction of the elevated road, and finally reached Houston Street, where he boarded a train going uptown. Forty minutes later, he was going up the steps of the Wattleson house.

Immediately upon entering the bereaved house, Mr. Tubbs assumed an authoritative air. He made himself known to Mrs. Kent and Helen, and requested, somewhat pompously, that he be allowed to look over the premises.

The house by this time was quiet, the excitement attending the horrible discoveries having died away, the doors closed against the curious, a policeman on guard, and the servants tiptoeing about, shaking their heads in a sorrowful and solemn way.

Mr. Tubbs carried a note-book and pencil, which he now brought out, and in which he jotted down such things as appeared to him important and as bearing on the case.

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It was Mrs. Kent who conducted Mr. Tubbs through the house.

"Everything has been left just as we found it," she said. "I would allow nothing to be disturbed."

"Very proper, madam," replied Mr. Tubbs. "Such forethought is praiseworthy. It is surprising how thoughtless people are in such things. The mere displacing of a chair, a basin, the closing of a window, may destroy a most important clue."

"This hall window was found open," said Mrs. Kent. "It is probably the way they went out."

"Ah, *they!* Then more than one person are missing from the house?"

"No, only one—Amy, the younger daughter of my brother. But the *murderer* must have gone out that way, too."

"'M! Now let me see. Let me get the plan of this floor well pictured in my mind," said the astute Mr. Tubbs. "To that end I will just draw a rough sketch of it here in my book. There are two front rooms."

"Yes, a large one and a small one."

"Good! Then there is an inner room opening from the hall."

"Yes. That is Amy's room."

"Ah! And here, back of that, the bath-room, with windows opening out over the roof of the extension."

"Yes."

"Now this room off here at the side. It is closed."

"That is my brother's room. He lies there now—dead."

"'M! From the room occupied by Amy one must pass through the bath-room to get at the room occupied by Mr. Wattleson, or must come into the hall, and then open this door. Is it locked?"

"No. My brother never locked his door."

"Any room on the floor is easily accessible from the hall. The step out of the window to the kitchen roof is a slight one, and the descent down that ladder easy. By the way, where did that ladder come from?"

"It was in the yard. We had some painters here a few days ago, and they have still a piece of work to be done. The ladder was left by them."

"Handy for the—"

"I do not connect the ladder with the murder," said Mrs. Kent. "My niece, Amy, has eloped with her lover, a young man named Ellington. I found this note in her room."

Mr. Tubbs took from the hands of Mrs. Kent a folded note.

It read as follows:

"DEAR PAPA, HELEN AND AUNT SARAH: You need not look for me or worry about me. I could not stand the tyranny and cruelty of papa's decision, and am about to elope with George. Good-bye. AMY."

"Ellington, you say? George Ellington? Let me put that down. *You* do not connect the ladder— Ah, madam, I will say nothing *now*. Let me ask, have you made any efforts to get Miss Amy and this Ellington?"

"I instructed the police to bring them back if they saw them. That was all I could do until you came."

Mr. Tubbs shrugged his shoulders.

"Never mind. I'll get them. Now let me step into Mr. Wattleson's room."

Mr. Tubbs stepped to the door and went inside, alone.

"I cannot go in," said Mrs. Kent.

"No, madam. I understand," he had said. "Leave it to me."

The body of James Wattleson lay on his bed, covered with a sheet.

Mr. Tubbs looked carefully around.

In one corner stood the secretary. Mr. Tubbs noted the position of this. A few inconsequential papers lay strewn about, and a gold watch hung in a pocket on the wall over the bed. That which the murderer had wanted had been in the drawer.

"A fool, to keep ninety thousand dollars in an old rack like that!" said Mr. Tubbs to himself.

Having familiarized himself with everything in the room, Mr. Tubbs stepped to the side of the bed and drew down the sheet.

He stood a moment looking calmly down upon the dead face, for dead men were no novelty to Mr. Tubbs, when his shoulders gave a great heave and his eyes sparkled. His gaze was directed toward a spot in the bed near that portion of Mr. Wattleson's body where the cruel knife had struck its fatal blow.

Bending over, Mr. Tubbs took something up in his hand and stepped to the window to examine it.

"'M!" he muttered—"a gold stud! This clinches it!"

He hurried out to where Mrs. Kent was waiting for him.

"I have found something," he said. "Do you know this? Have you ever seen it before?"

He held the stud out toward Mrs. Kent, who shuddered and refused to touch it.

"A stud!" she said. "No, I cannot say that I ever saw it before."

Just at that moment Helen came that way, passing through the hall to her room.

"One moment, Miss Wattleson," said Mr. Tubbs. "I wish you would look at this. It is a gold stud of peculiar make. Do you recognize it?"

Helen bent over and looked at the stud. A deadly pallor came into her face.

"Where did you get that?" she cried. "Where did you get that?"

"In your father's bed," he answered.

Helen's hands went up to her head. She reeled.

"Father— God in Heaven!" she cried. and fell fainting upon the floor.

CHAPTER VI.

BROTHER TOM.

"This is strange—very strange," muttered Detective Tubbs. "And yet she doesn't connect the ladder—"

Mrs. Kent, who had rushed away to call a servant and bring restoratives, now returned, and Mr. Tubbs finished his soliloquy in his mind.

Helen was tenderly lifted and carried to her room.

"An explanation later," said Mr. Tubbs, when Mrs Kent had returned to him. "I have one or two more questions to ask."

"Ask them," said Mrs. Kent.

"How many are there in the family?"

"Helen, Amy and myself, with my brother, lived here with the servants. There are four of these, and they are all here now. There is another—a son of my brother—for whom I have telegraphed."

"Ah! A son?"

"Yes. It is not generally known, except by our oldest friends, but Mr. Wattleson had a son, Thomas, who was a wild, harum-scarum youth, and who so displeased his father that several years ago—at least seven—my brother sent him away from home, and would have no more to do with him. Since then no one in the house has held any communication with the young man but Helen. She always believed there was more good than bad in the boy—believed, in fact, that her father was unnecessarily harsh and unjust, and, like the good angel she always is, she kept up a correspondence with Tom, and even met him secretly on several occasions. Thomas went West when first driven from home, and remained there a few years. But he never seemed to succeed in anything, and came back to New York, intending—that is, hoping—to make peace with his father; but in this, even with Helen's assistance, he was not successful. Then he enlisted in the army, and is now in the artillery on Governor's Island."

"Ho! Ho!" said Mr. Tubbs to himself, as he studied the piece of gold in his hand; "a new element in the case." Then aloud, "I think, Mrs. Kent, I will wait a few minutes and see Miss Wattleson again—that is, of course—when she is able to see me."

"I think she would be able now," replied Mrs. Kent. "Helen is a young woman of strong will and nerve, and will rally from this strange attack. Of course, the horrible events of this morning are enough to cause any of us to weaken. I will see her."

She went into Helen's room and returned.

"She will see you," she said.

Mr. Tubbs, with softened and respectful mien, went into the sacred precincts of the young lady's room.

She lay pale and beautiful upon her pillow, and looked at him, as he came in, with eyes full of horror.

"Miss Wattleson," said Mr. Tubbs, with an awkward attempt to appear sympathetic, when inwardly he was rejoicing at his approaching success, "this is painful business, but we detectives cannot allow our sympathies to run away with our sense of duty. I am employed to trace the murderer of your father, and arrest him. That is just what I am going to do. It is your duty to help me all you can."

"I know," said Helen, weakly, and with a shudder.

Then, shutting her eyes, she murmured:

"God help and sustain me. Tell me what to do."

Mr. Tubbs, perhaps, thought the prayer was addressed to him. At any rate he answered it.

"Yes, Miss Wattleson, it is your duty to help me. When I showed you this stud—the one I found in your father's bed—you displayed so much emotion that I am convinced that what you know about this stud is of the greatest importance to me—to *us*."

"I feel that what you say is true," she faltered, "and the discovery of the stud has shocked me almost more than the murder of my father did. It is horrible—horrible!"

"Then you recognize the stud, Miss Wattleson? You know the owner of it?"

Helen shut her eyes and was silent.

"It is better for you, Miss Wattleson, believe me, to tell me all you know now than to withhold your information and get into the hands of the police and have the words forced—dragged out of you. It will *have* to be told. Better now than later."

"I know, I know," sobbed Helen. "Oh, this is awful!"

"Please be calm, Miss Wattleson. Justice may depend altogether on you. Now be calm. Answer me truthfully, as you would if you were under oath. Do you know the owner of this stud?"

"Let me see it again," she said.

He held it out for a closer examination.

"Yes, yes," she cried. "I cannot be mistaken. Oh, I would thank God if I was!"

Mr. Tubbs waited a few minutes, but she said no more.

"Miss Wattleson," he said, putting some authority into his tones, "whose stud was this?"

She passed her hand over her eyes, feebly, as if to shut out a horrible sight.

"My brother's," she murmured, so low that Mr. Tubbs was forced to bend to catch all her words. "I gave him a set of three of them four years ago, at Christmas time."

Mr. Tubbs bowed his head. Even he could feel for such grief as this.

"Thank you," he said in a low voice. "That will do."

Turning, he slowly left the room.

"We'll not see Mr. Tom Wattleson here to-day," he said to himself.

As if to contradict him, a heavy step was heard, and Mr. Tubbs reached the lower hall in time to see a tall, good-looking young man enter, wearing the uniform of the United States Army, the crossed cannon on his cap proving his arm of the service to be the artillery.

"The murderer!" gasped Mr. Tubbs under his breath.

The soldier, seeing no one he knew on the first floor, started upstairs. He was confronted by Mr. Tubbs.

"Where are you going?" asked Mr. Tubbs, sternly.

"Upstairs to see my poor sister and my father's corpse," was the reply.

"No. You will come with me," said Mr. Tubbs.

"With *you*?"

"Yes."

"Where, please?"

"Thomas Wattleson—is that your name?" asked Mr. Tubbs, who should have asked it before.

"It is."

"Thomas, I arrest you for the murder of your father. *There* is the evidence that proves your guilt."

Mr. Tubbs displayed the stud.

Wattleson's eyes opened.

"I—"

"Don't talk here. Come on."

"I refuse to go."

Before he could anticipate the action of Mr. Tubbs, the detective whipped out a pair of handcuffs, and the artilleryman found himself "nippered."

"Come on," said Mr. Tubbs, and he triumphantly led his prisoner out of the house.

CHAPTER VII.

A WEDDING JOURNEY.

Some hours earlier that morning, before Detective Tubbs had got out of bed, before even the early servant in the Wattleson establishment was astir, a closed carriage was standing on the corner of Madison Avenue and one of the cross streets near Mr. Wattleson's house. The horses were sleepy, for they had been out all night. The driver was equally drowsy, and was snugly wrapped in his long ulster, inside the coach, catching a short nap. The movement of his horses' hoofs on the pavement roused him, and he shook himself and peered out through the glass window of the cab door.

"Wish that bloke'd hurry up," he muttered to himself. "Some devilment, anyhow, I s'pose."

Just then one of Plunkett's policemen swung along into view, and cabby withdrew into the darkness of the shadow inside his carriage.

"Best not make 'im notice me," said the cabman. "That dude feller may be up to mischief. Best not be known."

The policeman passed on. It was not an unusual thing for a cab to stand on that corner.

Suddenly the quick step of lightly-clad feet could be heard, and a well-dressed young man and woman came hurrying toward the waiting carriage.

The driver saw them coming, and recognizing the man who had told him to wait there, got out of the cab and hustled them in.

"Where, sir?" he asked.

"Foot of Liberty Street, to catch the early train for the South."

"Whew! That's a long drive, sir."

"Ten dollars if you catch the train."

The driver stood off, surveyed his tired horses, pulled a nickel watch from his pocket, and looked at it in the light of a street lamp, and then, mumbling something about a "long trip," he closed the carriage door and mounted his box. In another moment the carriage was speeding away, carrying the runaways—George Ellington and Amy Wattleson.

Amy was trembling in her excitement. It was not yet light enough to see, but Ellington could feel the cheek that lay close to his grow hot and then cold.

As for him, he was calm. He placed a strong arm around Amy, and drew her toward him and kissed her.

"My darling!" she murmured. "Now mine—all mine! No tyranny can part us now!"

"No, dear," he said. "We have cast the die. There is no hope for us now except in each other."

"Oh! Is not that enough?" she answered, caressing him. "It is for me."

"Are you sure you will never regret the step, dear?"

"No, no, darling," she said, impetuously. "How can you ask that question? Was it not I, with my great love burning to overthrow the tyranny of wealth, that proposed this elopement? Can you doubt my sincerity?"

"Never!" he answered. "Never!"

The carriage turned off, and was soon in Broadway. As it rattled over the pavements the two runaways talked in low, sweet words of love, and the time seemed short.

Liberty Street was reached at last, and the horses were turned toward the ferry.

"Where are we now?" asked Amy, as Ellington peered out.

It was now gray dawn. He saw the high buildings on each side of him.

"There's the Real Estate Exchange," he said. "We are on Liberty Street. We will be at the ferry in a minute."

Amy shivered.

"Are you cold, dear?" he asked.

"No," she replied. "Excited—happy."

He pressed her to him and kissed her.

The ferry reached, Ellington sprang from the carriage, and glancing at the big, round clock in the ferry-house, saw that there was plenty of time in which to catch the train.

He gave the driver the ten dollars as he had promised, and assisted Amy to alight.

As the pretty face of the eloping girl appeared, a sleepy policeman, who had been sitting near the steam-pipes to keep warm, rubbed his eyes and looked at her.

"Wedding party," he said to himself. "Late for 'em. Must have missed the night express."

Ellington stepped to the ticket-seller's window and laid some money down.

"Two tickets for Washington," he said.

The agent shook his head.

"This train doesn't go to Washington," he replied.

"How far does it go?"

"To Philadelphia."

"Two tickets to Philadelphia, then."

The agent stamped the tickets and slid them out to Ellington, together with his change.

The runaways passed through the gates and onto the ferry-boat.

"Don't seem to make much difference where they go," said the agent to the policeman. "Philly's as good as Wash. Anywhere out of New York, eh?"

"I'll bet that's an elopement," said the policeman. "A reg'lar weddin' party has plans all laid, and knows just when the night train goes. Them two chickens has skipped out sudden. Bet on that. Fine-looking couple, too. Handsome gent, pretty girl. Well dressed, too. Wonder why *they* had to skip to join? 'Nother woman in the case, maybe, or perhaps 'nother man. Maybe a husband or a wife bein' left behind to hustle through the world alone, eh?"

"Can't tell," said the agent.

"Them high-flyers is great when love hits 'em," said the policeman, in an instructive sort of way. "*They* call it love. Call it what you like. Now, I've seen two people, married, happy, with a couple of children, nice home, plenty of friends and a pew in church. One of 'em'll get stuck on a pretty face or a fine ankle, or, if t'other side, a pair of broad shoulders or a long mustache or heavy eyebrows, and passion follows, guilt next, and away they goes, leavin' a desolate home behind and helpless, miserable children, for whom, a few weeks before, durned if they wouldn't die! See what it'll do?"

"Beats the devil," said the agent, gazing reflectively at the arc-light, as if trying to realize the world of infamy portrayed by the policeman.

"Wouldn't say nothing if they *gained* anything," continued the blue-coat. "But there it is. Never was one of them cases yet that didn't turn out bad fur *all* concerned. Them as run away have all kinds of hard luck, lose friends, position, and finally quit each other, and, like as not, commit suicide. Serves 'em *right*, too."

"So it does," said the agent.

"There! They're off!" said the policeman, as the bell rang. "May good luck go with 'em."

Oblivious of all the comment they had excited, the runaways were being carried across the Hudson, and in the cabin of the ferry-boat they renewed the avowals of love and constancy that were so frequent in the carriage.

The river was soon crossed, and they hurried to the train.

The railroad yard at that hour in the morning lacked the bustle that characterizes it later in the day, when travel grows heavy. The officials were sleepy, the passengers few and everything dull and quiet. Ellington had no difficulty in finding comfortable accommodations, and they waited impatiently for the train to start.

"At last!" said Amy when the "All aboard!" of the conductor and the clanging bell warned them that the hour of leaving had come.

"We shall soon be out of the way of pursuit, my darling," said Ellington, "and when those grand words are said that make you my own sweet little wife, what shall we care for pursuers then?"

She looked up into his face with an arch smile, which gradually gave way to a more grave expression, as if the conscience of the pretty eloper was not entirely clear.

A half hour after the train had left Jersey City, the policemen on duty received telephone messages and orders from their roundsmen that made their eyes open.

A general alarm was being sent out from Headquarters to the various precincts with orders to cover all points of egress from the city, whether railroad stations, ferries, or the Brooklyn Bridge.

"Gee whiz!" ejaculated the philosophical policeman at Liberty Street ferry.

"What's up?" asked the agent.

"Listen. Keep watch for eloping couple, man about twenty-four, girl nineteen, both good-looking and well-dressed. Man has dark hair and eyes, and is tall, broad-shouldered, and of easy carriage. Girl petite, with brown hair, pretty, and has large bright eyes. Wanted for *murder* and *robbery!*"

"The deuce, no!" exclaimed the agent.

"That's them, though," said Jenkins, the policeman, excitedly.

"Sounds like them, all but the murder and robbery. *That* can't be."

"*Must* be. Couldn't be possible that *two* couples, just alike, should elope in one night."

"Might be," said the agent.

"Sounds unreasonable though, don't it?"

"Some," assented the agent.

"Them's the ones, I tell you. Now, who the deuce would think that sweet creature could rob and *kill*. Well, I've got one thing to do, and the thing is to do it."

Policeman Jenkins went to the telephone and rang the bell.

"Police Headquarters," he said when his call was answered.

"Go on, Liberty Street."

"Police Headquarters?"

"Yes."

"Who'm I talkin' to?"

"——, Inspector."

"Parties answering description in general alarm to ferries passed through here half an hour ago, bought tickets to Philadelphia, and left on six A. M. train."

"All right."

Three minutes after that a message flashed over the wires from the Superintendent of Police, New York, to the Chief of Police, Philadelphia, as follows:

> "Arrest man and woman on train six A. M. from New York, Jersey Central tickets to Philadelphia. Man twenty-four, dark and tall. Girl nineteen, small and pretty. Man's name George Ellington. Girl's name Amy Wattleson. Wanted here for murder and robbery."

When this had been fairly digested by the Philadelphia Chief he detailed detectives to cover all the stations where that train would stop.

The train rolled in on time. The detectives were on the alert. The passengers were closely scrutinized.

At the Chestnut Street station a foxy-eyed detective stood with his hands in his pockets, apparently interested in nothing more important than the natural bustle of the station and the discharge of passengers.

Suddenly he started.

"There they are," he said.

A young man was assisting a pretty girl to alight from a car. He carried a small valise marked "G. E." The detective stepped up to them. He tapped the man on the shoulder.

"How do, *George?*"

The man looked at him in surprise.

"You have the advantage of me," he said, smiling. His face was handsome. His smile was so frank that for a moment the detective was staggered.

Recovering himself, he said, roughly:

"No bluffs, George. Come with me. You are my prisoner."

"Your prisoner!" repeated George, quietly. "What for?"

"Wanted in New York for murder and robbery."

"*Murder and robbery!*" gasped the girl. "Oh, Heaven! George, tell him it is some hideous mistake."

"Tell him, *George!*" chuckled the detective. "I have the advantage, eh? Well, rather, I guess."

Without further ado he called a carriage, and with the help of two policemen who stood near, to be handy in case of an emergency, he hustled the expostulating man and half-fainting girl into it, and they were hurled away.

Twenty minutes later a return message was sent over the wire to New York.

> "Parties arrived and arrested. Deny names. Answer description perfectly. Will hold until you send for them."

With Tom Wattleson behind bars, and George Ellington in the hands of the police at Philadelphia, waiting to be brought to New York, the detective force of New York felt that it was in a position to congratulate itself upon its morning work.

And while all this was going on, there was, in the comfortable flat where Ellington lived, a broken, weeping old man, to whom the horrible news had been brought, and to whom all the world seemed blank and hopeless. His heart was swelling with grief unto the bursting point, and his grief was of the kind that knew no consolation.

"It can't be," he moaned, as he rocked to and fro in his chair—the great, comfortable chair that George had given him. "It is not true. God be merciful—be just. Do not let them punish my son for that which he did not. My son a robber! A murderer! It's a lie! It's a lie! Foolish he may be, beguiled by bright eyes and a pretty face, to take his bride when she had been refused him, but his hand was never lifted against her father. I know it. God knows it, and all the world shall know it."

And, weakened by his excessive emotion, words left him and he sobbed and moaned in the very bitterness of his anguish.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT—NO. 10.]

—Pasteur's first great work was accomplished in the years 1865-66, when he was called upon to investigate the silkworm plague, which was destroying one of the great industries of France. He at once stated that the plague was due to a parasite, and that it could be stopped by destroying all worms and eggs that were affected. This statement was met with ridicule. He was told that the pest would still be propagated by spontaneous generation. Pasteur denied that there was such a thing as spontaneous generation. He proved the truth of his theories, his advice was followed, and the plague was checked.

The Wedding at Lumley's Pass.

BY JEANNETTE H. WALWORTH.

The settlers who constituted what was locally called the "Lumley Pass folks" were few, hard-working and unimaginative. They were much given to staying at home and minding their own business, in the sense which conveys total lack of interest in anybody else.

Long reaches of rough mountain roads; frequent torrents, which rushed rudely wherever resistance was most readily overcome, combined with somber stretches of dense forest to discourage sociability.

Nevertheless, when it became known, in a general way, that the old tip-tilted log-house—a house hoary with age—about which the halo of romance had never clung, was to be the seat of a wedding, interest in it became vivid, and visitors multiplied miraculously.

The house stood at the head of the Pass, and gave it its name. It was Peter Lumley's daughter who was to be married.

That piece of information percolated through Peter himself, one evening when he had lingered at *the* store in Hogan's Gulch long enough to forget his usual taciturnity and wax confidential with other late stayers.

On that occasion Mr. Peter Lumley remarked, in a general way that—

"Women folks was a cussed lot of trouble when they got marryin' in their heads, an' he was considuble thankful that he didn't have but one gal to turn the world upside down just because a fellow had asked her to change her name."

This amiable allusion to his only daughter, coupled with the fact that, earlier in the evening, Mr. Lumley had openly invested in ten yards of white "cross-bar" muslin and a "scalloped" handkerchief, fastened the impending change of name on Sue Lumley.

Until that cross-bar muslin and embroidered handkerchief were actually transferred from Hogan's counter to the gummy sack which already held Peter's supply of tobacco, whisky, seed potatoes and rope for plow-lines, the general public had laid no particular stress upon Peter's outburst.

Never before had Sue Lumley been an object of even passing local interest. No one had ever associated her name with a possible lover. She was accounted rather a spiritless creature, totally lacking in grit. Grit is a moral quality in high repute with your mountaineer.

Being motherless and sisterless, Sue had grown up with even fewer feminine accomplishments than fell to the lot of other Lumley Pass girls.

A wedding presupposes a man. It was a long time before local gossip fastened upon the right man for "Sue Lumley's beau." When it did, curiosity was merged into amazement bordering on indignation.

"Was Brad Martin bent on throwin' hisself clean away? Had Brad Martin turned plum idiot?" were questions which everybody was asking but nobody answered.

Bradley Martin was what might be called a newcomer, having only lived in the neighborhood of Lumley's Pass four or five years. None of his forbears had ever tilled the rocky acres he called his own.

He was a handsome fellow, with broad shoulders and strong, swift legs, which carried him over the steep mountain paths with the surefootedness of the goat.

There wasn't a girl within twelve miles of Peter Lumley's old gray house that would not have lent a willing ear to Bradley Martin if he had come a-courting. But Sue Lumley, of all the Pass girls!

Martin and Sue alone knew the very beginning of the love affair whose imminent culmination was agitating the scattered settlers of Lumley's Pass.

They had first seen each other when the Pass lay in the shadows of evening, which came early and lingered long in the mountain-walled clearing.

Sue was sitting alone on the rough pine slab that did duty for front-door step. Her lap was full of corn and of corn cobs. A pile of unshelled corn was stacked on the slab within easy reach. With a fine disregard for her own cuticle, she rubbed the grains free from the cob with the reddened ball of her right thumb.

When all the corn should be shelled, she would lift up her voice shrilly, and countless feathered pensioners would make glad response. Roosters, forgetting to be stately, Guinea fowls grown suddenly gregarious, pigeons swooping from aloft to share in the liberal largess, would all come, fluttering, flying, scrambling, hurrying, each filled with genuine human greed, striving to get ahead of its fellows.

Sue rather liked "feed-time" to come. It broke up the dreadful monotony of her day, and introduced cheerful clamor into profound silence.

She was left very much alone during the day. Her father and her four uncouth brothers were always off as soon as the breakfast of black coffee and greasy bacon she got up at dawn to prepare was disposed of.

What their business was, beyond the making and garnering of the meagre crops, which seemed never to result in any betterment of her own condition, she did not know. Nor did she much care. She was not of a speculative turn. She went the dull round of her sordid duties unquestioning, unrepining. She had condensed the ethics of the case, with unconscious philosophy, into a single aphorism:

"Frettin' don't do no good, so whar's the use of frettin'?"

Under softer conditions she might have developed into an uncommonly pretty girl. The first time Bradley Martin saw her her face was as the face of a guardian angel to him. Their introduction was a strange one.

She, shelling corn for her poultry, lifted her head to consult the shadows. The familiar landscape must attain a precise stage of obscurity before she called the wanderers home for the night.

From the stile that crossed the rude yard fence the mountain foot-path dropped precipitately downward. This rendered approach to the house possible without any warning view beforehand. Standing on this stile, holding his hat in one hand, while with the other he dashed great beads of sweat from his forehead, Sue saw a man!

She leveled her clear, brown eyes on him in intense surprise. He was a stranger, and strangers were not common at Lumley's Pass. She stood up, with the corners of her check apron gathered together mechanically with thrifty thought for her shelled corn. She gained in dignity by change of posture. She was tall, and just now she was standing on the defensive.

"Who be you? And what be you doin' standin' stock still on our stile?" she asked, in a slow, gentle drawl that gave no indication of her perturbed state.

Her voice was as sweet as a wood-pigeon's note. Her eyes were clear, steadfast, fearless. In spite of the shortness of her coarse cotton gown, there was a certain air of command about this mountain girl which imposed upon the stranger. But it was a face to be trusted, and the man on the stile stood in sore need of a friend.

He was by her side in a few swift strides. She could see his broad chest heave with the breath that came in pants.

"You are alone?" he asked.

She trembled at the eager excitement of his voice and manner, but her fright did not appear in her drawled answer:

"Waal, what if I be?"

"Hide me, and keep my secret."

"What for shall I hide you? Who be you, and what you been up to? Moonshinin'?"

He cast about him excitedly with eyes that looked like a hunted animal's.

"If you don't want to have murder on your soul, hide me. I got into trouble down in Davis's Dell. A man was killed. Circumstances point to me. A posse is out looking for me. I've been running and hiding for two days. I'm about spent. If they get me I'll swing. For Heaven's sake, girl, hide me quick!"

"Quick" was a word seldom heard in that locality, more seldom acted upon. She released the corners of her apron and let the shelled corn stream into a wooden bowl at her feet. She never once took her eyes off the travel-stained garb and the haggard face of the man before her. She carefully dusted the loose bran from her work-roughened hands before speaking again:

"And be you bloodguilty?"

"I am not."

"You don't talk like Lumley Pass folks. You be from town somewhere, I reckin. How can I tell whether you be lyin' to me or not?"

"I swear before Heaven I am innocent."

She darted away from him, but was back before he had time to conjecture. She held a tattered, backless book in her hand.

"This were mammy's Bible. Can you swear on that?"

The stranger laid his right hand solemnly on the book:

"By your mother's Bible!"

"Come 'long then. Pop and the boys will be home soon."

She wrapped the book in her apron. She turned swiftly and led the way to an old stable, many degrees more dilapidated than the dwelling-house—which is condemning it totally. Slipping through a crevice by preference to wrestling with the huge, unmanageable doors, she pointed upward to a loft raggedly filled with hay. The man was close behind her.

"Climb up and burrow under the hay. Quick—I hear a mighty tramplin' of hoofs! But don't you be scared, I'll manage 'em. You can trus' me."

It took the fugitive but a second to vault upon the ramshackle feed-trough and from that into the hay-loft. She, standing on the edge of the trough, scattered hay over him liberally. She was singing lustily, somewhat discordantly, entirely by home-made methods, while she was about it.

The trampling of feet had succeeded to that of hoofs. Filling her arms with hay, still singing at the top of her voice, Sue left the barn just in time to confront her father, brothers and half a dozen other mountaineers. She leaned against the barn-door and stared at them.

"In the name er wonder, folks, what's up? A barn-raisin'?"

On top of the hay with which her arms were filled lay her blue apron folded about the old Bible. She speculated vaguely about the probable fate of a girl who should tell a lie with the Bible right under her nose. Her father was spokesman for the searching party.

"Jeb Wilson's been done for down in Davis's Dell by a town chap. We're lookin' for him. Seen anybody pass this way, Sue?"

Sue laughed scornfully:

"Likely, ain't it, so many folks pass this way!"

Her father laid his hand on the clumsy latch to the sagging barn-door. Sue straightened her back against it resolutely.

"Not in there, pop. I've just found that old yeller turkey hen we thought the minks had got. She's settin' up in the hay-loft, and I wouldn't have her pestered for forty Jeb Wilsons. No, I wouldn't! She do look so peaceful and proudlike. Bud Frank, take the gentlemen to the spring-house and give 'em a bait er buttermilk. Fresh churned this mornin', gentlemen. And you uns do look like you'd been swallerin' yo' peck er dust all t' oncet."

Lumley took his hand off the latch and faced toward the men.

"We're foolin' away valerble time, gents. Will you step down to the milk-house and wet yo' whistles before we start ag'in?"

"Won't the gentlemen stay and take a bite?" Sue's hospitality waxed urgent as she perceived her father was bent on pushing forward. "'Twon't take me more 'n half an hour, pop, to get 'em somethin' hot."

"They'll have something hot when we ketch the feller that done for Jeb Wilson; so will he."

This witticism revived the flagging energy of his followers, and after a hurried excursion to the spring-house, Sue had the satisfaction of seeing them mount their horses and disappear down the steep, stony bridle-path by which they had come.

When the last hoof-beat had ceased to sound upon the rocky ground, she fed her prisoner, and loading him down with provisions and good advice, sent him away in an opposite direction from that taken by the horsemen. He turned and waved his hat to her before the black woods swallowed him up.

"Of course I won't never see him again," she said stolidly, "and I don't know as I care to; but I lied for him, right on top of mammy's Bible, and that's goin' to make it hard for me to forget him out and out."

In point of fact, she found it impossible to forget him "out and out." She called herself a mean-spirited creature for clinging so tenaciously to his memory, but it did not mend the matter at all.

Jeb Wilson's real slayer was discovered and summarily dealt with. Jeb Wilson himself was well nigh forgotten when Sue, sitting on the slab shelling corn, as she had been doing *that* evening, lifted her eyes to gauge the lengthening shadows of the familiar landscape, as she had done on that evening, and saw a man standing on the stile that spanned the rude yard-fence.

She sat quite still, but a slow, sweet smile came to her lips and a glad light into her clear, steadfast eyes.

"You be come back! What for?"

He was by her side in a few swift strides. He held out his hands to her and smiled down into her uplifted face.

"I'm building a house over t'other side of the Dell."

"Oh, you be!"

"And I'm goin' to live there."

"Yes." The color came and went in the girl's sun-burnt cheeks in a hot torrent.

"I'm going to take my wife to live in my house when it is finished."

"Yes"—it was almost a whisper. She fell to shelling corn as if the world held no other possible occupation for her trembling little hands.

He seated himself boldly on the slab by her side. He laughed and filled his hands with corn she had shelled.

"Don't you want to learn something about the girl I'm building that house for?"

"If you be anxious to talk about her."

"I am."

He flung the corn from him, and the pigeons came in a white-winged throng to repair the waste.

"She's the pluckiest girl I ever saw. She's worth ten dozen of me. She got the dearest, clearest brown eyes in the world, and—and once upon a time she saved me from being hurried out of the world by a lot of idiots who insisted upon calling me a murderer."

Slowly the truth dawned upon Sue's mind. She leaned toward him with hands folded on her knees.

"I lied for you on mammy's Bible! How are we going to get around that?"

"We are not going to try to get around it. We are going to forget it. No one need know we ever met before,"

And Sue placed her hand in his, with a smile of absolute trust and content.

Pending the furnishing of his house and the fencing of his farm, Martin spent much time at the Lumleys'. Peter fancied he came there to learn wisdom in farming of him. Frank thought he came to learn how to make a colt pace. Each masculine member of the Lumley household had his own solution of the mystery.

Sue alone knew why he came. Martin alone knew how he had been saved from an ignominious death by the superb courage of the mountain girl. No one else will ever know how handsome Bradley Martin came to "throw himself away" on Peter Lumley's Sue.

CHILDREN ALL OVER THE WORLD.

Clem.

"We have had company at our house," said Ella. "A friend of my mother's and her little girl. You cannot think how dreadfully she behaved or the mischief she did. She broke every toy I had, and if I tried to stop her, she slapped me *hard;* and she went to the pantry and stole cake and sweetmeats, and she caught me by the sleeve and pulled it out, and she was always getting into danger. She would climb out of the window and stand on the window-sill; she would run across the road before carriages, and she would light matches whenever she saw them anywhere. She pulled all the flowers just to tear to pieces, not to smell or to look at. Of couse, being company, we could not scold her, and we were so glad when she went home. It is not polite to be glad when company goes home, and we said, 'Come again;' but we hope it will not be until she has better sense and is nicer."

"Well, Ella," said Jerry, the little boy to whom she was talking, "I think that girl must have been as bad as Clem. Clem came to our house one morning early. Ma found him in the kitchen, drinking milk out of the pitcher. She did not know where he lived, and it was very cold, and she did not like to turn him out. So she thought she would keep him until she saw some one looking for him. But no one came, and he stayed and stayed. We did not know his name, and he could not say it, and our servant came from a part of England where they call a person who is starved 'clemmed,' so she called him 'Clem,' because he was always hungry. You never could give him enough to eat or drink, and when he had swallowed a great plateful he would cry for more. You talk about that little girl stealing cake and preserves out of the pantry. Clem would take it off the table, and when Jane made a fuss about it he spit at her and bit her."

"Spit! What a dreadful thing! I wonder you kept him," said Ella.

"Well, we could not turn him out to freeze," said Jerry, "and my mother said he belonged to a nice family, he had such a beautiful collar on."

"I know," said Ella. "One of those real lace ones, I suppose. What were his clothes made of?"

"He had a gray fur coat," said Jerry. "Ma looked in the paper to see if he was advertised for, but he was not, and she told the policeman to tell any one who was looking for him to come to our house. He was so funny that I liked him, at first, but when I tried to play with him he scratched me."

"Scratched you!" cried Ella. "Why, that is worse than our visitor."

"Oh, no little girl was ever so bad as Clem," said Jerry. "He would take food out of your plate, if he took a fancy to it, and once or twice when we came to breakfast we found the milk-pitcher empty. Nobody could have drunk the milk but Clem. And fish—Clem was very fond of fish; once he cleared the dish of fried trout, when we were a little late in coming down."

"He could not have had his senses. He must have been a silly boy," said Ella.

Jerry laughed.

"He broke a great deal of china," he went on. "You see he used to climb on the closet shelves and on the mantelpieces. Jane used to whip him, but he tried to fly at her. One day he plagued her so that she took the wash-stick to drive him into the garden, but instead of running out of the door he ran upstairs into the garret. There was a fireplace there with a wide chimney, and talk about your little girl climbing—Clem climbed right up the chimney."

"Like a sweep!" said Ella.

"Exactly," said Jerry, "only as fast as the man in the circus that went up to the roof. I suppose Clem was really afraid of Jane, for he did not come down again. Now our roof was not flat, it sloped, and had sharp little points over the garret windows. No one could go out there to get Clem, and when we went to the end of the garden and looked up, there he was, sitting on the chimney. We called, but he only cried. We showed him nice things to eat, but he would not come down to eat them. He staid up all day, and there was no ladder long enough to reach the roof. Mother called: 'Come down, Clem.' But he would not; he staid up there all night."

"Oh, oh, oh! *Poor* little silly creature!" said Ella. "And what happened?"

"He cried and screamed all night, and the neighbors came and stood looking up at the chimney to give advice. Some said he'd starve to death there, others that he'd fall off and be crushed to pieces. At last, Mr. Beale, who is a house painter, sent his men with their long ladders to go up and get him down. A man held the ladder and a boy went up. He wasn't afraid of the slanting roof—he was used to it. So when he got to it he climbed up and reached out his hand. But poor Clem thought he wanted to hurt him, and gave a shriek and jumped—"

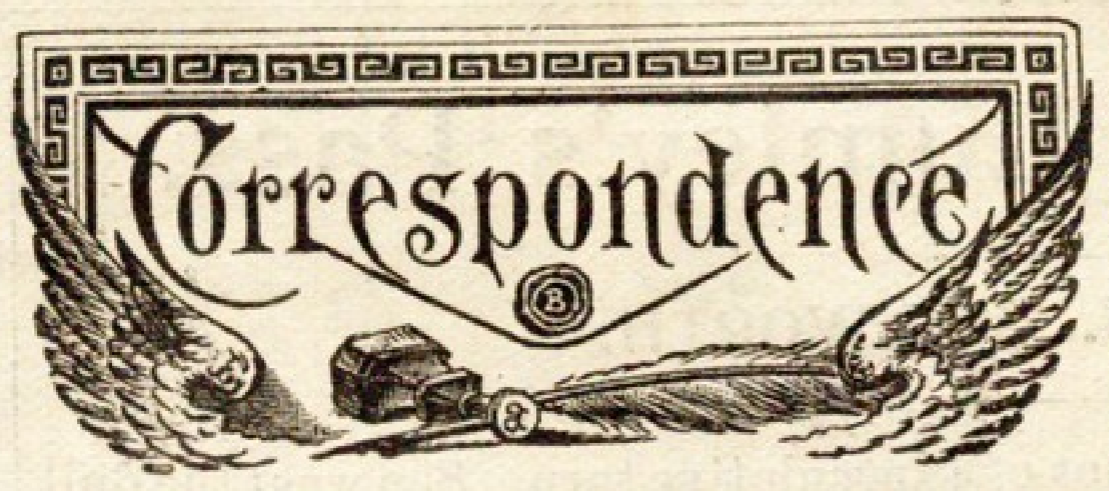
"Oh, oh, oh! Poor little boy!" cried Ella. "Certainly he was dashed to pieces?"

"Not a bit of it," said Jerry. "He fell into a pear-tree and caught by a branch, and before the painter's boy came down the ladder, he jumped the garden fence and rushed down the road to the river. I and some of the boys followed him. There was a boat there with a lady in it. She had come from a yacht lying out on the water, and as soon as she saw him flying along, she gave a scream. 'Wee Willie Winkle, come to your muzzer!' she said, and he went to her like a lamb and she took him in her arms."

"Then he was her little boy? And he had found his mother again?" said Ella, beginning to sob. "No doubt she loved him, even if he was naughty. Mothers always do."

"Her little boy!" cried Jerry. "He was her little cat, and the worst one I ever saw."

"Oh, Jerry Johnson!" said Ella. "You know you tried to make me think he was a little boy. I'll never speak to you again."



Correspondence

Advice to a Bride.—A. L. wants to know what will soften and smooth the elbows which are rough and hard? What exercise could a girl of eighteen take? She teaches school from 9 A. M. to 4 P. M. She has an hour recess at noon at the school. She rises at six, cleans up the house and gets the small children ready for school, walks to school in ten minutes (three-quarters of a mile), sits in the school-room until 12 M., has her hour, then teaches till four, comes home and sews until 8:30 P. M. and retires at nine. She lives in the country. What will be a suitable toilet for an April bride (the latter part) to be married in; also, two other nice but not expensive costumes, and how should they be made? The bride is a blonde, tall and full figure; lives in the country in the South; will be married at high noon with very few friends present. She is a school teacher and can't afford anything very expensive. She and her husband will begin housekeeping at once. You will greatly oblige me by answering these questions. *Answer:* The *Ledger* hopes that the bride-to-be is the writer of the sensible, practical letter that accompanies these inquiries. If so, the future husband will please accept congratulations. As to exercise, it would seem that there was less need of that than of rest and time to think and to enjoy a few of the pleasures of life. All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy, and it makes Gill grow old and lose her freshness and youthful grace and attractiveness, something which she should guard with the utmost care and watchfulness. It goes soon enough at the best. Perhaps deep and judicious breathing would be about the best possible exercise. Make the clothing perfectly loose, undoing all fastenings; then fill the lungs as full as possible, hold the breath an instant, then let the air out slowly. Repeat this ten or twenty times, and go through this exercise half a dozen times every day. Swinging the arms and bending the body are also excellent, but must not be overdone. As to dresses, why not wear a travelling-dress, something that will be pretty and suitable afterward for best wear. If white is desired, you might get a nun's veiling or an India silk. Make the dress up simply, and trim with a very little very good lace, or with accordion-plaited silk mull or chiffon. Make the dress high in the neck and with a perfectly plain skirt, and sleeves either in leg-o'-mutton style or with full puffs to the elbows, and long gloves. Every lady should have a black dress. If you have none, get a good black camel's-hair or a Priestley clairette. Have it made with plain skirt and one of the new short basque jackets, which style is really a fitted waist with ripple basque skirt. Leg-o'-mutton sleeves and a fancy collar would make a nice finish. For a third dress get a plain dark skirt and some fancy waists. Or you might get a pretty light silk and a black satin skirt, with fancy waists. As to the elbows, does not the teacher lean with her elbows on the desk? Stop this habit, and bathe the elbows in hot water half a dozen times during the week, or oftener, if possible, and all will come right. A little cold cream may be beneficial.

Matrimonial Papers.—John C. H. and Francis W. have heard about matrimonial papers and agencies, and ask if they are reliable or otherwise. Also, when a young man loves two girls, and cannot tell which one he loves best, what shall he do? *Answer:* As to the reliability of matrimonial agencies, bureaus, papers, etc., the question is difficult to answer. As far as getting correspondents, unquestionably they are able to do that. Indeed, there are often more letters than one is able to attend to. But the question is, are they the sort of persons one would like to marry? Many say not, and very few who have had dealings with them are satisfied As to loving two girls, and not being able to decide which one you love best, this is not at all difficult to see through. It is very evident, John, that you don't know what love is. Just wait until you have a bad attack of it, and you will be in no doubt as to whom you are in love with. At present your fancy may be engaged, but not your heart.

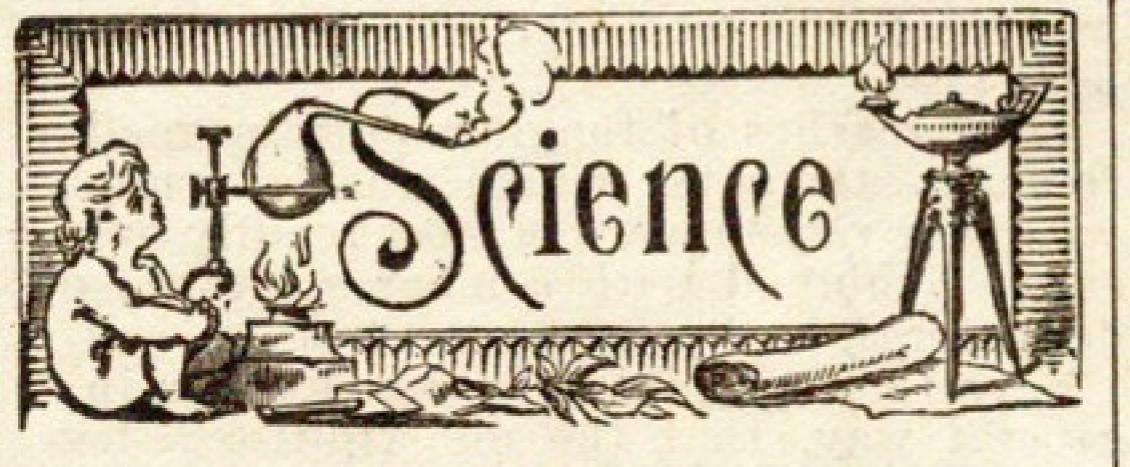
Concerning Serenades.—Mignonne wants to know how a young lady should conduct herself when she is serenaded. If she has retired, should she rise, and should the musicians be invited indoors? *Answer:* If the compliment is intended solely for the young lady, she could scarcely expect the family to rise and assist her in receiving, and if the musicians were all gentlemen she could not, with propriety, receive them alone. If they were well-trained young men, they would not expect to be invited in. Indeed, they would keep as carefully out of sight as possible. Such callers are heard, but not seen. The young lady might cautiously open her window to let them know that she heard and appreciated the music. One nice girl opened her window gently, clapped her hands a few times and retreated. The following day the musicians were invited to afternoon tea, and there was more music.

Answering Questions, Etc.—J. B. asks if there are papers or magazines that make it a rule to answer every question that is asked. Also, a phrenological reason for peculiar conditions of the teeth. *Answer:* All publications are supposed to answer the important questions asked if they have a correspondence department. Phrenology, as far as the *Ledger* has ever heard, has nothing to do with the teeth, except as far as general health and vitality are concerned. All sound teeth have nerves, and a tooth without a nerve must be so because the nerve is dead, therefore it cannot be sound. It may remain fair and strong for many years and show no signs of decay, but all the same it is not a perfect tooth. It is difficult to see how such a state of things has any relation to a mental condition.

Author's Address. (Inquirer.)—The Secretary of the American Authors' Guild, No. 70 Fifth Avenue, New York City, can doubtless furnish you with the address of James Whitcomb Riley.

A Serial Story.—Mrs. D. writes: "In 1893, a serial story by Florence Marryat, entitled 'An Unfortunate Match,' was commenced in *Ballou's Monthly Magazine.* Some time in the summer the company failed, and the story was stopped. Can you tell me if the story has been published? If not, where I may write concerning it, and oblige a subscriber to the *Ledger* for many years." *Answer:* The *Ledger* regrets that it can give no information about it. Perhaps some of the *Ledger's* readers can do so.

⁂Several letters stand over to be answered in our next.



Science

Tea-Leaf Cigarettes. Among the curious forms of dissipation a writer in an English publication says that the smoking of cigarettes made of tea leaves has acquired some notoriety. A number of society people and artists have taken up this practice, and tea-smoking parties are not uncommon. A literary club at Kensington has regular meetings for this purpose. Tea cigarettes are a regular article of trade, and are sold to quite an extent. As might naturally be expected, this practice is developing some extremely obstinate nervous troubles, and cases of insomnia are traceable directly to this habit. It is the opinion of a number of eminent medical men that this is one of the most dangerous forms of indulgence. It almost entirely wrecks the nervous system, and makes rest and sleep out of the question. It is causing mental hallucinations, and, with persons of delicate temperaments, is likely to make rather short work of the victim.

Something New in Headlights. It is said by railroad experts that about half of the accidents that occur are due to derailments on curves. As the headlight is at present constructed, it throws the light straight on, and when the locomotive comes to the curve, a portion of it is in darkness. In the new invention the light is so arranged that it is suspended on pivots at top and bottom, so that it swings freely. From the bottom of the headlight two chains run to the ends of an arm connected by a rod running to the truck of the pilot wheels. When the pilot wheels strike the curve, the outside wheel is thrown slightly in advance, and this moves the rod and chain so as to throw the light directly on to the track, instead of in a straight line, thereby leaving a portion of the track in darkness. This is thought to be an invention of great value, and locomotive engineers are wondering that no one has thought of it before.

A Seventeen-Million-Horse-Power Gun. A scientist has estimated that there are guns that under fire create force equal to seventeen-million-horse power. This seems almost incredible, but careful figuring shows it to be a fact. It must, however, be borne in mind that this tremendous force is exerted for merely the fraction of a second of time. Every schoolboy knows that while he cannot, on what is called a "dead pull" or lift, accomplish very much, he can, by a spring or a sudden effort, move many times the weight that could be handled under ordinary circumstances. By the same calculation, the guns that throw 2,200-pound projectiles at the rate of 1,970 feet in a second, will, for an inconceivably short space of time, exert a force equal to twenty-four-million-horse power.

A Solder for Glass. What is looked upon as a most important discovery is a solder for glass. This is composed of 95 parts of tin and 5 parts of zinc. It has a beautiful metallic luster, is not subject to change, adheres firmly to glass, and melts at 200°. Another alloy is made of 90 parts of tin and 10 of aluminum. This is also very brilliant and lasting, and solders glass very strongly. It is as easy to manage as to solder metal. The work is done either by heating the pieces to be soldered, then rubbing them with a bit of the solder, and pressing together immediately, or with an ordinary iron, as in metal, except that the pieces of glass should be quite hot before joining. In either case the invention is exceedingly interesting and has very many uses.

Premiums on Inventions. The French Society for the Encouragement of Industry offers prizes for the most valuable inventions. For the best motor fed with some commercial oil; for a method of reducing leakage in marine boilers; for a new and useful alloy; for a small motor suitable for a home work-shop which will work by the use of some simple power available in the house or by energy transmitted from a station; for improvements in the process of preparing linen and hemp; for a new way to utilize waste products; improvements in the casting of iron and steel, and essays or books on the use of chemical or metallurgical industries. The field is a very broad one and American inventors are invited to compete.

Secret of the Keeley Motor. Apergy is the name of the new force claimed for the Keeley motor. This force is thus defined: "It is obtained by simply blending negative and positive electricity with electricity of the third element or state, and by charging a body sufficiently with this fluid, gravitation is nullified or partly reversed, and the earth repels the body with the same or greater power than that with which it formerly attracted it, so that it may be suspended or caused to move away into space."

A Simple Experiment in Freezing. Pour a little water on to a board under a hot stove, then mix in a tin cup a quantity of ice and salt, stir it thoroughly and place it on the board in the water. The freezing process will very shortly begin. The theory is the rapid evaporation caused by the heat.

WOMAN'S WORLD.

All questions which may be asked on the subjects treated in this Department will be answered in the Correspondence column.

Fashion and Fancy. STYLISH DRESSES FOR GIRLS.—Girls of twelve to sixteen years wear gored skirts quite full; indeed, are planned very much on the fashion of those of their elders.

The skirts may be entirely without trimming, or finished with velvet or satin ribbon, set on in rows above the hem, or, what is quite as stylish and very much liked by many, with bands of velvet or ribbon from the waist-line almost to the hem, the lower ends being finished with rosettes of the trimming material. These bands are set down the seams at the sides of the front, and the next seams toward the back. Other skirts have ribbon trimming about halfway down, but set on in loops, with long ends.

A stylish costume for a girl for a dressy afternoon occasion is made of glacé silk, in the warp-dyed goods now so popular. The skirt is full and flaring; the waist is gathered into a plain yoke, which is covered with embroidery or lace. There is a velvet cape set on at the edge of the yoke. This falls over the sleeves, and is narrower at the front, being gathered up and fastened with a ribbon rosette. The lower edge of the cape is trimmed with passementerie, and edged with lace or embroidery to match the yoke. The large puff sleeves have cuffs of velvet extending to the elbows, and these have wide, turned-up cuffs of embroidery.

Another dressy dress is of India silk with a light ground and printing of roses and leaves. This has velvet bands down the seams of the skirt terminating in rosettes. The vest front is full and droops over the skirt. Velvet ribbon bands extend from the sides of this front around to the back, and there are rosettes of the ribbon on the shoulders. The collar is of velvet, and the full drooping sleeves have velvet cuffs.

A pretty dress, suitable for school, is of clan plaid, with full skirt, loose front and leg-o'-mutton sleeves. The collar of velvet has a cape in round-yoke shape. From this cape, over the shoulders and down the sides of the front, extend little tabs, each one trimmed with six buttons, three on a side. The tabs are pointed, and they, as well as the cape, are lined with satin.

An exceedingly attractive dancing-school dress for a small girl is made with full-length breadths from the yoke down. It is in a modified Mother Hubbard style, has a square low-neck and very large puffed sleeves extending to the elbows. Over the tops of the sleeves are lace Vandykes, and similar lace, in narrower widths, falls from narrow ruffles at the elbows.

A practical school-dress is made of cheviot. It has the regulation full skirt, a fitted waist and leg-o'-mutton sleeves. From shoulders to belt, in front and back, are bands of the material, pressed closely and graduated, being quite narrow where they meet the waist-line. The ends of these sections are covered by a belt of the material, finished at the back with a rosette of ribbon.

Among some exceptionally dainty dresses for children's parties is one of India cashmere, with a yoke and sleeve bands of very handsome hand embroidery. At the sides of the yoke are rosettes made of Dresden ribbon. A little girl's out-of-door costume is a wool bouclé or matelesse. This is in Mother Hubbard style, and has a wide, square-cornered cape of plush, edged with fur. The collar is made full around the neck, and another collar stands up around the sides of the head for warmth. The sleeves are large puffs, with cuffs of plush, trimmed with fur. A hat of plush, caught up at the side and edged with fur, is profusely trimmed with ostrich plumes.

Among the conveniences and comforts for little folks are sacques of eiderdown flannel. These are made with fronts wide enough to meet below the waist. They have turned-over collars, roomy sleeves and are bound with ribbon or hemmed and trimmed with braid or some fancy galloon. It is always desirable to have these sacques at hand when little ones are dressed in thin clothing. A small child should never be taken through a cold room or hall without being covered, especially if it is in any way delicate. Indeed, to avoid the possibility of chilling is one of the secrets of keeping the little ones in good health.

Fashion Notes. Aprons for girls are a necessity. An exceedingly pretty style has a fitted waist very much on the principle of the underwaist for petticoats. It is low in the neck and has large armholes. Around the shoulders is a deep ruffle of the material, edged with lace or embroidery. The points cross in the front and meet in the back below the belt, where they are tied with ribbons or fastened with buttons.

Children's undergarments are greatly simplified of late. They are made on much more sensible plans than of old; all petticoats having waists, and dresses being much simpler and more comfortable.

A BARGAIN COLLECTION OF
FLOWER SEEDS
10 Choice Annuals, (everybody's favorites), all new, fresh seeds, sure to grow and bloom this season. Pansy, 40 colors and markings; Phlox, 20 colors; Verbena, 18 colors; Pinks 10 colors; Petunia, 10 colors; Asters, 12 colors; Balsam, 8 colors; Sweet Peas, 12 colors; Mignonette and Sweet Alyssum.
FOR 12 CENTS and the name and address of two of your friends who grow flowers, I will send, postpaid, the complete collection, one pkt. each of the ten varieties (enough for any ordinary garden.) This is a BONAFIDE offer, made to introduce my home grown flower seeds to new customers and which I guarantee to please you or the amount paid refunded and the seeds given as a present.
Miss C. H. LIPPINCOTT,
319 and 323 Sixth St. So., MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

WOMAN'S WORLD.

(Continued.)

It is possible to make very pretty little shoes for babies by using firm, moderately thick materials and sewing them to a sole. Patterns for shoes of this kind are furnished, and deft fingers may work eyelets and set a row of dainty embroidery around the ankles.

A baby's first short dress is made of nainsook with feather-stitched or hemstitched hems. The body is gathered into a square yoke of embroidery or tucks, and hemstitched ruffles fall over the sleeves, which are long and full and finished with hemstitched cuffs.

A dainty little wrapper for a child is made of flannelette. It is cut with full-length breadths, the yoke being shaped in by plaits stitched down and feather-stitched. Three plaits turn toward the middle on either side front and back. The hem down the front and that at the lower edge of the skirt are also feather-stitched, as are the turned-over collar and cuffs.

A stylish apron is made in a modified Mother Hubbard fashion, with a round yoke edged with a ruffle trimmed with lace. There are short sleeves made of full, lace-edged ruffles. The back breadths are gathered in, and wide strings are tied in a bow at the back. A belt is set around the front of the inside to keep the garment in place.

A comfortable long coat for a child is made of plush. It is gathered into a square yoke and falls in very full folds, covering the entire dress. The puffed sleeves have close-fitting cuffs. There is a medium-sized cape and a wide collar that can be turned over or rolled up around the ears, according to the weather.

Hemstitching and fine lace are the preferred trimmings for garments for the little ones. Embroidery must be ironed with more or less dressing, and is scratchy and disagreeable. Many a child cries of hurts brought about by uncomfortable clothes, or those made of unsuitable material.

For information, thanks are due to Messrs. James McCreery & Co. and Arnold, Constable & Co.

Is Housekeeping Hard Work? Whether or not housekeeping is hard work depends a great deal on how it is done. It certainly is not play; indeed, there is nothing in the world in the way of duties that most of the intelligent people who live in it are willing to call other than hard work if they are obliged to busy themselves at it day after day, week after week and year after year.

It is not always that housekeeping is such hard work, even under unfavorable circumstances; it is monotonous.

Up-to-date housekeeping need not be very hard work if one is well and arranges matters with any system. In the first place, the house must be properly built. The dining-room and kitchen must not be far removed from each other, and pantries, closets and store-rooms are to be as near at hand as possible. There must be a laundry, with hot and cold water and arrangements for boiling clothes and heating irons. If this is provided, the kitchen floor should be covered with a matting.

If carpets are considered necessary to the comfort of the household, they may be arranged rug fashion, with a border of inlaid wood, or if the floors are not good, of fine matting. This makes sweeping comparatively easy, as a brush clears the margins, and the carpet-sweeper puts the middle of the room in proper condition. The stairs should have plates in the corners, so that there is no tedious and troublesome digging out of acute angles. There should be screens to keep out flies in the summer and weather-strips to keep out the dust all the year around. A furnace with the most improved dust-flues is a necessity, and the kitchen range must have a good draft, and be of an up-to-date pattern. The rooms should not be overloaded with bric-a-brac and furniture, but may be tastefully and daintily furnished without entailing upon the housewife the never-ending care of a lot of cumbersome fixings that are better out of sight than in.

A liberal supply of kitchen utensils should be provided, and there should be a sufficient closet space, so that when one is required, a dozen need not be displaced in order to get at it.

Closets and pantries should have snugly-fitted doors, with weather-strips to keep out the dust. The housekeeper who has never tried weather-strips on her pantry doors has little idea of their advantage. As for the daily food, if people are content to live simply, and this is very much better than elaborateness and too much attention to what one eats, the meals may be prepared without great labor. In the morning, vegetables may be made ready for the dinner, and much of the detail of the meals of the day attended to. Some housekeepers think it next door to a disgrace to put away the dishes from one day's meal and wash with those of the next morning, but this method has points of grace, as can be attested by some who have tried it.

The food should be put away, and the dishes gathered and carefully placed, in snug shape, in a large dishpan. Over these place a thick cloth, to keep them from getting too dry. The table may remain spread from meal to meal, if the dining-room is used for no other purpose.

By looking ahead a little, and working with brains as well as hands, the duties of the household are, to a great extent, simplified, systematized and reduced to easy and manageable proportions.

Farinose Griddle-Cakes. One cup of cold Farinose Porridge, one cup of flour, one egg, half a teaspoonful of salt, and one heaping teaspoonful of baking powder. Mix with milk to a thin batter, and fry on a well-greased hot griddle.

An Inexpensive Pudding. Two cups of flour, one of cream, one of sugar, one egg, one teaspoonful of soda, two of cream of tartar. Mix and bake twenty minutes.

Patterns.

We have made special arrangements by which we can supply our readers with dress-patterns by mail, prepaid, at the nominal price of ten cents per pattern.

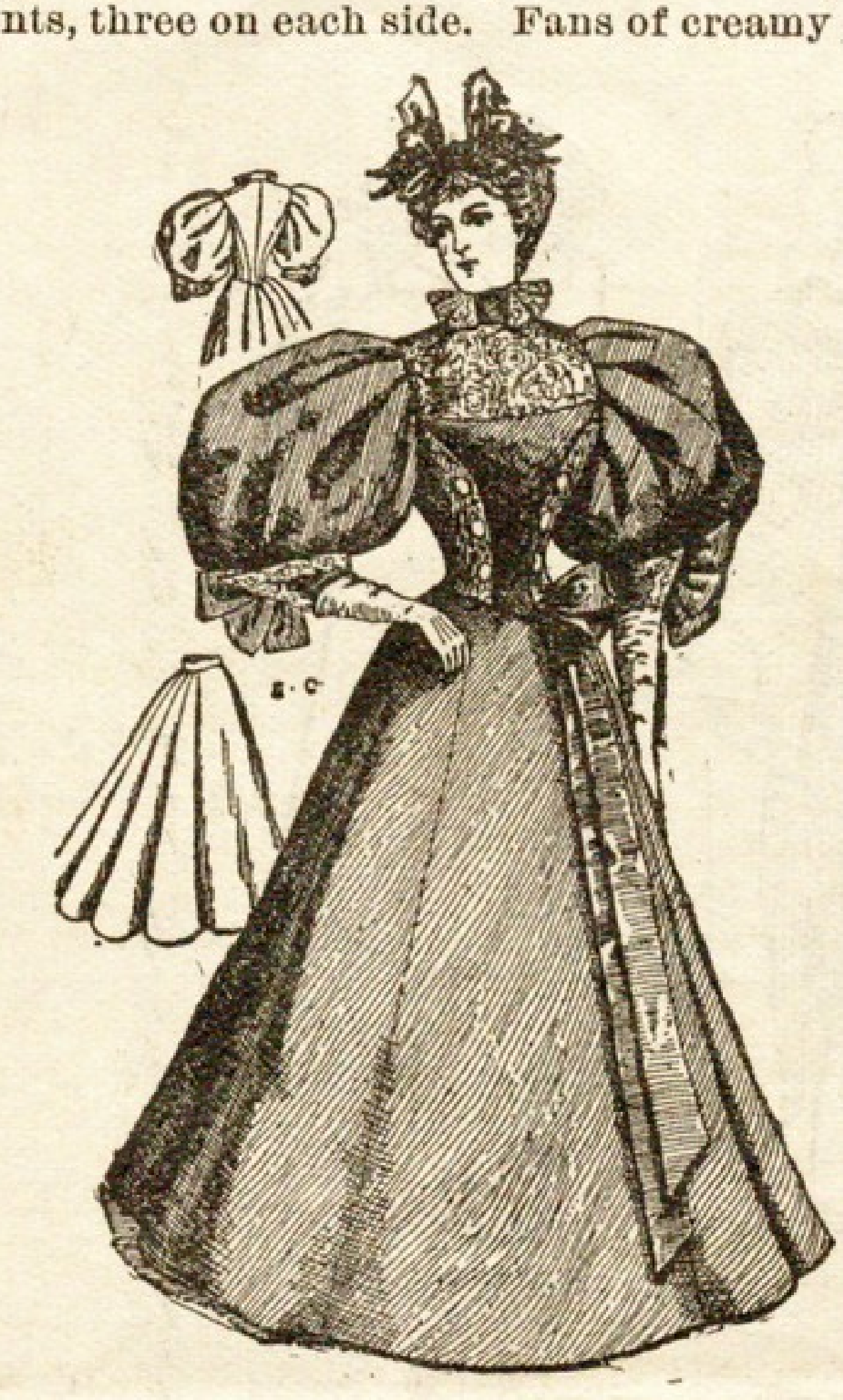
Each issue of the *Ledger*, hereafter, will contain illustrations of two or more new styles, for which patterns will be supplied to order. Parties ordering will please use a small sheet of plain writing-paper, small enough to go into an ordinary envelope, write name very plainly and give post-office and State, together with street and number, wherever necessary. Be careful to give correct bust-measure and the number of the pattern desired, using the number under the illustration. Inclose ten cents in stamps for each pattern ordered. State that you are a reader of the *Ledger*, otherwise these patterns will cost you 25, 30 or 35 cents each, as the case may be, these being the regular prices for which the patterns are sold.

The patterns selected for illustration in this issue are numbered 6662, 6563, 6583 and 6664.

Ladies' Afternoon Toilet.

CONSISTING OF POINTED BASQUE, 6662, AND SIX-GORED SKIRT, 6563.

Blue velvet is here handsomely combined with oriental silk, in the striking iridescent shades peculiar to the Persian coloring. Loops of shaded ribbon stand out from the elbow cuffs and left side of basque, long ends of the same falling over the velvet skirt. Handsome, dull-gilt filigree buttons are placed on the jacket fronts, three on each side. Fans of creamy point lace fall on each side of the close-fitting velvet collar. The basque of velvet is rendered glove-fitting by means of the usual double-bust darts, under-arm and side-back gores, and a curved center seam in center back. The deep yoke and jacket fronts of oriental silk are included in the under-arm seams, the closing being effected invisibly at the left shoulder and under the edge of the left jacket front. Long, full puffs are gracefully disposed over comfortable sleeve linings, and finished below the elbow with pointed, flaring cuffs.



6662—LADIES' BASQUE
6563—LADIES' SKIRT

The stylish skirt is shaped with six gores, that fit smoothly at the top, in front and on the sides, falling in undulating folds of ripples below the hips. Three separate godets form the back, each expanding in the tubular folds now fashionable. A wide facing of haircloth gives the skirt a proper set at the lower edge.

Effective toilets by the mode can be attractively developed in less expensive materials, different combinations being suggested by individual taste.

Pattern **6662** is cut in five sizes, viz.: 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inches bust measure.

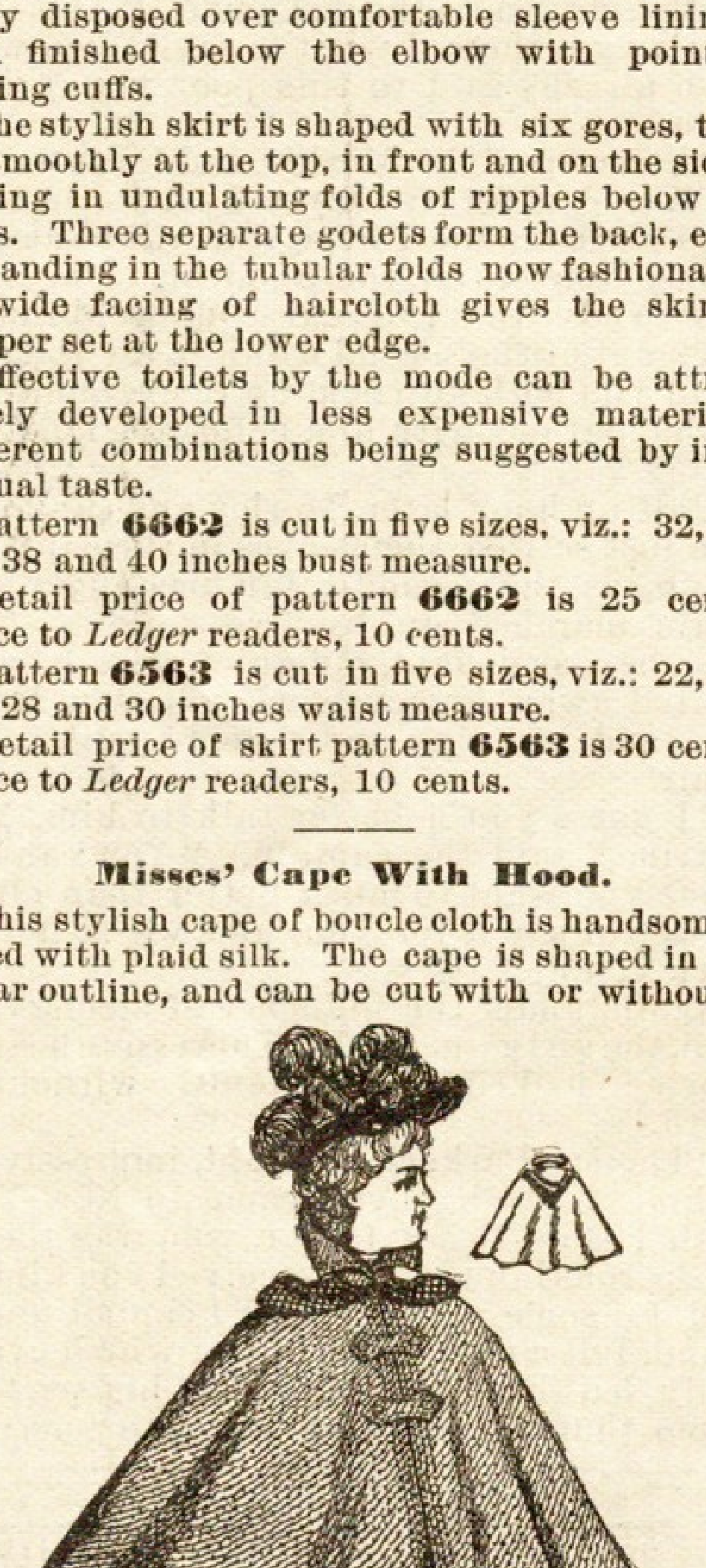
Retail price of pattern **6662** is 25 cents. Price to *Ledger* readers, 10 cents.

Pattern **6563** is cut in five sizes, viz.: 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inches waist measure.

Retail price of skirt pattern **6563** is 30 cents. Price to *Ledger* readers, 10 cents.

Misses' Cape With Hood.

This stylish cape of boucle cloth is handsomely lined with plaid silk. The cape is shaped in circular outline, and can be cut with or without a seam in center back, as best suits the material. The shoulders are smooth, smoothly-fitted without darts, and it falls to fashionable length in stylish ripples all around. The collar can be raised, with the fronts rolled as shown, closed higher, or rolled over on cape as preferred. The pointed hood is lined throughout, displaying the pretty plaid silk on its rounded front edges. The cape is hooked closely at the neck, two pointed straps closing the front edges with bone buttons. The edges of cape, straps and collar are finished with machine stitching in tailor style; but this can be omitted if a plain completion is preferred. Capes by the mode are made of medium and heavy cloaking in plain and mixed colors, with smooth or rough-faced surface. For early spring, capes in this style are made of the dress material and warmly interlined. The hood can be finished separately and hooked on at the neck when worn, or omitted when not desired.



6664—MISSES' CAPE WITH HOOD.

Pattern **6664** is cut in sizes for 12, 14 and 16-year-old Misses.

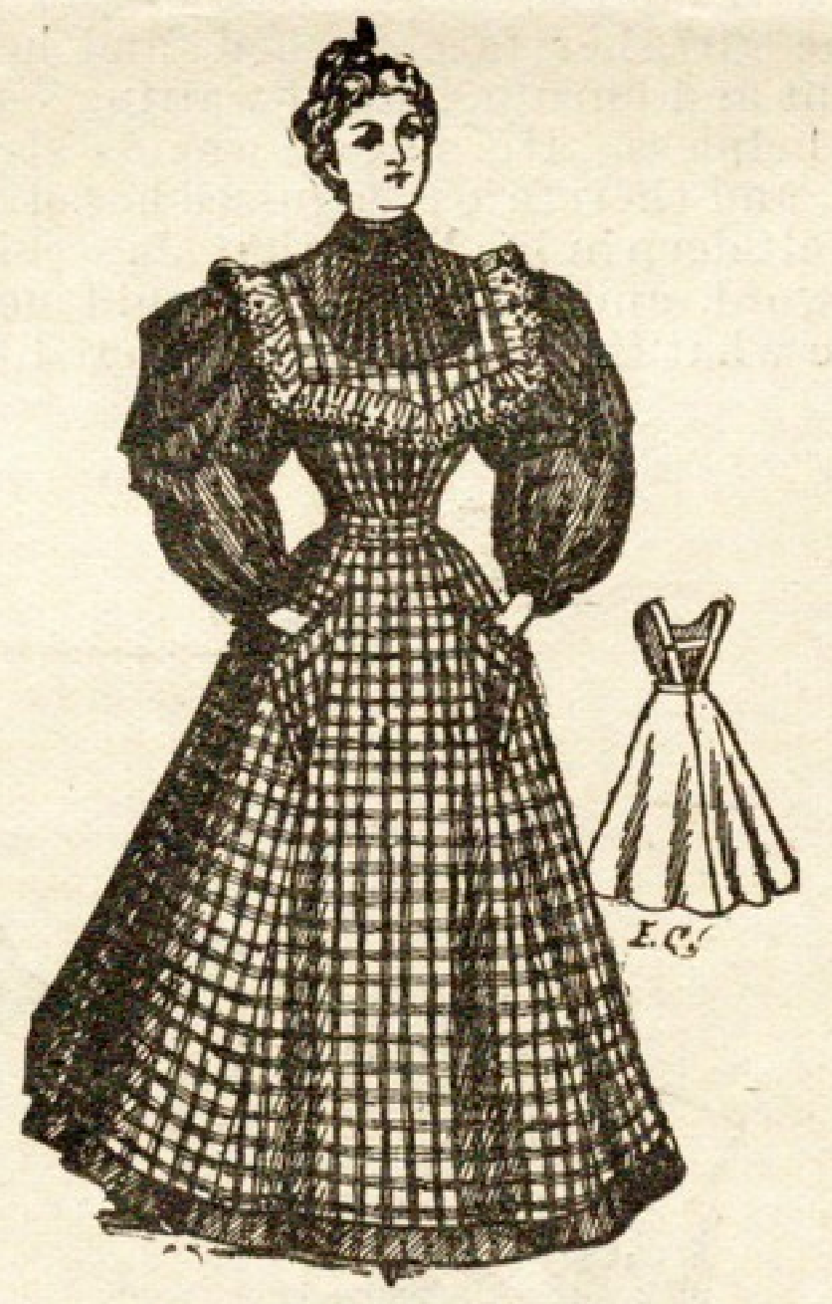
Quantity of Material 54 Inches Wide.

For Misses 12 years old	$1\frac{3}{8}$ yds.
" 14 "	$1\frac{5}{8}$ "
" 16 "	$1\frac{7}{8}$ "

Retail price of pattern **6664** is 30 cents. Price to *Ledger* readers, 10 cents.

Ladies' Work Apron.

Checked gingham is used for this serviceable apron, which is neat and tidy-looking, besides being thoroughly protective. The bib is gathered at the waist-line in front and joined to the belt that encircles the waist, the upper portion being attached to yoke-shaped bretelles that pass over the shoulders and join the belt in back. A cross strap buttoned on holds the bretelles in position. The gored skirt portions fit smoothly at the top and are joined to lower edge of belt. Triangular pockets are placed at convenient depth, having their front edges inserted in the front gore seam. The lower edges are hemmed or faced, and a frill of embroidery trims the lower edge of yoke. Aprons in this style can be made from white or colored cambric, muslin, lawn, percale or gingham, trimmed with frills of the material, lace or embroidery, as here shown, feather stitching, cross stitch or plainly completed.



6583—LADIES' WORK APRON

Pattern **6583** is cut in five sizes: 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inches bust measure.

Quantity of Material 36 Inches Wide.

For 32 inches bust measure..	$2\frac{3}{4}$ yd.
" 36 " " " ..	3 "
" 40 " " " ..	$3\frac{1}{4}$ "

Retail price of pattern **6583** is 25 cents. Price to *Ledger* readers, 10 cents.

Healthful Sleeping Arrangements. Sanitarians and hygienic enthusiasts are never weary of telling just how and where people should sleep to make sure of the most healthful conditions. They go into all sorts of elaborate descriptions, setting down as necessities articles that one-quarter of the human family could not indulge in even as luxuries. How to be comfortable when the ordinary elements of comfort are lacking is the secret of success in life.

Some years ago the mother of a family found herself at the beginning of winter with the most meager provision for warmth. She was in a new country and a long distance from markets, and although the farm on which she lived yielded plenteously, the products brought but a trifle and scarcely paid for marketing. Among the serious lacks was bedding and furniture for sleeping-rooms. It was not difficult to fasten together some pieces of timber to make bed-frames, and, after the old fashion, cords were laced through and through as a foundation. At this stage the careful woman studied and thought out a new plan. In the granary were scores of bags of wheat bran. A sudden attack of croup in the little circle and the need of a warm bran bag gave her the cue. Providing suitable ticks, she filled them with bran and spread them evenly over a not very full straw bed placed over the ropes. Half a dozen bran bags the size of a pillow, but not very full, were basted together at the edges and fastened to the corners of the bed frame by suitable strings. Under the little bags and above the larger one three little tots slept for an entire winter. A thick comfortable was spread over all, and they all agreed that a nicer bed it would be impossible to find.

A good bran bag is an exceedingly comfortable thing to have about, and half a dozen of them will stand between a delicate constitution and a good many illnesses. Many a pioneer mother has kept her baby between bran bags during all of the first naps of its little life.

The contents of the bags may be changed occasionally and the ticks washed. Bran is a thousand times more healthful than eiderdown, feathers or animal matter of any sort. Bran is by many thought to be a tonic and of great benefit when put in contact with the skin of delicate persons or young children. No one has yet been able to determine how largely we are nourished through the pores of the skin, or how long one might live by absorbing nutriment in this way. Several women who have kept their babies warm with bran bags have said that whatever may be the theory of this course of treatment, the practical results are in every way satisfactory.

A family of seven children grew up almost entirely free from colds, and when they contracted the diseases incident to childhood, they had them very lightly and experienced no serious after-effects. During their sickness they were kept covered with bran bags made of cheesecloth, the bran being pressed and smoothed around them in order to cover them closely. New bran was put in every day; and twice a week they were put between bags saturated with water. The old doctor—a man of fifty years' experience—insisted that the treatment drew the disease out of the children before it had time to do them any serious injury. At all events, they made quick and perfect recoveries, without a relapse or any of the lingering symptoms so often observable, especially after measles, scarlet fever and diphtheria.

There is a great deal of good in these simple methods, and women who have strength of mind and nerve to try them are quite likely to be rewarded by finding their little ones healthy, happy and good-natured.

Servants' Bath-Rooms. There is one convenience which is sadly lacking in the houses of well-to-do people. In ninety-nine houses out of a hundred that cost over three thousand to build, such a thing as a servants' bath-room is unheard of. Just why this should be, it is very difficult to say. Certainly the people who perform household service and those who are occupied about the outside of a place have quite as much need for this convenience as the leisure members of the household.

One of the most admirable plans for a house for well-to-do people has an L running out from the rear extension of the dwelling. In this L is a large room which is used as a servants' sitting and dining-room, and a large entry-way where their out-of-door garments may be kept for immediate necessity. On the next floor are sleeping-rooms, and a large and commodious bath, with hot and cold water and all conveniences. Each servant has his or her own towels, and regulations as to keeping the place in order are very strictly enforced.

It is often remarked by visitors that the servants in this house are unusually neat and tidy-looking, and have wonderfully fresh complexions. This, the mistress of the house declares, is owing to frequent baths, on which she insists. Why is it that all well-managed establishments cannot provide bath-rooms for their help?

The Seasoning of Dishes. It is a very common mistake to season dishes too much. It is possible, by a judicious management of flavors, so to disguise the original taste of an article that the individual who grew it would never recognize it.

As a people, we use too much salt and too many condiments. It is a question whether half of the people who eat at hotels and restaurants know the natural, genuine flavor of the dishes of which they partake. We have too many curries and sauces and catsups and mustard mixtures, too many peppers and spices, and, above all things, too much salt. Salt retards digestion by hardening the articles cooked with too much of it. It is not generally known that bread will rise in much less time if the salt is left out of the batter. This necessary ingredient should be added just before the final mixing. Some housekeepers insist that salt is responsible for a great many batches of sour bread. At all events, a few trials will convince any one that as an element in the sponge it is much better left out.

To people accustomed to the concoctions of the *chef*, simple, fresh meats and vegetables are tasteless and insipid. Everything must have its sauce, its gravy and its seasoning. The delight of distinguishing flavors belongs not to the hotel-fed man. A long-continued course of highly seasoned food deteriorates the digestive apparatus, disorders the nerves and lays the train for intemperate indulgence by causing continuous uneasiness and irritation in the gastric region. There is a steady and persistent craving for something flavorous, something to excite the appetite and allay the thirst that is ever present. A semi-starvation diet of a month with a medical regimen is one of the best appetizers in the world. If, at the end of this, one is satisfied to begin on simple food with a very little seasoning, there will be a new set of sensations, and the pleasures of the table will multiply a thousand fold.

Progressive Card Parties. There are few more popular entertainments than a well-arranged progressive card party. There is a little excitement, just enough variety to keep from monotony, and absolutely no chance for favoritism or the "pairing off" that is the bane of many entertainments. Once the playing is started, one must take the partner allotted by the fortunes of the game.

Among the newest wrinkles in progressive card parties is the doing away with the "booby" prize. This has been legislated, as it were, out of existence by the fact that those who had a prospect of losing purposely misplayed or threw themselves out of the game in order to win the prize. A good deal of feeling grew out of this, and for this and other equally good reasons the arrangements have been so modified that there are first, second and third, and if the company is large, a fourth prize, instead of the "booby," as heretofore. It is very much better to have three prizes, all of the one grade, and a fourth if needed, or if the entertainer is willing to go into it on an elaborate scale. This makes six prizes at best, or eight if one chooses.

There ought to be a much better system than that sometimes followed on these occasions. It makes a great deal of confusion and awkwardness to have all of the guests running about after their tally marks. It would be very much better to have some person selected to distribute them, and have the guests remain in the seats until this is done.

Layer Spice Cake. One egg, one cup of sugar one tablespoonful of butter, one teacup of milk, two cups of flour, and three teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one half grated nutmeg. Bake two layers of the plain, leaving enough for another layer. To this add one tablespoonful of molasses, one of flour, one teaspoonful each of cloves, cinnamon and allspice, and half a cup of chopped raisins and currants.

The Second=Cabin Passenger.

Continued from page 9.

the end, find the foundation of her strange resolve, and thus overthrow it, with nothing ahead but Liverpool and inevitable disgrace and agony for her, even should she be eventually relieved of the charge in the courts, he could see no brightness in the sky.

After a brief period of thought, however, one straw came in range of his mental vision, and he clutched at it. He had said nothing to her about the second-cabin passenger since the first and last time they had mentioned him—the day she had asked whether the man who had tried to annoy her was travelling in the second cabin or the steerage. If, as he surmised with good reason, this man was in truth in some inexplicable way concerned in her life and had a bearing on this mystery, he might, by suddenly claiming to have more knowledge of him than he really possessed, force her into an explanation which should throw some light upon the mystery. The circumstances, he argued, justified him in trying diplomacy even to the point of deceiving the woman whom he loved, when ordinary methods failed.

Accordingly he broke the silence with :

“Madeline, you cannot longer conceal the truth. I have just come from a long talk with Thompson; he is now locked up and shackled in the hold.”

She raised her head with languid, uninterested eyes.

“Who is Thompson?” she asked.

Had this failed, too? Had his whole train of reasoning concerning the second-cabin passenger been false? Was it true, after all, that Madeline knew and cared nothing about this man in whose guilt he had so confidently believed? If so, then the mystery had, indeed, become too deep for him to unravel. He was nonplussed. Then he remembered that the man might very well have, and probably had, given a false name which she did not recognize. It was with the feeling that on the next two minutes hung his forlorn hope, that he spoke next. The words came slowly and he fixed a gaze of intense scrutiny on her face as he uttered them.

“Thompson is the name given by that evil second-cabin passenger.”

The sign came. Madeline started forward with agonized expectancy in her face, and eyes almost starting from her head.

“Oh, Dick!” she cried. “He has not confessed, has he? He is not suspected and under arrest, is he? Great Heaven, Dick, tell me that that is not true!”

The sign had come, but what a sign! It only increased his difficulties tenfold. There was no doubt now that his guess of a connecting link between the life of his beloved and the life of that horrid, cursing creature had been accurate; but—merciful heavens!—what connection did this new attitude of hers indicate?

He had no time for speculation. She grasped him by the shoulders and looked straight into his eyes. There was no guilt in her gaze, but there was an intensity of fear in it that cowed him and forced him to tell the truth without exaggeration or reservation.

She wormed from him by eager questioning every detail of his own suspicions of the man and of Thompson's interview with the captain. She learned exactly what the man's present situation was, and when she found that the captain, while he had ordered him confined as a disorderly and dangerous person, did not share Morley's belief in his guilt, but looked upon her alone as the culprit, she raised her hands and face to heaven and thanked God for *being merciful!*

Poor Morley! He suffered the tortures of purgatory. Never had she seemed so lovely as she seemed at that moment. Never had it seemed so impossible for him to rescue her from black destruction.

But he had short time to think of this. Again she grasped him by the shoulders, and again she fixed that intense look upon his face.

“Richard Morley,” she said quietly, but in a strained and penetrating voice, “I love you from the very bottom of my soul, and I believe that you love me. I am going to make a demand of you which will subject you to another test more trying than the dreadful trial you have already passed through. I shall accept no refusal of it. You *dare* not deny me. If you do, loving you as I do, I swear that I will never marry you or even look upon your face again. It is the *life* of a human being whom I have loved longer than I have loved you, though in a different way, not merely the *reputation* of a useless woman, that depends upon you now.”

She lowered her voice until it was little more than a whisper, when she went on, but it lost none of its intensity :

“I demand of you a promise on your honor, on your love for me, on whatever you hold best and highest on this earth, that you will instantly withdraw your accusation against that man who is now confined in the hold; that you will lie to the captain of this ship by telling him that you no longer suspect that man of having been connected with the robbery of your jewels, and that you will do all that lies in your power to free him of suspicion, and secure his release from custody or annoyance of any kind whatever.”

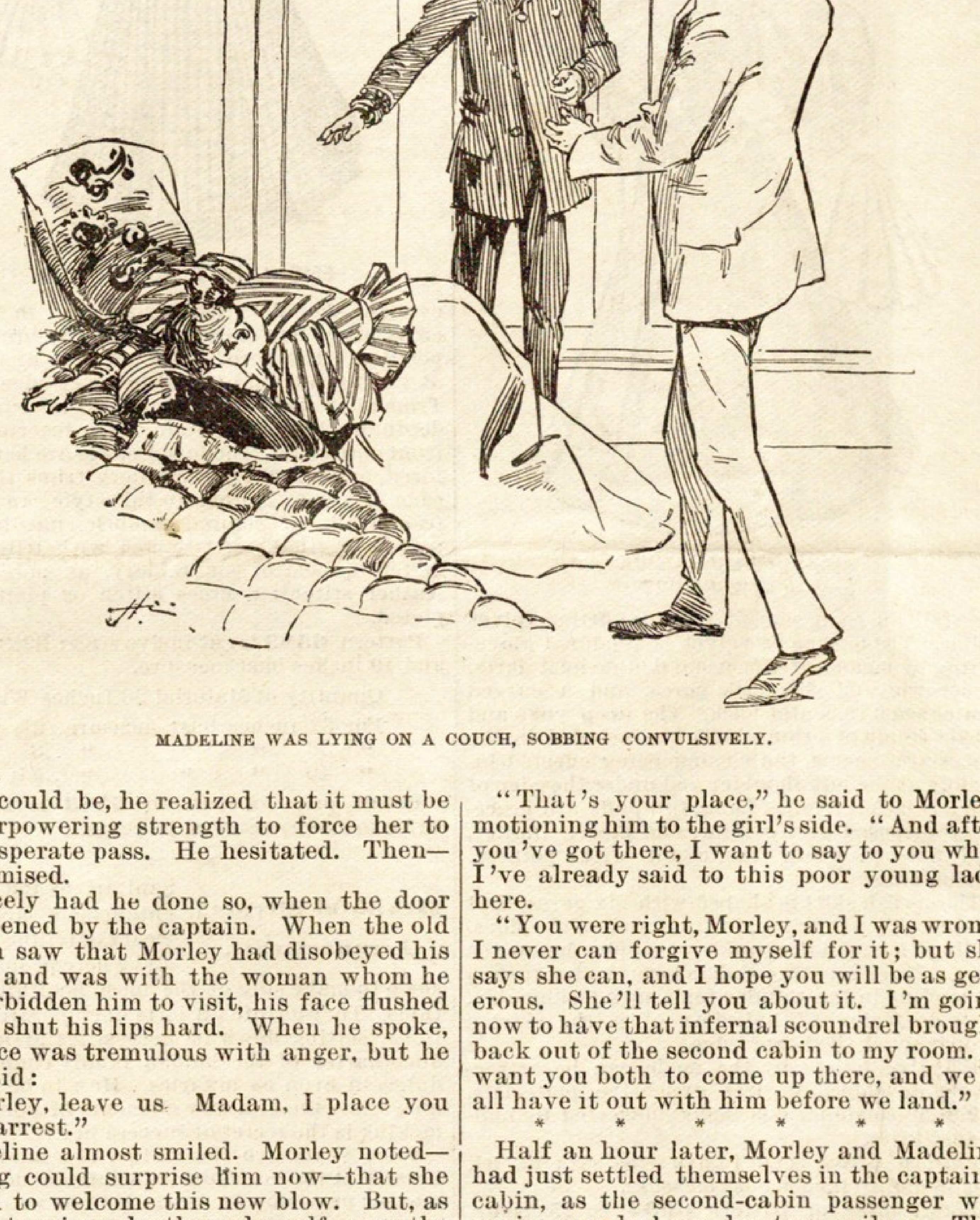
Morley opened his lips to protest at this dumfounding request, but she stopped him.

“If you love me,” she went on, “you will do this. I demand it on your honor, and I implore it on your love. I have said that *I* love *you*. Now I swear that I love you as few women have ever loved. There is the fire of a life-long passion, of an undying devotion in my heart, and it is all for you. But if you do not grant me this request,” here her voice broke, “and none can know better than I, dear Dick, how terrible its meaning must be to you—if you do not grant me this request, I take my solemn oath to refuse to see you or to speak to you, no matter how deeply this may tear my heart. I am a strong woman; I take my solemn oath to avoid you as I would a pestilence until I am cold in death.”

“Madeline!” exclaimed Morley in an agony.

“Promise!” she demanded. “What I have said have been the strongest words that I can call to my lips. If I could command more powerful speech, I would use it. I add that I swear this, and I shall not break my word. Promise!”

The girl, her face flushed, and her eyes bright and burning, stood waiting. Morley was helpless. His nature was as strong as hers, and therefore recognized her strength. He felt deep in his heart that she *would* keep her word, and although he could not conceive what the reason for her incredible demand could be, he realized that it must be of overpowering strength to force her to this desperate pass. He hesitated. Then—he promised.



MADELINE WAS LYING ON A COUCH, SOBBING CONVULSIVELY.

Scarcely had he done so, when the door was opened by the captain. When the old seaman saw that Morley had disobeyed his orders and was with the woman whom he had forbidden him to visit, his face flushed and he shut his lips hard. When he spoke, his voice was tremulous with anger, but he only said:

“Morley, leave us. Madam, I place you under arrest.”

Madeline almost smiled. Morley noted—nothing could surprise him now—that she seemed to welcome this new blow. But, as he was turning, she threw herself upon the cushioned seat. Beneath her head was the mutilated pillow from which the diamonds had been rescued by the searchers.

Her voice broke, and she sobbed wildly :

“Fate hates me!” she cried bitterly. “Give me up; I can bring you nothing but unhappiness!”

* * * * * *

The rest of that day was a period of misery for Morley. The captain treated him with cold disapproval, but he minded that least of all. He could get no word from Madeline. Four times he tried to buy the privilege of a moment with her from the men whom the captain had set to watch her, and even endeavored to send to her a long and passionately-written letter at a fabulous expense, but without success. He faithfully carried out his promise concerning the man in the hold. In a brief and frigid interview with the captain, he formally withdrew his complaint against the prisoner, and asked for his release, which was brought about before night, the captain remarking curtly that he was glad Morley had come to his senses at last. Aside from these episodes, Morley shunned the companionship of his kind. He spent his time in a quiet corner of the deck, sullenly watching the moving sea. When night came he did not even go to his stateroom. He felt no inclination to sleep, and did not attempt it. At five o'clock—just as the summer sun was throwing its early radiance over the ocean—Land's End was sighted. An hour afterward the first pilot came on board, although there was still nearly a day left of their voyage along the coast, bringing with him a packet of papers and letters—the first news the ship's passengers had received of the outside world since they had left New York.

As the steward handed him his share of the pile, Morley saw on top of the heap a letter and a telegram addressed to “Miss Madeline Perrine, Steamship *Venice*, incoming.” He begged the steward to go below with them at once. This was the first service he had been able to do her since the captain ordered him from her room.

A half hour dragged wearily away. He had stopped, hoping for news of Madeline. Presently he saw the steward who had distributed the letters.

“Did you give the telegram to Miss Perrine?” Morley asked.

“Yes, sir,” replied the steward, and added: “There must have been pretty bad news in it, for the lady fainted, and when she came to she asked for the captain. He's just gone down to see her, sir.”

Here was new pain. What additional blow had fallen on that poor girl?

The anxious lover had not long to wait. News came in the unexpected form of a summons from the captain to meet him in Miss Perrine's cabin.

When Morley opened the door, he found Madeline lying, sobbing convulsively, on the couch, while the old captain, his anger all gone now, sat beside her, patting her hand with an awkward attempt at fatherly comfort, his eyes half filled with tears.

The old man greeted him almost with tenderness. Madeline started to speak, but the captain interrupted her.

“That's your place,” he said to Morley, motioning him to the girl's side. “And after you've got there, I want to say to you what I've already said to this poor young lady here.

“You were right, Morley, and I was wrong. I never can forgive myself for it; but she says she can, and I hope you will be as generous. She'll tell you about it. I'm going now to have that infernal scoundrel brought back out of the second cabin to my room. I want you both to come up there, and we'll all have it out with him before we land.”

* * * * * *

Half an hour later, Morley and Madeline had just settled themselves in the captain's cabin, as the second-cabin passenger was again marched up by two sailors. This time he was defiant, but quiet. His defiance melted away, however, when he saw Madeline, and, cringing and pale, he sank into a chair.

“I guess you'd better talk to him, Miss Perrine,” said the captain. “You can say what you want to much better than either of us can say it for you, and we're here to back you up.”

Again, under the influence of strong emotion, the girl gained in her impressive beauty, Morley looked and listened without a word.

“Thomas Parker,” she said, impressively, “three years ago you came to New York with letters to my father, who was then a prosperous lawyer. He received you kindly, and, for some reason which I cannot understand, felt a confidence in you which eventually led him to make you his partner. From that moment you began to persecute me with offers of marriage. I always loathed you, and did what I could to convince my father that you were a dangerous person. But while he never actually asked me to marry you, he would not let me influence him against you, and he did what he could to persuade me that you were an honest and desirable man. I could not shake you off. You would not take ‘No’ for an answer.

“Such was the condition of affairs when my father began to fail in mind and body. I did not know what it was that was pulling him down, but I felt certain that business worries were the principal cause. Finally his health so completely failed that he closed his office and sailed for Europe. Before he went he came to me and, in a manner that frightened me, begged me not to anger you. He assured me, with pitiful earnestness, that you could do him vast harm if you wished to, and implored me not to drive you to too keen resentment. I promised to be courteous to you, but firmly asserted that I would not marry you. Then, so great was his, to me inexplicable, desire to propitiate you, he begged me to yield even this point. But, although I would make almost any sacrifice to please my father, I was still firm, and now I thank God for it.

“After he left, you doubled your distasteful attentions. Eventually you saw that you could not persuade me to marry you, so you tried to force me to. You threw out dark hints about my father, which I would not believe. Then you began to persecute me in petty ways. You cunningly circulated false stories about me. You subjected me to a thousand annoyances. You swore that you would ruin me if I did not accede to your proposals.

“I was in agony. Life to me was a burden. I longed to go to my father, but he forbade me in his letters, and ever implored me to conciliate you. Only that prevented me from publicly denouncing you for your persecutions.

“At last, only a few weeks ago, I learned the secret of your power over my poor parent. Driven to desperation by my complaints of you and by fear that I would do something which would make you finally carry out your threats, he explained to me that through your evil influence he had been induced to steal—to appropriate to your visionary schemes trust funds which had been placed in his keeping. You threw away the money on senseless speculations; but, while you lost it, you saw to it that he alone could be held responsible for its misappropriation.

“So there was I, a helpless girl, full of detestation for you, but consumed by a fear that if I thwarted you, you would reveal my father's shame. This might be concealed for more than a year if you kept silence, and it was my father's hope that during that time he could rake and scrape together enough money to reimburse the people he had defrauded.

“This new knowledge added to my horror of you. It is needless to say that I shared my father's dread of your power. I realized, however, what he did not—that you had a strong motive for keeping quiet. Naturally a pauper and incapable of earning money honestly, you were poor. You had wasted all the money which you could suck from his substance, and were anxious that he should regain his old position, so that you could again exercise your evil power over him to your own financial advantage.

“Then, one day, I received from him a hopeful letter. Circumstances had arisen which made him believe that he would have obtained the funds he needed within a few weeks. Only his bad health, he said, might frustrate him. He begged me to keep you quiet only a little longer.

“But that evening you overstepped all bounds, and in my anger I forgot myself. I reviled you to your face and incautiously declared that we would soon be beyond your power. Instantly I saw my mistake. In your way you really loved me, and for the first time I realized how vile love could be. You determined that if you lost me, you would also drag me down.

“I determined upon flight to my father. When I stepped upon the steamer I was eaten up with fear; but when I found that you had followed me, I was actually relieved. If, for ten days, I was helpless on the ocean to defend my father, you were also helpless on the ocean to defame him.

“It was in this frame of mind that I met the only man whom I have ever loved. He made quick conquest. I had been informed that you were sick in your cabin and felt safe. But the night that he declared his passion, having before that told me of his treasure

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and its hiding place, I saw you as you slipped from behind a funnel where you had been listening to us.

"From that moment I feared for him. When I learned that his diamonds had been stolen, I knew that it was your work to injure him, because I loved him. But I dared not speak. I had nothing to prove an assertion of your guilt, and I knew you too well to believe that you had left your tracks uncovered; and that night I saw *you*.

"By means of the strange influence which you wield over some men—which involved my father in his misery—you had nightly induced a sailor to change places with you in your berth. In his clothing you passed about the ship with small danger of detection. After you had robbed Mr. Morley you came to me and told me that, unless I promised then and there to marry you, I would be accused of the crime. Had I acceded to your demand you would probably have taken the diamonds from the hiding place in my cabin where they must have been resting even then, and in some way as clever as that in which you stole them, have returned them to their owner. But I laughed at you. I did not believe that you could cause anything so absurd as my accusation of a crime, and I felt certain that on board ship you would be unable to expose my father without involving yourself in his ruin. In New York you could bring the charge about indirectly by arousing suspicion in the minds of the victims and thus starting an investigation with which you would have, apparently, nothing to do. But on the ocean you must needs make a bold statement, which would stamp you as one having criminal knowledge, if not as being a party to the crime. So I laughed at you. I laid a careful plan for saving Mr. Morley's diamonds, too, if you did not return them, as I half expected you to when you found your plan had failed. I intended to explain the whole matter to him, whose love I knew meant sympathy and help in my grievous troubles. I had no doubt of the ultimate recovery of the gems. Only one fear troubled me. I knew how virulent your hatred was, and I knew that Mr. Morley had fairly earned it by gaining my love. While we were waiting in the grand saloon for the search—which I did not believe would reveal anything—the idea came to me that out of vengeance you might throw the packet overboard and thus ruin him. No sooner was this thought born than I was in an agony of terror, and in the midst of it came the news that the jewels had been found.

"The reaction was powerful. I did not know where they had been found. I believed that you had decided to return them and had taken your own way to do it. It was relief from that horrible idea that I might have ruined the man I loved while trying to save my father that made me faint.

"Scarcely had I recovered, when to my agonized surprise I learned the truth. You had spoken truly when you had said that I would be accused. The diamonds had been found hidden in my room!

"Then flashed across my mind the true extent of your desperation. You realized that you had irrevocably lost me, and you had determined to ruin me. At last you had reached the point where you were even willing to jeopardize your own safety in order to wreak revenge on me. You knew I could expose you. But I realized that you would not thus have placed yourself in my power had you not determined now to wage the battle to its bitter end. I saw that you were willing to risk your own destruction, if only you might destroy me and my father, too, and I saw that if I revealed your part in the diamond robbery you would, irrespective of the consequences to yourself, declare on shipboard your knowledge of my father's troubles, and reveal his sad disgrace. You knew, and you knew that I knew, that in his present weakened state this would mean death to him. Thus if I saved myself, I would be doing it at the expense of my father's name, and, indeed, his very life! What woman with a daughter's love for her father in her heart would have hesitated? I did not. I determined to keep silence. Oh, Thomas Parker, you knew me well! Satan himself could not have played your cards more skillfully.

"Such was the situation when this morning dawned on my sleepless eyes. Then, with one sweeping stroke, fate wiped my old troubles away and burdened my heart with a new grief. My father, knowing of my coming, saw to it that a letter was awaiting me in the pilot's hands, announcing the great good fortune that had occurred to him the day after my departure from America. That day he secured the money with which to recompense the sufferers by his weakness, and when he wrote to me, he had arranged by cable for this pleasant task."

At this point in Madeline's recital, which had not been made without its pauses and interruptions, and which had been accompanied by a play of expressien on Parker's face which would have offered Doré a study in horrid portraiture, the baffled man sprang to his feet with a cry of rage.

"That shall not save him!" he exclaimed. "I will expose him yet! I will not fall alone."

Madeline raised her hand, and there was that in her white face which cowed even the semi-madman before her.

"Thomas Parker," she said, in a low but impressive voice, "your hatred is in vain. My father is beyond your reach. The same hand that gave me his letter, gave me also a telegram sent by a stranger two days after he had written his joyful news to me, announcing that he is dead."

* * * * * *

Parker committed suicide immediately after his conviction of robbing Morley. He offered no defense.

Madeline, strengthened by her trials, is Morley's very dearly beloved wife, and among her many admirers is none more sincere than the captain of the *Venice*, who once thought she was a thief.

THE END.

An Officer of the Twenty-Fifth.

BY IRENE WIDDEMER HARTT.

Maidie Rogers was thoroughly feminine. The closest scrutiny could not discover in her a trace of the "New Woman," if we except one thing—her bicycle. Yet it remains to be proved that the bicycle, without the bloomers, belongs exclusively to the New Woman. Maidie Rogers would no more have thought of donning bloomers when she rode on her wheel than of going to church in her brother Tom's trousers. Her bicycle suit was a short, black skirt, shirt-waist and black leggins.

Nor would she ever make a good wheelwoman. She was too timid. After twenty lessons and as many more outings with John Leslie in the Park, she still could not mount alone or turn around. She dismounted as a general thing very quickly, and with the left pedal high or low, or wherever it happened to be when it occurred to her to give the spring.

Tom Rogers had taken a spin up country during June, reporting when he came back that he had found a spot where wheelmen and other men were few, and the roads unsurpassed for wheeling. Mrs. Rogers was negotiating at the time for a cottage at the seashore, but Tom held up the superior attractions of the country. He had taken pains while there to make inquiry, and had found a farmhouse, well furnished, which the occupants were willing to rent for a couple of months. The house was well situated on a good level road, and as he intended spending the summer on his wheel, the place suited him as nothing else could.

Maidie added her voice, and when John came around in the evening he gave his vote for the country, promising to spend there every moment he could spare from his business. John and Maidie were to be married in the fall. and he was already considered a member of the family, so his vote counted largely. Mrs. Rogers yielded and wrote to the seashore agent that she had decided to take a house in the country.

Tom ran up the next day to secure the farmhouse. Maidie's two girl friends, Nora Cadwell and Bessie Leonard, both experts on the wheel, were invited to accompany them. The next week saw all of them, John included, domiciled in the farmhouse. Mrs. Rogers sent Patrick with carriages and horses for her own pleasure, but for the young there was nothing but wheels. On the night of their arrival Nora challenged them all for a three-mile race the next morning. Tom and Bessie immediately took up the gauntlet she threw down. Maidie could not ride a quarter of a mile without falling off, and John preferred, he said, to stay with her. Maidie insisted, however, upon his going with the others, assuring him that she would prefer practicing by herself. She would ride on more slowly, she said, and meet them when they came back, John crowned as victor. He yielded at this, and the hour for starting was fixed at eight o'clock the next morning, while it was cool.

The girls donned their bicycle suits when they arose the next morning, and immediately after breakfast the young people mounted their wheels. John helped Maidie mount, and she rode after them more slowly. She had the road to herself when they were out of sight and spun along bravely. She was congratulating herself on her skill when she saw a man coming down the road in the direction the racers had taken. Here was a test of her skill. If she could meet him without running into him she could consider herself a rider.

In order to accomplish this she tried not to look at him, but she could not look elsewhere. From the time he appeared in view, her eyes, by some strange fascination, were drawn to him. As he approached she saw that he was an army officer, and of the 25th Regiment. She forgot her wheel, spinning along like an adept rider. His face was unnaturally pale, his luminous eyes like caverns of darkness. Afterward she could only remember those eyes. They were fixed intently on hers as they met. She seemed to live an hour in that look. He lifted his cap. She smiled in return and sped on.

A few rods farther she turned to look after him, but he had disappeared as completely as if the earth had swallowed him up. The road was straight and level, shaded in places by clumps of trees. It was possible he was resting behind one of these. Urged by some strange fascination, she wanted to meet him again, and essayed to turn her wheel: but there her skill forsook her. The wheel gave a threatening lurch, and she sprang off. She stood looking down the road, trembling, asking herself why she trembled. A faintness crept over her, and, letting the wheel lie on the road, she sat down on a stone by the roadside. She struggled against it. She had never fainted, and she would not now. She arose, and, taking up the wheel, endeavored to mount. She was so weak she could not have done so if she had the skill. Her little hands which held it trembled. After several fruitless efforts and as many falls she sat down on the roadside to wait for John, keeping her face down the road where the officer went, and not up where John would come. She was so intent watching for the officer to leave his supposed resting-place that she did not take any note of time. and was startled when John leaped off his wheel beside her.

"Well, Maidie," was his greeting, "how have you been succeeding with your fiery steed?"

"Oh, John, I am so glad you came!"

"Want to mount?"

"Not now; I am too tired; but I wanted you, John. I don't know why, but I did want you so much."

"Well, I want you now and always, and I know just why I want you."

He sat down by her and put his arm around her.

"Oh, don't!" she cried. "Some one will see you."

He looked up the road; she looked down.

"They are not in sight," he said.

"You don't know who may be behind those trees down there."

"Not a soul."

"Let us ride down and see," she said, springing up.

"Maidie, what ails you? You are as white as a sheet and trembling."

"I don't know. I feel weak. I must be tired. I have ridden a long way."

"Are you able to ride back?"

"Oh, yes! I am going to learn to mount, John," as he held her wheel.

"That will be accomplished in time, although it will not signify if you never learn, for I don't want you to ride without me."

"I am going to learn," she reiterated, as they started off.

She looked in vain for the officer as they passed each clump of trees. She felt stronger after the last one was passed and he was not seen. She seemed to draw strength from John's presence. By the time they reached the farmhouse she was quite herself again.

As they sat on the porch resting, she asked him if he could remember how far up the road they were when they met an army officer coming this way.

"We did not meet any one."

"Oh, yes, you did! You must have forgotten."

"I have not forgotten. We rode four abreast most of the way, and remarked when we reached the goal that we had not met a living creature, not even a dog."

"How strange! Well, I met one." She drew closer to him. "He was tall and had eyes that I cannot forget."

"A young man?"

"Yes, John. His eyes did not seem human; they were so large and dark and deep."

"I'll not leave you for a moment again, if you are going to meet army officers whose inhuman eyes are dark and deep."

"I could not help meeting him," meekly.

"You could help looking at him."

"No, I couldn't. I tried not to look at him, fearing I would run into him, but I looked right at him and nowhere else."

"Did you run him down as he deserved?"

"No, I spun right by him. He spoke to me."

"He did! Well, I like that! Did you speak to him?"

"I don't know. I think I did. John, I could not help looking at him."

"I'll be with you after this, and if he speaks I will respond to it, not you."

"Beat him again!" cried Nora, riding up at that moment.

Tom and Bessie followed. There was a heated discussion about the race, during which Maidie slipped away up to her own room. She was in a nervous tremor and her head whirled. She wanted to lie down by herself. She was sorry she had vexed John about the army officer. She had told him because she thought she ought to do so. She was as true as steel to him, and considered it his right as her betrothed husband to be told of every man whom she met. He was of a jealous disposition, and she endeavored to avoid giving him any cause for jealousy. Yet, much as she loved him, she regretted she had felt it her duty to confess to him that a passing stranger bowed to her in the road.

Doubtless the officer was tramping the country and she would not see him again. She must not think of him. She would not. Yet think of him she did all that day. She dreamed of him at night, and the next day, when she rode out with others, she watched for him.

Two days later, John and she went out alone. They left the turnpike, and, as the byroad was somewhat heavy for her, he wheeled ahead swiftly to find if there was any improvement farther on. It was hard pedaling for her, not yet fully accustomed to the wheel, and all her attention was given to it. Suddenly her eyes were drawn up from the road to meet the intense gaze of the young officer. He was right by her, and she had not seen him coming. He lifted his hat and smiled as he bowed. She uttered a little cry rather than returned his greeting.

A strange faintness come over her. She wheeled on for a rod or two. She could go no farther. She gave one of her risky little springs, and the wheel and she came down together. She picked herself and the wheel up, and looked around after the officer with an irresistible desire to follow him, but he was already out of sight. There was a lane just below, bordered by high elderberry bushes, and he doubtless had turned into that. She was watching the lane below the bushes, hoping to catch another glimpse of him, when John rode up. She had so completely forgotten him that he seemed like a being from another world.

"Did you have a fall?" he asked.

"Not exactly. I felt faint. I was afraid I would fall, so I got off quickly somehow."

She tried to smile, but tears came instead.

"You are pale, darling. Are you not well?"

"Yes, but I feel strangely weak. Would you mind resting awhile here, John?"

"Certainly, we will rest for any length of time. Here's a rock large enough for us both."

They sat down, and he drew her head down on his shoulder, while he supported her with his arm.

"I am so glad you came back, John," she murmured, drawing strength again from his presence.

"Were you frightened by anything while I was away?"

"Oh, no, no!"

"Did you see any one?"

"Why? Didn't you?"

"No. Did you?"

"Yes, the officer."

"What officer? That fellow you saw the other day?"

"Yes."

"It seems to me he makes a point of meeting you. I don't like it."

"Oh, don't be foolish! He don't meet me on purpose. It is accidental. How could he know I was coming this road any more than I knew he was? You brought me, any way. Aren't you willing for me to meet a man in the street?"

"No. I am not willing for you to know that any other man is in the world besides myself."

His tone was so nearly tragic, and his jealousy so ridiculous, that she laughed merrily, and the next moment he joined in the laugh.

"I'm a jealous old brute, I know," he added.

"But I have never given you any cause for jealousy," she protested.

She had already forgotten her desire to wheel after the officer.

"I know you haven't. I could not ask for a

Bubbles or Medals.

"Best sarsaparillas." When you think of it how contradictory that term is. For there can be only **one** best in anything—one best sarsaparilla, as there is one highest mountain, one longest river, one deepest ocean. And that best sarsaparilla is——? .... There's the rub! You can measure mountain height and ocean depth, but how test sarsaparilla? You could if you were chemists. But then **do you** need to test it? The World's Fair Committee tested it,—and thoroughly. They went behind the label on the bottle. What did this sarsaparilla test result in? Every make of sarsaparilla shut out of the Fair, **except Ayer's.** So it was that Ayer's was the only sarsaparilla admitted to the World's Fair. The committee found it the best. They had no room for anything that was not the best. And as the best, Ayer's Sarsaparilla received the medal and awards due its merits. Remember the word "best" is a bubble any breath can blow; but there are pins to prick such bubbles. Those others are blowing more "best sarsaparilla" bubbles since the World's Fair pricked the old ones. True, but Ayer's Sarsaparilla has the medal. The pin that scratches the medal proves it gold. The pin that pricks the bubble proves it wind. We point to medals, not bubbles, when we say: The best sarsaparilla is Ayer's.

more true little heart. It is I who am unreasonable."

"Why, John," she said the next moment, "you met him, too!"

"Met whom?"

"The officer."

"No, I did not."

"He came down that road. I don't see how you could have missed meeting him face to face."

"I met no one. He must have crossed over the fields just after I passed up."

"Even then you must have seen him."

"I wish I had," he said, frowning.

"Wouldn't it be a good thing," she proposed, timidly, "for you to find out about him, and, if he is nice, get him to join our circle?"

"Join our circle! Who would want him?"

"Bessie has no escort now Tom is so devoted to Nora. Then, too, he looks lonely."

John frowned by way of reply.

"I was only speaking for Bessie," she apologized.

"Let Bessie speak for herself. Does she want to make his acquaintance?"

"She has not said so. I don't know as she has ever seen him. I have never mentioned him to any but you."

"Well, don't. Shall we ride on? The road is good just beyond."

"Let us go home. I feel strangely weak."

"I don't believe it agrees with you here, Maidie. I must speak to your mother about it."

"Please do not. Let us try it a little longer, John; I must learn to mount."

"Not to-day. Wait till you are stronger."

He assisted her to mount, and they wheeled back to the farmhouse.

Tom and the girls had ridden over to the post-office in the little village near by, and were back now with the mail. There were papers, a letter from Mr. Rogers, and a letter to John from his father. The elder Mr. Leslie was called from home on business and John must return immediately to take his place; he promised that he would not be kept in the city for more than three or four days.

A cry of consternation went up as he announced this.

"Oh, John," Maidie murmured so softly that he only heard it. "How can I let you go?"

She felt that in his going the strength of her life went.

"I will be back by Saturday at the farthest," he answered, in the same low tone. "Take care of yourself, dear, and don't go away from home. If you do I am afraid some harm will befall you."

He had a strange feeling of alarm for her, as if a cloud hung over her which would burst on her devoted head when he left her.

"I will stay about the house till you come back," she promised him.

"I will be back by Saturday," he reiterated.

He departed immediately after dinner. Bessie, Tom and Maidie wheeled down to the station with him, bringing back his wheel. Maidie was too tired to ride so far, and went to lie down in her little room, which adjoined her mother's. She slept a little, and awoke from troublesome dreams of the officer. Then she lay thinking of him. When she tried to think of John—for she did love him truly, and no man could win her love from him—the dark eyes of the officer looked into hers and drove away the memory of John's honest gray ones.

She felt stronger the next morning, and arose with the determination of learning to mount while he was away. She took her wheel to the driveway around the house, and practiced until she mastered the art. The mastery was born of a desperate determination. She did not know why she felt this, or why every failure drove her to fresh efforts, when before she had been discouraged by these failures. She told herself that she wanted to surprise John; but something within her hinted of another reason. She would not allow it to form into thought.

The next days were spent in learning to turn around. Tom and Nora were off together, and Bessie remained to help Maidie. By Friday evening she could turn in the narrow country road without endangering life or limb.

She felt quite like herself on Saturday, and when Tom proposed that they all ride off to meet John, she announced that she was going alone. It was not far, and as John would not have his wheel, they could walk back. Tom and the girls yielded to her superior claims, riding off in the other direction, and she started alone for the station.

There was a cloud between John and her which must be brushed away. She did not know what the cloud was, and she felt it rather than knew it. Her whole being nowadays seemed enveloped in a cloud and was unreal.

John himself, with his strong manhood and common sense, shared in this unreality when he was away. She could not feel that he was coming back that day. A terror hung over her. There was something nameless and awful between his face and hers, and she never longed so ardently to see him.

She reached the station three-quarters of an hour before the up-train was due. Her wheel and short skirt attracted the curious attention of the country people who were waiting for the down-train, which was very unpleasant to her. Crossing the tracks, she mounted and wheeled up the road in the opposite direction. She was surprised at her own bravery and skill in riding, and was thinking gleefully what a pleasant surprise it would be to John, and thinking only of him, when she saw the officer coming toward her. A moment before, when she looked ahead, he was not in sight, and now he was just beside her. Her heart leaped into her mouth, and she felt every drop of blood receding from her face. Smiling, he doffed his hat, with the same intent look into her eyes. She smiled feebly, and he paused as if he would speak to her. She could not sufficiently control her wheel to stop when she pleased, and rode swiftly by him, although she wanted to dismount. She was some yards beyond, when she finally half fell off, and found herself trembling like an aspen leaf as she stood looking after his retreating figure.

She had watched him some moments, when the same strange impulse to follow him seized her. He had evidently desired to speak to her, and she must speak to him. She leaned her hand on her wheel, too weak to mount. Then gathering together her fast-waning strength, she mounted and wheeled back toward the station. The officer continued in sight, and was apparently going slowly, yet she did not gain on him. It almost seemed as if her wheel stood still, while she knew she went swiftly. She pushed harder on the pedals. She bent all her little strength to it. She flew on, and still she was ahead. She was in a dream, a nightmare, and could not wake from it. Her wheel went from side to side. She had no longer strength to control it, only a determination like a determination of death kept her on her seat,

A wheelman was coming swiftly toward her. He met the officer and passed him. On he flew. Maidie knew the rider now, and the sight of him gave her a momentary renewal of strength.

He waved his cap and shouted to her. She attempted to answer him, but her tongue was leaden and refused to obey her will. The light dimmed. She was falling.

After awhile she opened her eyes and looked into John's anxious face as he held her in his arms.

She smiled faintly, and closed her eyes again.

"Tell me where you are hurt?" he asked, anxiously.

"Only weak," she murmured.

"You should not have attempted this alone."

"I wanted to meet you."

"I came by the other railroad and got here sooner."

His voice seemed afar off, and she still seemed in a dream.

After a while she opened her eyes again.

"I am better now. It was a faintness only." She sat up. "You saw him?" she said.

"'Who?"

"The officer."

"Has that fellow been after you again?" almost wrathfully.

She smiled.

"I only met him, and you met him, too."

"I did not meet him."

"Oh, John, how can you say that! I saw you pass him just before I fell off. He is tall and dark and dressed in a dark-blue uniform."

"I saw no one after I passed the station till I saw you."

"Why, John, I saw you meet him. I was watching you, and you met him face to face. Why do you talk so? What object can you have in denying it?"

"What object could I have?"

"Only because you are jealous of him. You met him, and I saw you."

She was greatly excited.

"I see everybody I meet. I am not blind," he answered.

"Then you have an object in denying it."

"How could I have, Maidie? Let us not discuss it, darling. What difference can it make whether or not I saw him?"

"I don't know." She covered her face with her hands. "I don't know, but I seemed to care very much. I don't know. It has gone over."

"We had better go home," he said, puzzled and troubled, assisting her to her feet.

"I am not able to ride home," she said.

"Perhaps I can get a carriage at the station," he said.

"Perhaps. I will sit here under this tree and wait for you."

He left her leaning against the tree, and wheeled to the station. He was back almost directly. There was no carriage there to hire, and he must ride to the farmhouse for one.

"Very well," she said wearily, and closed her eyes again while he stood there.

She was leaning against the tree in half stupor, when her eyes flew open suddenly to meet the dark eyes of the officer, as he bent over her, cap in hand.

He held out his hand to her, and she eagerly extended hers. Then it was darkness and she knew no more.

Some time afterwards she heard John calling her name. His voice penetrated through thick darkness, long passages, closed doors and brought her back to life. She felt herself lifted into a carriage, and heard Patrick's voice urging up the horses.

Gradually the world came back to her, and she looked up into John's troubled face as he held her.

"You are better, dear?" he said.

"He was just going to speak, and I fainted."

"The officer?"

"Yes. Don't be angry with me, John."

"Oh, no, dear! But don't think any more about him."

"If you only would find out about him."

"I will. Think of something else."

Then, as she lay back in the carriage, he told her about his journey and the friends he had met.

"Perhaps when you know him you will see that he is all right."

"Maidie, don't think of him. I will inquire about him, I promise you."

When they reached the farmhouse he supported her into the sitting-room, where she lay on the broad lounge, while he went out to her mother whom he saw in the garden.

He told her of Maidie's fainting and of the officer, of whom Maidie had never spoken to her mother.

"Why do you connect them?" the mother asked.

"Because I don't think there is an officer about here. I did at first, but to-day I have been convinced that it is a fantasy of her brain, brought on by weakness. She is always faint when she sees him, or she sees him when she faints, whichever way you put it. That is the reason I connect them."

Mrs. Rogers sank down on a bench.

"It is her riding. I always opposed her having a wheel, but you overruled me. I opposed coming here, but you would all come. What shall we do?"

"Get her home to her own physician as soon as possible. She is lying in the sitting-room now. Will you go to her? I am going to the village to learn if there is an officer stopping near here."

"And if there is?"

"There is no complication. That is all," as he went off.

Once in the village, he made inquiries at the post-office and tavern, but no one had seen or even heard of an army officer being in the vicinity. He wheeled up the country roads, inquiring at farmhouses as he passed, but with no success. He crossed through a wood, where he had to lead his wheel, and up a steep road. The soil here was barren, and he had travelled some miles before he came to a dwelling. The officer, seeking seclusion, might find it in this little black cottage under the overhanging rock.

He asked the young woman who opened the door if she took summer boarders.

"We did one spell. Are you lookin' fur a place to board?"

"No; I'm lookin' for a young man, an army officer. I don't know his name. He's of the 25th Regiment."

"Fur massy sakes! I du b'li've you're lookin' fur *him!* Tall, 'n' has dark eyes, hain't he? Awful deep, dark eyes?"

"Yes, I believe so."

"There hain't none o' your folks seen him, has there? I'm all of a tremble."

"There has."

"Oh, land! One o' your sisters?"

"A lady friend of mine."

"Your sweetheart, mebbe; 'n' she's gone clean daft over him, 'n' is sick?"

"What do you know about him?"

"Come in. I'm all upsot. So your sweetheart's seen him?" She conducted him into the large, cool kitchen and gave him a rocker. "Set down. I c'n hardly stand myself; I'm all in the shivers."

"Why, madam, what is there about this man that the mention of him should affect you thus?"

"Gran'pop 'll tell you. I c'n't."

"You know him, then?"

"Know him! I sh'ld hope not. Why, he's b'en dead this thirty year."

"We are not talking about the same man, evidently. The gentleman I refer to is living at present. A lady friend of mine has met him several times, and desired me to learn who he is."

"I jest guess he's the same one. I never see him, f'r he never ha'nted me. I was awful afeerd he would when Obadiah was sparkin' me. He's a spook; that's what he is. Gran'pop," she called up an enclosed stairway; "gran'pop, come down. There's some one here that wants to see you."

"Really, madam, I do not think we understand each other. I have no faith whatever in ghostly apparitions. This is a living, breathing man of whom I speak."

"How do you know? Hev you ever seen him?"

"No."

"How many folks that you know hev?"

"One."

"A young lady? Your sweetheart?"

"Yes."

"Hev you ever b'en where you ought to 'a' seen him 'n' didn't?"

"She has said that she saw me meet him face to face, but I was not aware of it."

"Of course you wa'n't. He wa'n't a-ha'ntin' you; he's a-ha'ntin' her."

She sank down into a second rocker, fanning herself with her apron, pausing now and then to wipe the cold sweat from her forehead.

"She's sick, ain't she?" she asked the next moment.

"Who?"

"Your sweetheart?"

"Yes," he reluctantly admitted.

"Didn't I tell you? Of course it's him. He's a-ha'ntin' her. They always git sick when he ha'nts them."

John felt himself as if he was being "ha'nted" by something terrible. He could only stare at the woman in dumb astonishment.

"Gran'pop 'll tell you about it," she said again. "Here he is now."

A bent old man, with long, snowy white hair, in worn pantaloons and shirt, feebly made his way down the enclosed stairs.

"Wot does anybody want with me?" he asked. "Nobody never wants me."

Sairy got up and gave him her rocker, and told him that this gentleman was inquiring about the officer of the 25th, and that his sweetheart had seen him.

"Du tell! His sweetheart! 'N' he don't know nothin' about him! Is she livin' yet?"

"Why should she die?" cried John, excitedly. "What do you know about this officer?"

"Gran'pop, jest begin at the beginnin' 'n' tell him the hull thing. Massy me ef I ain't in the shivers!"

"Is he a vampire? Is his presence poisonous?" cried John. "What is he?"

"He's a spook," said the old man, in a hollow whisper, as he bent forward.

"Impossible!"

"'N' they say," put in Sairy, "that ef a girl sees him she fades away 'n' dies."

John had not a shadow of belief in the "spook," yet Maidie had seen the officer, and she was fading away; every day she grew weaker.

"I don't believe it," he said.

"Gran'pop, you tell him."

"Wal, it was afore Sairy here was born, at the beginnin' o' the war, when the Lawsons moved up on the hill. They was bigbugs, 'n' kept two or three hired girls. They had one dater, Mary, 'n' the folks said her feller was an army officer—a captain in the 25th, 'n' he was most desp'it in love. Howsumever, while he was off fightin' she got another beau, 'n' one day w'en he come back unexpected they was a sparkin'. He come up all of a suddent 'n' found his sweetheart a sittin' in another feller's arms. He didn't say nuthin'. He stood lookin' her through 'n' through, with them great black eyes o' hissen. He never spoke, but kinder backed off a-lookin' at her. She give a scream 'n' fainted away. Then he left. He see her the next day, 'n' never said a word, but jest looked at her, 'n' she fainted agin. Whenever he seen her he kept that up till she took to her bed. One day he went to see her, because she sent fur him, 'n' he wouldn't speak then, but stood a-lookin' at her till she died afore his eyes. He went off to war agin right away, 'n' was shot in the next battle. They say he put himself in the way to be shot."

"But what has this story to do with my friend?" John gasped.

"She's seen him, Sairy sez."

"She says she has seen an army officer of the 25th."

"Tell him all, gran'pop," urged Sairy.

"Wal, after he was shot he took to walk-

CIGARETTE SUCKERS.

Men Get Roped Into All Kinds of Skin Games.

The Worst Roped Man is the Cigarette Smoker—Robbed of Health and Manhood, His Most Precious Possession.

"Say, where d'you get that coffin nail, Chimmy?"

"Oh, I caught it on the fly from de guy on de corner."

And the two little boot-blacks—God bless 'em, they didn't know any better—sat on the curb and smoked the cigarette, out of sight.

We often wonder, when we see and hear such things, how the other half of the world lives, especially when so many spend their money, and, worst of all, their vitality, in smoking cigarettes.

If you don't think cigarettes, in fact any form of tobacco-using hurts you, watch the cigarette-smoker who has indulged the habit for some time. See how his hands tremble; the anxious look on his face tells of irregular heart-beat; his nervousness betrays itself in a dozen ways. If you are a cigarette-smoker, you are never feeling quite at ease unless you are puffing a stinking little nerve-wrecker.

Don't you want release?

Don't you want just a few months with a pure, sweet breath, improved health, vigorous manhood?

See what No-To-Bac has done for others—will do for you:

CURED IN LESS THAN A WEEK.

OAKLAND, CAL., No. 1821 Market St.,
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Sterling Remedy Co.:

I bought a box of No-To-Bac three weeks ago, from your agents here—Kirkland & Trowbridge—and it cured me in less than one week, since which time I have recommended it to several others, and have induced at least half a dozen to begin the treatment, all of whom say it is helping them.

I weighed 155 pounds when I begun the treatment and now I weigh 163—a gain of 8 pounds within three weeks. I am 24 years of age, and have used cigarettes and chewing tobacco since I was 12 years of age, smoking on an average for the last five years about 25 cigarettes a day.

Yours respectfully, EDW. J. DOUNELLAN.

You need not take our word for it, nor do we sell No-To-Bac on the recommendation of others. Simply buy from your own druggist, under absolute guarantee, and you run no risk. Get our booklet, "Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away," written guarantee of cure and free sample, mailed for the asking. Address The Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

in', but nobody never sees him but young girls."

"Girls who have sweethearts," added Sairy.

"He 'll ha'nt a girl till she fades away 'n' dies."

"'N'," Sairy said in an awestruck tone, "they say there was a da'ter o' Parson Griggs' who seen him afore she died. She was keepin' company with Ned Weston. I've heerd my ma tell about it. It happened afore I c'n remember. She see the officer time 'n' agin, 'n' every time she see him she got weaker. He just looked her through 'n' through, 'n' said nothin'. She took to faintin' spells 'n' died. They couldn't do nothin' fur her."

"There was Becky Smith. Tom Miles 'n' she was keepin' company when the officer begin to ha'nt her, an' she died the same way," said the old man.

"'Ma' used to tell about a girl named Mercy Collins that he ha'nted; but they took her away, 'n' she got well. You better take yer sweetheart away ef you want her to live."

John sprang to his feet. He had been listening as in a horrible dream.

"I will," he returned; and with scant thanks and hardly an adieu, he hurried out. Mounting his wheel, he flew over the road back to the farmhouse. He did not think. He could not. Neither could he believe in the story of apparitions. It could all be explained, he knew, if he had time to search for the explanation. But he had not. He must get Maidie away as soon as possible; for, from whatever cause, she was apparently dying.

They were at dinner when he reached home, and Maidie's seat was vacant. She was lying upstairs.

He ran up to her. She was apparently in a stupor, from which his voice aroused her but faintly.

He called Mrs. Rogers up and hurriedly told her the story he had heard.

The poor woman almost fainted.

"What shall we do?" she cried.

"Get her away from here this hour. I don't believe one word of it," he added. "She has, doubtless, somewhere heard this story, and, meeting this strange officer several times,, she believes she has seen an apparition, and it has had this effect upon her. We must go immediately, Mrs. Rogers."

He left Mrs. Rogers to get Maidie ready, and went down to tell the others that on account of Maidie's illness they would have to leave without a moment's delay. Tom and the girls and the servants could come the next day.

The family carriage was at the door in less than half an hour. It was closed, and the curtains were drawn down on every side to prevent Maidie looking out. If she saw the officer again, whether he were man or spirit, John felt certain she would die.

They carried her down and he supported her on the back seat, while Mrs. Rogers occupied the front, facing them. Neither spoke of it, but each felt that they were fleeing from a terrible unseen enemy.

Maidie lay with her head on John's shoulder, half fainting, when she suddenly raised up and seized the curtain nearest her, jerking it violently to raise it. Quick as thought her mother snatched it from her feeble grasp.

"I want it up," she said. "I want to see out. Stop the carriage, John. Oh, please do. He 's coming, and I want to see him. I want to speak to him. Oh, John, please do! He is right out here."

John drew her forcibly back from the window and held her face down on his shoulder, completely covering her eyes. Mrs. Rogers frantically held two curtains down and called to Patrick to drive faster.

Maidie struggled and screamed, but John held her like a vise. Her excitement gave her an unnatural strength, but desperation added to his.

At length she ceased to struggle.

"You are not kind," she said then, in a smothered voice. "I want to speak to him, and he has gone by. I shall never forgive you either."

But there was more life in her now than there had been since he found her lying by the roadside that morning.

She did forgive him, however, and her forgiveness extended so far that when she recovered, which she soon did at home, she consented to an immediate marriage.

Mrs. Rogers and John, following the advice of their physician, did not tell her the story of the officer of the 25th. Whether he was in the flesh or a spirit, it was better for her never to know it.

◆

MONEY EASILY MADE BY HUSTLERS.

Dear Editor:—My experience may interest others who need money. Fifteen years clerking, farming, hustling, trying to sell books, wringers and every contrivance made me discouraged and mad when I met my cousin in Iowa making $45 a week, plating tableware and jewelry. I got a complete outfit from Gray & Co., Columbus, O. They send materials, instructions, receipts, trade secrets and teach the agent, and have treated me elegant. I plate gold, silver, nickel and white metal, get all the knives, forks and other goods I can plate; make from $45 to $75 per week plating and sell some platers besides. Any one can get a good plating outfit by writing them.

A. Ryan. —*a.*

SOMETHING FOR NOTHING

....WEALTH, HEALTH AND BEAUTY....

Is the Trinity of she who rules the Lords of Creation.

If every reader of this paper who is in want of either will send me the names of six others who need so great a boon, I will send a free sample of **Vitæ Ore,** and, at my expense, convince them that it is the best thing **in, on or out of the earth** for all who need a re-life-giver-re-vitalizing-blood-and-brawn-builder, and those who have tested all doctors and drugs only to grow **older and worse**—suffering from ills no man's made remedy will cure, such as feebleness from age, cares, worries, anxieties and protracted sickness. It is a **God-made** remedy, nothing added or extracted; not sold as nostrums are, but on its own true value; not by a quack—but a would-be public benefactor that scorns to take one's money until convinced his **Ore** discovery will do more good than all else on earth. No female suffering from weakness and general debility lives but that V. O. will cure her, no matter for what cause. Try it free at my expense. No man needing strength from general debilitation will use it but to bless it, and no sickly child should be without it. Write on a postal card for free samples and full particulars. Agents wanted.

THEO NOEL, Geologist, Tacoma Building, Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

THE OLD TREE.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

Wave not so sadly in the wind,
  Thou old and leafless tree;
Nor sob that summer nevermore
  Can beauty bring to thee;
That but a desolation thou
  Must stand upon the lea.

The inspirations of the spring
  Long years were at thy heart;
Thou gav'st through many a summer-space
  Grand images to art.
Old Tree! thou acted'st gloriously
  Within the world thy part.

Then sigh not such a mournful dirge;
  Yet if thy voice must be
Like anthems, let the undertone
  Be breathed exultingly;
For thine was not a wasted life,
  Magnificent Old Tree!

Man—white-haired man!—if thou hast done
  Bravely in life thy part;
If true humanity has made
  Its music in thy heart,
Say, why shouldst thou at death's cold wind
  In grief and terror start?

Oh, stand beside the grand Old Tree,
  And gazing on its dim,
Scarred trunk, lift bravely up
  Thy last but fearless hymn;
For thou hast nobly done thy part!
  What more can Cherubim?

◆

—Dobbins' Floating-Borax Soap is 100 per cent. pure. Made of Borax. It floats. Costs you same as poorer floating soap. Worth more. If all this is true you need it. Order one cake of your grocer. You'll want a box next. —*a.*

◆

WATCH AND CLOCK REPAIRING TAUGHT FREE.

That pleasant and profitable employment is fully explained in the Manual issued by the Hofman Supply Co., of Columbus, O. It tells all the secrets, the tools necessary, how to use them, in short, gives a complete course of instruction, all one need in order to become an expert watch and clock repairer. This book will be mailed free to any one. Address the Hofman Supply Co., 269 Ray Street, Columbus, O. —*a.*

◆

A VALUABLE OPPORTUNITY.

The Racine Specialty Co., of Racine, Wis., must have 100 reliable agents to sell 100 first-class articles. Your choice. Exclusive territory. See their advertisement and write at once. —*a.*

◆

THE HEATING POWER OF GAS.

It is a curious fact that while certain gases give ten to fifteen times the light of others, their relative heating value is not so marked. The most brilliant illuminator has but little more than double the heating value of the lower grades. To increase the capacity as a heat producer a special apparatus is constructed. Even with all improved appliances, the lower grades of gas yield far more heat in proportion than any of the new and much-talked-of sorts.

◆

SEEDS FREE.

The new free delivery system inaugurated by Peter Henderson & Co., 35 & 37 Cortlandt St., New York City, secures to any one who orders their seeds from them the free delivery to any post-office in the United States.

Messrs. Peter Henderson & Co. issue this year an entirely new catalogue for 1896, which illustrates and describes the grandest assortment of seeds on this continent. This "new catalogue" they mail on receipt of a two-cent stamp, or to those who state in what paper they saw their advertisement it will be mailed *free.* See Advertisement in our issue of February 1st. —*a.*

◆

FREE TO BALD HEADS.

The Altenheim Medical Dispensary, Room 103, Selves Building, Cincinnati, Ohio, will mail on application free information regarding how to grow hair, stop falling hair and remove scalp diseases. Send at once. —*a.*

WATCH AND CLOCK REPAIRING
Taught Free, in our manual on watch repairing, which is combined with our illustrated catalogue showing the most necessary tools and telling you how to use them; mailed free if you care to know the secrets of the business. Address
The Hofman Supply Co., 269 Ray St., Columbus, O.

MEMORY Lost can be regained. Ask of Box 788, New York, **HOW?**

FACES BLEACHED and brightened and skin eruptions permanently removed by using **ARSENIC CHARCOAL TABLETS.** Delicately medicated, perfectly safe. 10,000 testimonials. Trial Box 25c. The Benwick Laboratory, Allegany, N. Y.

FREE TO BALD HEADS.
We will mail on application, free information how to grow hair upon a bald head, stop falling hair and remove scalp diseases. Address,
Altenheim Medical Dispensary,
Room 103 Selves Building, Cincinnati, O.

LADIES—A friend in need is a friend indeed. If you want a regulator that never fails, address **The Woman's Med. Home, Buffalo, N. Y.**

Agents Make from $50. to $500. a month at home or traveling. Work for young and old. Don't rely on others. Earn your own living. Outfit furnished free. Get to work at once. CHICAGO SCALE CO. Chicago

MY WIFE Can Not See How You Do It For the Money. **$9.00** Buy the Oxford Improved SINGER Sewing Machine, with a complete set of attachments and guaranteed for 10 years. Shipped anywhere on 30 days' trial. No money required in advance. 75,000 now in use. World's Fair Medal awarded. Buy from factory, save dealers' and agents' profit. Write to-day for our Large Free Catalogue.
OXFORD MDSE. CO., 342 Wabash Ave., CHICAGO.

ASTHMA—CURED DR. TAFT'S ASTHMALENE never fails; send us your address. We will mail trial bottle **FREE.**
The Dr. Taft Bros. M. Co., Rochester, N. Y.

An Elegant garden of the best named varieties of **SWEET PEAS**
We will send **one quarter pound** to any address postpaid for **TEN CENTS** in stamps.
Hillside Nursery, Somerville, Mass.

OLD POINT COMFORT (FORTRESS MONROE), VA.

Personally-Conducted Tours via Pennsylvania Railroad.

Old Point Comfort is the fashionable coast resort of the Old Dominion, celebrated not only for its natural advantages of climate and location, but for the social life which attracts so many eminent representatives of all classes. Admirably located on Chesapeake Bay and Hampton Roads, within sight and influence of the broad Atlantic, and in a latitude insuring evenness of temperature, it enjoys the advantage of being a Winter resort of undisputed merit.

The tours include Richmond and Washington and cover a period of *six days.* Excursion tickets, including railroad fare, hotel accommodations, and *all necessary expenses,* will be sold at $32.00 from New York, Brooklyn, and Newark; $31.00 from Trenton, and $30.00 from Philadelphia.

In addition to the above, excursion tickets to Old Point Comfort and *return direct,* covering luncheon going and one and three-quarter days' board at Old Point Comfort, valid for return by regular trains until following Tuesday, will be sold at $15.00 from New York, Brooklyn, and Newark; $13.50 from Trenton, and $12.50 from Philadelphia. Proportionate rates will be made from other points via either route.

Detailed itineraries will be sent on application to Tourist Agent, 1196 Broadway, New York, or Room 411, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia. —*a.*

◆

AN ARTISTIC CYCLE CATALOGUE.

The Columbia bicycle catalogue has made its nineteenth annual appearance, and is just what might be expected from the Pope Manufacturing Company. Aside from its interest in the detailed information given in regard to Columbia and Hartford bicycles, the production can certainly be prized as a high example of the designer's art and the printer's skill, and it will no doubt be eagerly sought by those who indulge in the latest fad of collecting bicycle catalogues. The pamphlet consists of fifty pages, with sixteen full-page illustrations in rich half tone, giving an accurate idea of the beauties of the famous Columbias in their different models. The margins of the letter-press are relieved by fancy sketches suggesting the evolution of the bicycle from the old "hobby horse on wheels," the old veloce and high machines, down to the present 22½-pound ladies' wheel and "Model 40." The work is interesting also because it is practically a history in a concise form of bicycle manufacture in this country. Col. Pope, the President of this great concern, is the pioneer of the bicycle industry in America. In detail the catalogue indicates no radical departure in the Columbia model from last year, there being really no room for improvement save in minor details, and to these the attention of the manufacturers has been specially directed. The catalogue may be obtained from the Pope Manufacturing Company, at Hartford, Conn., for two two-cent stamps, or by calling on any Columbia agent. —*a.*

A WATCH FREE

— TO —

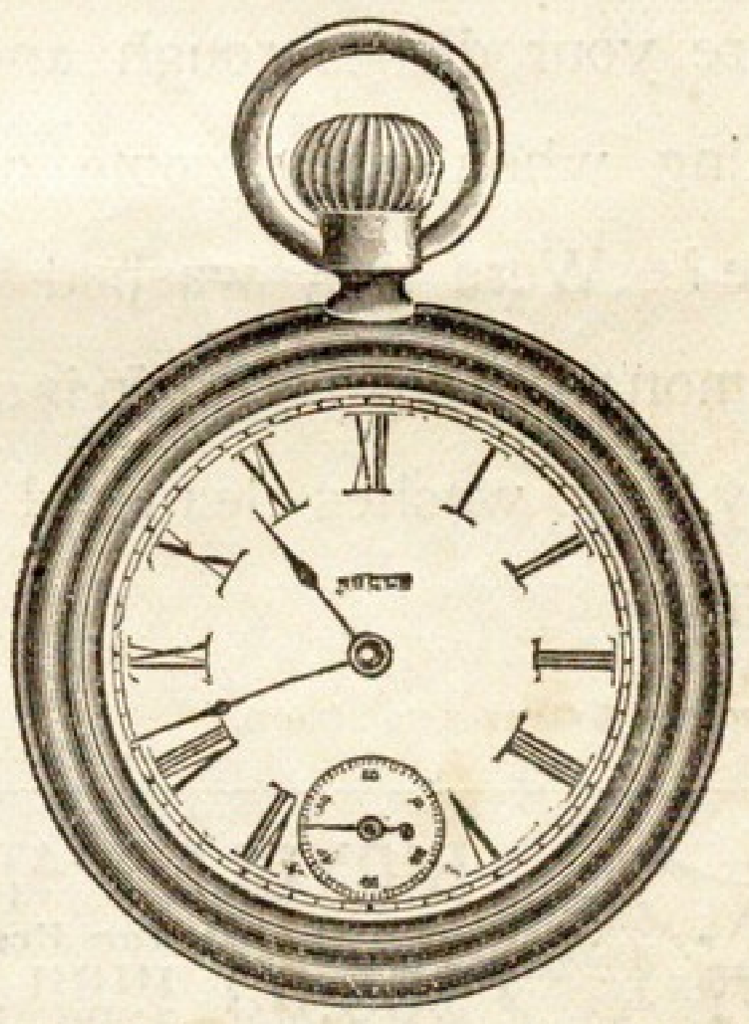
Boys and Girls.

The proprietors of the **New York Ledger** hereby offer to give, free of all cost, to any boy or girl who will sell

10 New York Ledgers

each week for 20 weeks the watch described below. If any boy or girl does not want to wait 20 weeks to get this watch, it can be secured by selling **20 Ledgers for 10 Weeks,** that is, averaging a sale of 20 copies for 10 weeks.

Free to Boys and Girls.



This watch is not a toy or sun-dial, but a serviceable timepiece, guaranteed by the manufacturer to be accurate and durable, which guarantee is assumed by us. It is a stem-winder and stem-setter, and comes in either a gilt or a nickel case, according to choice. It is sent securely packed, and in the box we place a serviceable chain. In the times of our grandfathers, such a watch, even if it could have been made, would have cost a considerable sum of money. This watch is not for sale, but is sent free, postpaid, as a gift to every boy and girl who sells the number of copies of the New York *Ledger* required by the above offer, namely, an average of 10 copies for 20 weeks, or an average of 20 copies for 10 weeks.

WANTED

Bright Boys and Girls

— TO —

Sell the New York Ledger Every Week.

Big Pay for Little Work.

The New York *Ledger* has had so many applications from boys and girls throughout the country wanting to sell the *Ledger* by the week, as well as by subscription for the year, we have decided to establish wide-awake young agents in every town in the country.

We Want an Active Worker in Every Place.

Hundreds of smart boys and girls in every locality have several hours' spare time each week.

Read Our Plan.

We want just such ones to work for us a little while every week selling *Ledgers* at 5 cents each—selling the old, reliable, original and best story paper published—the New York *Ledger.*

No Possible Risk.

Our young agents take no possible risk. We send a bundle of *Ledgers* every week, and they sell them like hot cakes at 5 cents each. Every one wants the New York *Ledger* as soon as given an opportunity to examine and read a copy of it.

The Ledger Free.

If the postmaster or any responsible party will send us the name of a smart boy or girl to sell the *Ledger* every week in his town, we will put an extra *Ledger* in the agent's bundle each week, to be delivered free to the party appointing the agent so long as the agent sells the *Ledger.*

Send us the name of a smart boy or girl at once. Have them fill out the coupon below and send it at once:

.............................189

I hereby agree to act from date as agent for the New York *Ledger,* and to sell the same to ladies, farmers and others at 5 cents a copy every week, and that I will report not later than the Monday after each package is received, on blank furnished me, and remit 3 cents for each copy I sell or deliver to subscribers, and will keep all unsold copies, to be returned as instructed.

Name.................................

Address.............................

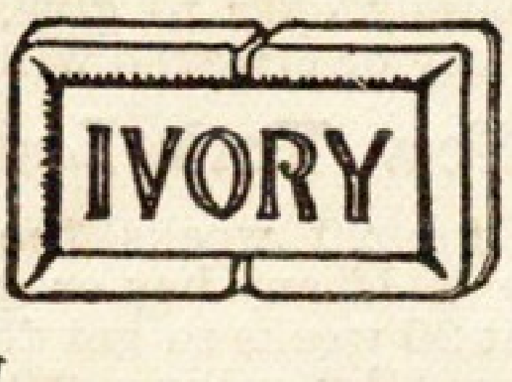
State...............................

How many papers first week..............

Appointed by...........................

Address NEW YORK LEDGER,
182 William Street, New York.

IVORY

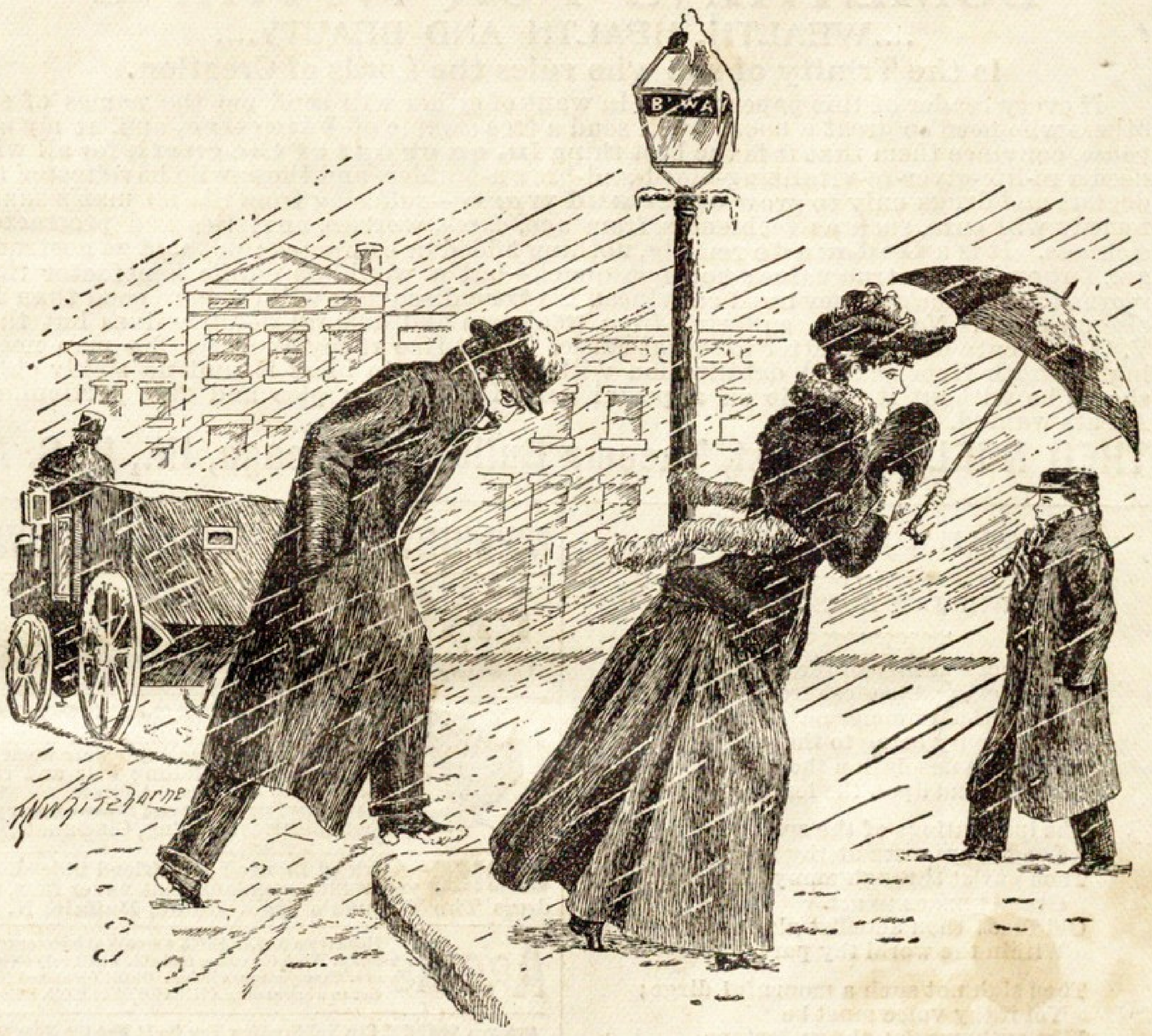


SOAP

Are your dishes rough and dull looking when they come on the table? Were they washed with a common rosin soap? Rosin is sticky. Ivory Soap washes clean and rinses readily.

THE PROCTER & GAMBLE CO., CIN'TI.

BICYCLES AT HALF PRICE.
Catalogue Free.
$50.00 HIGH GRADE 1896 MODEL.
Large Tubing. Barrel Hubs.
J. C. MAURER, 76 & 78 State St., Chicago.



FAMILIAR SAYING ILLUSTRATED.

"They have seen better days."

Thinness

comes from not being able to get what you should from your ordinary food.

SCOTT'S EMULSION

is good for you; even if you are only a little thin.

50c. and $1.00 at all druggists.

$100 BICYCLE FREE. $100

In order to introduce our matchless EMPRESS, 1896, wheel, we will ship free of charges to any part of the United States one of our famous $100 bicycles to each of the three persons obtaining the greatest number of words out of letters contained in "THE EMPRESS BICYCLE COMPANY."

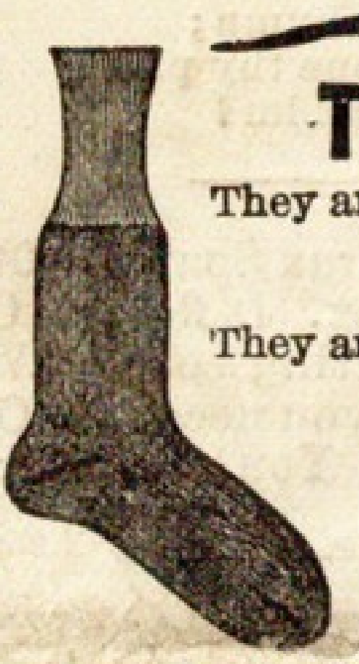
For conditions of competition send stamped addressed envelope to

EMPRESS BICYCLE COMPANY,
Room 605, 79 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

If you want a sure relief for pains in the back, side, chest, or limbs, use an

Allcock's Porous Plaster

BEAR IN MIND—Not one of the host of counterfeits and imitations is as good as the genuine.



Shawknit TRADE MARK. **The Only Half-Hose**

THAT FIT WELL, LOOK WELL, WEAR WELL.

They are the only half-hose that fit well, because they are the only half-hose that are

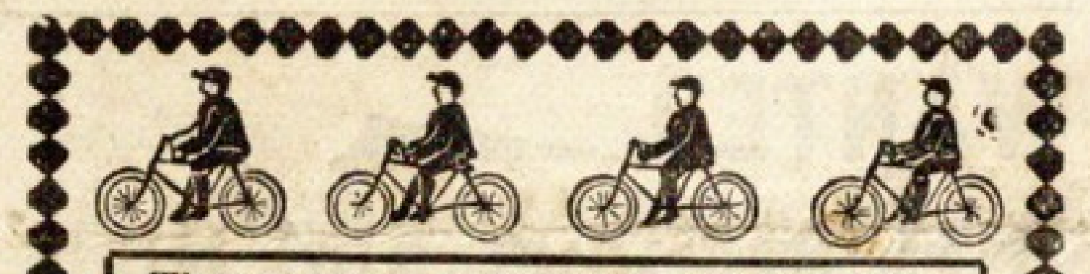
SO KNITTED AS TO FIT.

They are the only half-hose that look well and wear well, because they are the only half-hose that fit well and because they are made in the

MOST ATTRACTIVE COLOR-EFFECTS
and of the **BEST YARNS.**

Look for the trade-mark on the toe. *Send for Descriptive Price-List.*

SHAW STOCKING CO., Lowell, Mass.

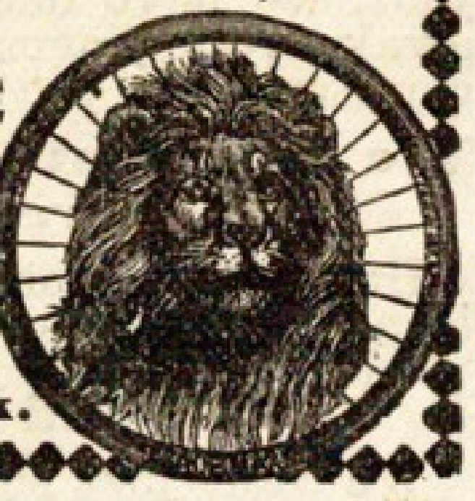


There are monarchs, there are monarchs,
Men of every clime and hue,
From the Czar of all the Russias
To the Prince of Timbuctoo:
Monarchs good and monarchs famous,
Monarchs short and monarchs tall;
But the *best* is *our* Monarch—
It's the Monarch of them all.

Monarch

King of Bicycles—A Marvel of Strength, Speed and Reliability.

4 models. $80 and $100, fully guaranteed. For children and adults who want a lower price wheel the *Defiance* is made in 8 models, $40 to $75. Send for Monarch book.

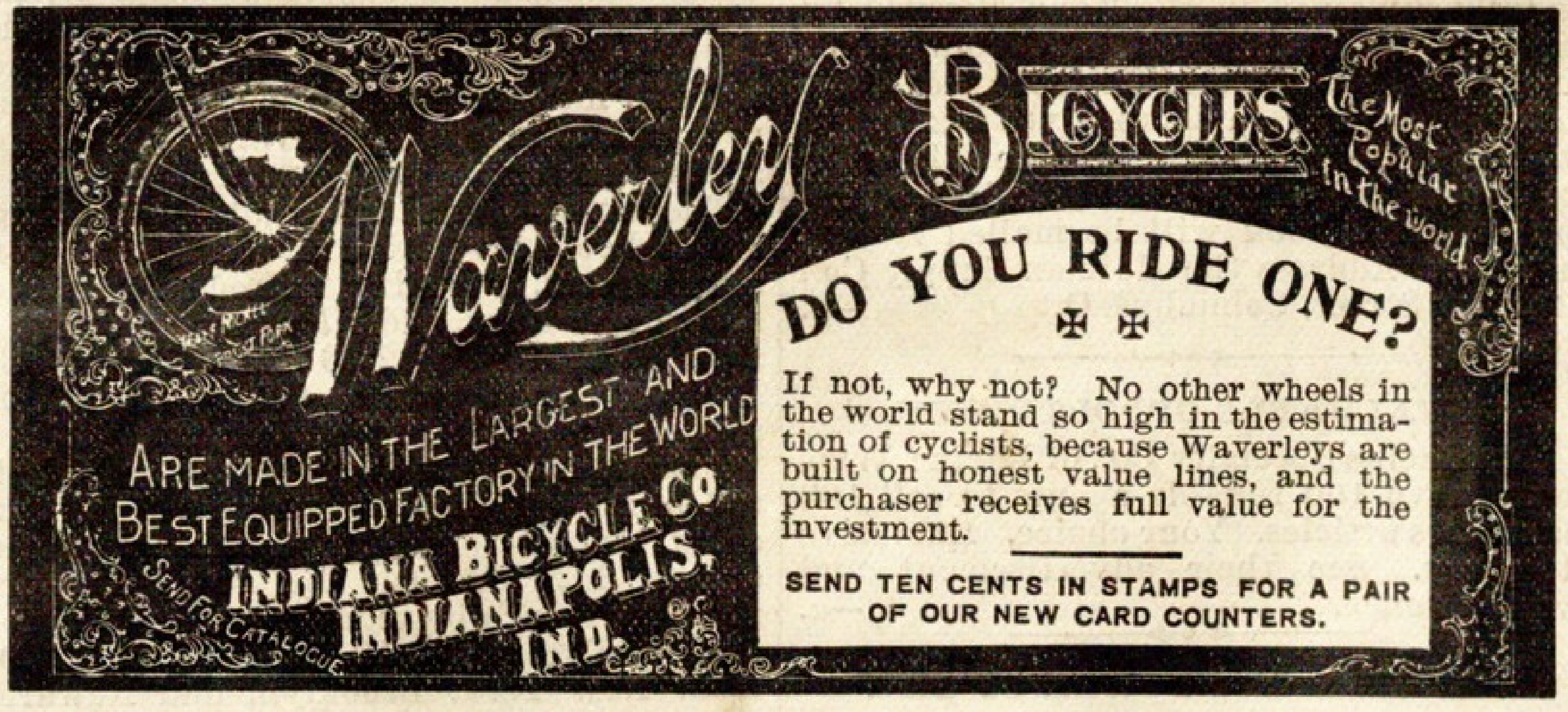


MONARCH CYCLE MFG. CO.,
Lake, Halsted and Fulton Sts., CHICAGO.
83 Reade Street, New York.

WE MUST HAVE 100 MORE

reliable agents to sell 100 first-class articles. Your choice. Agents make from $3 to $15 a day. Exclusive territory. Send two stamps.

RACINE SPECIALTY CO. (Inc.), Racine, Wis.


Waverley
BICYCLES
The Most Popular in the World
ARE MADE IN THE LARGEST AND BEST EQUIPPED FACTORY IN THE WORLD
INDIANA BICYCLE CO. INDIANAPOLIS, IND.
SEND FOR CATALOGUE

DO YOU RIDE ONE?

If not, why not? No other wheels in the world stand so high in the estimation of cyclists, because Waverleys are built on honest value lines, and the purchaser receives full value for the investment.

SEND TEN CENTS IN STAMPS FOR A PAIR OF OUR NEW CARD COUNTERS.

FRENCH CANNAS CHEAP!

We have a large stock of all the choicest varieties of the New Dwarf French Cannas at prices as low as Geraniums can be bought for. **As a sample** we will send a fine plant of the magnificent **Canna Mad. Crozy** (one of the grandest of all the Dwarf French Cannas), *and a copy of our catalogue, which describes over 20 other rare sorts*, postpaid to any address for only 15 cents.

PALM CHEAP!

Palms are considered the rich man's plant, because so high-priced at the North. We grow them at a minimum of cost, and to introduce them to the general public, we will mail a fine, healthy plant—*and a copy of our catalogue, which tells just how to manage Palms in the window*—postpaid to any address for only 20 cts. **Or for only 25 cents we will send both the Palm and Canna—and a catalogue—to any address. FREE!** Our 68-page **Catalogue of Rare Florida Flowers and Fruits** for 1896, with fine colored plate of Red and Blue Water Lilies, mailed **free** to applicants.

PIKE & ELLSWORTH, Jessamine, Fla.

SHORTHAND taught by MAIL. First lesson FREE. W. G. CHAFFEE, Oswego, N. Y.

"DON'T HIDE YOUR LIGHT UNDER A BUSHEL." THAT'S JUST WHY WE TALK ABOUT

SAPOLIO

AGENTS

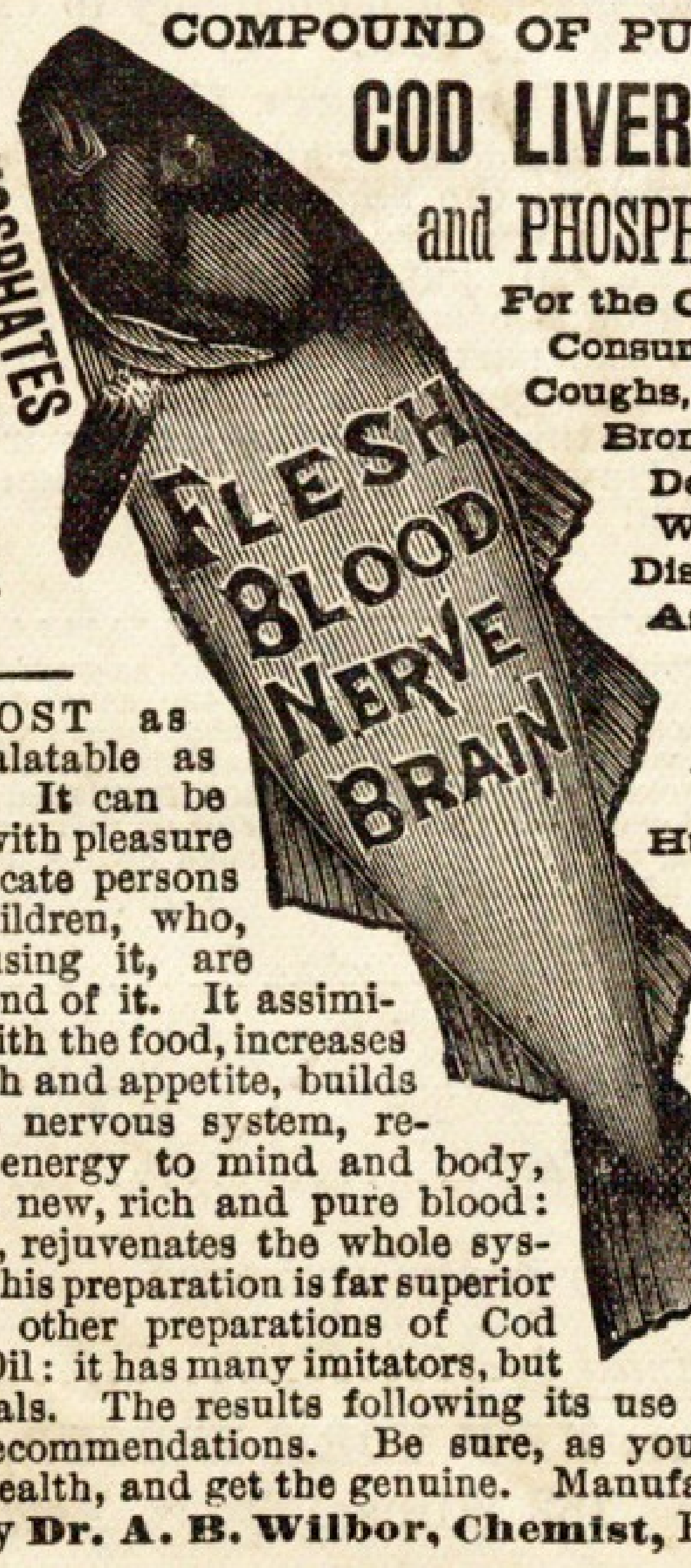
Wanted to sell household specialties. First-class articles and quick sellers. Goods sent on approval to responsible parties and dealers. Address

DONOHUE & MORAND, 21 Arlington Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

WILBOR'S

COMPOUND OF PURE

COD LIVER OIL and PHOSPHATES


PHOSPHATES OF LIME, SODA, IRON.
FLESH
BLOOD
NERVE
BRAIN

For the Cure of Consumption, Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Debility, Wasting Diseases, Asthma, Influenza, Scrofulous Humors.

ALMOST as palatable as cream. It can be taken with pleasure by delicate persons and children, who, after using it, are very fond of it. It assimilates with the food, increases the flesh and appetite, builds up the nervous system, restores energy to mind and body, creates new, rich and pure blood: in fact, rejuvenates the whole system. This preparation is far superior to all other preparations of Cod Liver Oil: it has many imitators, but no equals. The results following its use are its best recommendations. Be sure, as you value your health, and get the genuine. Manufactured only by **Dr. A. B. Wilbor, Chemist,** Boston.

SEND for Catalogue of the Musical Instrument you think of buying. Violins repaired by the Cremona System. C. STORY, 26 Central St., Boston, Mass.

HOW TO MAKE WOMEN BEAUTIFUL

Many women with fair faces are deficient in beauty owing to undeveloped figures, flat busts, etc., which can be remedied by the use of

It is impossible to give a full description in an advertisement; send 6c. *in stamps and a descriptive circular, with testimonials, will be sent sealed, by return mail.*

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L. E. MARSH & CO., Madison Sq., Philadelphia, Pa.

Florence Warden's New Novel.

The Mystery of the Inn by the Shore

By Florence Warden,
Author of "The House on the Marsh," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES KENDRICK.

12mo. 314 Pages. Handsomely Bound in Cloth. Price, $1.00. Paper Cover, 50 Cents.

This is the $1,000 prize story recently published in the New York *Ledger*, and now reissued in book form. The story was a great success as a serial, and we do not doubt will be popular in book form. It is a good novel from beginning to end. The mystery is preserved so well that it is almost impossible to divine, with any degree of certainty, how the story will come out until the conclusion is reached. When published in the *Ledger* there were over one hundred thousand competing answers for the cash prizes, and the answers indicated a great body of interested and intelligent readers.

For sale by all booksellers and newsdealers, or sent, postpaid, on receipt of price, by the publishers,

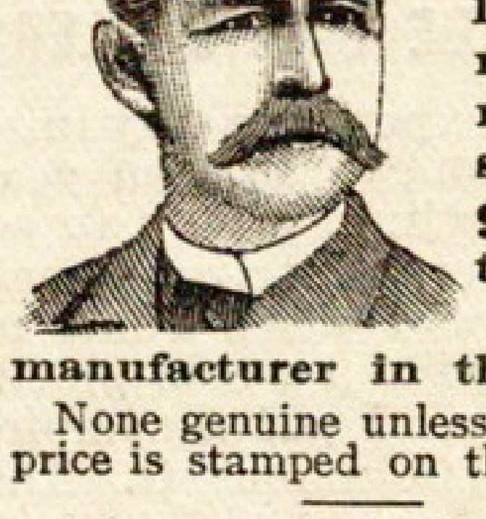
ROBERT BONNER'S SONS,
Cor. William and Spruce Sts., New York.

ASK YOUR DEALER FOR

W. L. DOUGLAS $3. SHOE BEST IN THE WORLD.

If you pay **$4** to **$6** for shoes, examine the W. L. Douglas Shoe, and see what a good shoe you can buy for **$3.**

OVER 100 STYLES AND WIDTHS,



CONGRESS, BUTTON, and LACE, made in all kinds of the best selected leather by skilled workmen. We make and sell more $3 Shoes than any other manufacturer in the world.

None genuine unless name and price is stamped on the bottom.

Ask your dealer for our **$5, $4, $3.50, $2.50, $2.25** Shoes; **$2.50, $2** and **$1.75** for boys.

TAKE NO SUBSTITUTE. If your dealer cannot supply you, send to factory, enclosing price and 36 cents to pay carriage. State kind, style of toe (cap or plain), size and width. Our Custom Dept. will fill your order. Send for new Illustrated Catalogue to **Box K.**

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